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GLEANINGS OF PAST YEARS,

1844–78.

BY THE RIGHT HON.

W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

VOL. II.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1879.

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I.

BLANCO WHITE.*

1845.

1. This is a book which rivets the attention, and makes the heart bleed. We state so much, without taking into account the additional power and interest which it must acquire in the minds of many who still live, from personal associations with its author and subject. It has, indeed, with regard to himself, in its substance though not in its arrangement, an almost dramatic character; so clearly and strongly is the living, thinking, acting man projected from the face of the records which he has left. The references to others, accordingly, with which the book abounds, are, by comparison, thrown into the shade; and yet our readers may apprehend that even these are sufficiently significant, when we add, that among the many persons to whom Mr. Blanco White alludes as beloved and intimate friends, perhaps none are more prominently named than Mr. Newman, and, even down to a much later period, Archbishop Whately.

2. But, further, the interest of the work is not merely

* Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* for June 1845: Art. VII. on 'The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, written by Himself; with portions of his Correspondence.' Edited by J. H. Thom. 3 vols. London, 1845.

concentrated upon the writer: it is also very much compressed within the limits of his mental history; and it embraces his external fortunes, chiefly as they were dependent upon that history. His literary tastes, and his political labours, might justly deserve some detailed notice; but all the space that we can spare must be devoted to matters of deeper import. For his spirit was a battle-field, upon which, with fluctuating fortune and a singular intensity, the powers of belief and scepticism waged, from first to last, their unceasing war; and within the compass of his experience are presented to our view most of the great moral and spiritual problems that attach to the condition of our race.

3. A rapid sketch of his history will enable our readers to judge of the delicacy and difficulty of the task we undertake. He was born in 1775, at Seville. A Spaniard, of Irish extraction by the father's side, he was intended in early years, though he was of gentle blood, for the calling of a merchant. His apprenticeship commenced at the age of eight.* But he "hated the counting-house and loved his books:" † and naturally enough, we presume, in his position, "learning and the Church were to him inseparable ideas." ‡ It is material to apprehend clearly this the first change in the direction of his course: and we remark, that in relating it in 1830, he says, "his mind hit instinctively upon the only expedient that could release him from his mercantile bondage. § Divines declared that he had a true call to the ecclesiastical career. He readily advanced in the theoretical part of his education, but he regarded the devotional practices with horror. ‖

* Life, I. p. 6. † Doblado's Letters, p. 81. ‡ *Ibid.*
§ Life, I. p. 8. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 10.

At fourteen, he was sent to study philosophy with the Dominicans of the college of Seville, whose lectures were founded on Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas. Here occurred his second act of mental rebellion. The system of instruction was odious to him; and "a great love of knowledge,* and an equally great hatred of established errors, were suddenly developed in his mind." His instructors denied the possibility of a *vacuum;* and attributed the ascent of liquids by suction "to the horror of nature at being wounded and torn."† The works of the Benedictine Feyjoo, which had come into his hands, imparted to him the true view of these physical questions. Being rebuked by his teacher for inattention, in the lecture-room and before the whole class, he started up and denounced the falsity of the doctrine which was inculcated there. At this time he began openly to question, except upon matter of religion, all the settled notions of his relatives; and his mother, to whom he gives credit for great penetration, "thanked Heaven that Spain was his native country; else he would soon quit the pale of the Church."‡

4. He was, however, transferred to the university of Seville, where he received more congenial instruction from such members of the Society of the Jesuits as lingered there after the suppression of the order. With his friends, he organised a private society for the cultivation of poetry and literature. But he also attached himself to the oratory of St. Philip Neri,§ at which the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius were practised. He has supplied us with a very remarkable, and apparently an impartial, description of them.‖ They had a suffi-

* Life, I. p. 14. † Doblado, p. 100. ‡ *Ibid.*
§ Life, I. p. 23. ‖ *Ibid.* pp. 35-48.

cient effect upon him to prevent his abandoning the intention to receive holy orders; yet he went through them with a consciousness, never subdued, of strong dislike.* The fear of giving pain to his mother, whose domestic influence was supreme, was likewise a principal support to that intention. She was powerfully seconded by her confessor, Arjona, then a devout person, but of whom it is afterwards recorded that he became perhaps an infidel, and certainly a libertine.† Although young Blanco White's father secretly reminded him that he was under no compulsion, yet, up to the latest moment, he would not, perhaps we should say he dared not, recede. He had, however, at one time proposed to his mother that he should enter the Spanish navy, which had the attraction of a scientific training. The answer was devised with a revolting skill:‡ it was, that he might give up the clerical profession, but that if he did he must return to the counting-house. Thus the priesthood was forced upon him as the indispensable condition of an intellectual life. He became virtually committed to it by taking sub-deacon's orders at twenty-one; for they rendered him incapable of marriage.

5. From that time his intercourse with the world was less closely watched. He gives a strong opinion upon the demoralising effect of the law of compulsory celibacy,§ which, according to him, produced the utmost vigilance in guarding youth against lawful attachments, and a comparative indifference to profligacy. It is clear, from his journals at a later period,‖ that the direction of his mind was towards the formation of domestic ties. In his Auto-

* Life, I. p. 49. † *Ibid.* pp. 120, 124. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 52.
§ *Ibid.* pp. 44, 53, and note p. 107; 'Evidence against Catholicism,' pp. 131–7. ‖ Life, III. p. 342.

Biography, he glances at the injurious consequences of the outward restraint in his own case.* In Doblado's Letters,† where he employs the third person, he has also intimated them. But he protests, and with evident truth, that immorality was not with him a conscious inducement to unbelief.‡

6. He was ordained priest in 1799; and for some short time after this § he seems to have lived under the power of strong devotional influences. He had already become a fellow of the *Colegio Mayor* of Seville. In 1801 he was a candidate for a canonry at Cadiz;‖ and, shortly after this, he was elected a chaplain of the Chapel Royal of St. Ferdinand, attached to the cathedral of Seville.¶ He does not date with precision his transition to positive and total unbelief; but it seems, from his life, to have occurred either in or soon after 1802.** He resolved,†† however, to continue his external conformity, and to discharge his practical duties in the capacity of confessor, as he best could. Through the force of sympathy he took part with the nation against the Bonapartes; but his own opinion was that more improvement would have resulted from the French rule than could be otherwise obtained. He despaired, however, in his own sense, of Spain; and, on the approach of the French to Seville in 1810, he abandoned his country and his prospects for the hope of mental freedom and a residence in England.

7. On arriving here, he had, of course, difficulties and

* Life, I. 117 and 132. † Doblado, pp. 120–2.
‡ Life, I. 109; and 'Evidence against Catholicism,' p. 6.
§ Doblado, pp. 123–6; and Life, I. pp. 64, 65.
‖ Life, I. p. 85. ¶ *Ibid.* p. 92.
** In another place he states that he passed ten years in unbelief before his quitting Spain ('Evidence against Catholicism,' p. 11), which took place in 1810. †† *Ibid.* I. p. 112.

discouragements to contend with, but he also had friends; and the activity of his mind soon provided him with occupation. He was attracted towards religion by the mildness* which he found combined with sincerity in some of its professors. The perusal of Paley's 'Natural Theology' began to reanimate his feelings towards God. A service at St. James's Church affected him powerfully.† He resumed the habit of prayer. After three years‡ of growth he found himself convinced of the truth of Christianity, and he joined the Church of England as the "renovated home of his youth."§ When eighteen months more had elapsed, in 1814, he subscribed the Articles of the Church of England, and claimed the recognition of his character as a priest. But after this slow and gradual restoration he had but a very short period of rest. The detail of the records at this period of his life is somewhat scanty, but it appears clearly that, in 1817, he was assailed with constant doubts on the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement.‖ In November 1818 he records his distinct abandonment of the divinity of our Lord.¶ In 1825 he returned to the orthodox belief upon that subject. In 1826 he administered the Eucharist and preached; and by an internal act he dedicated himself anew to the sacred office, reviving, as he says, many of the feelings of his ordination. It appears to have been in or after 1829 that he addressed a letter to Neander,** in which he returned thanks to God for (as he supposed) the final settlement of his religious views.

8. But from or even at this time he was gradually

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* 'Evidence against Catholicism,' p. 13. † *Ibid.* p. 14.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 18. § Life, II. p. 48; and Evidence, p. 20.
‖ Life, I. p. 323. ¶ *Ibid.* p. 349. ** *Ibid.* III. 138.

sinking. He thought, in February 1829,* the Church of England retained too much of the spirit of popery. By March 1833 he had reduced the Gospel once more to "sublime simplicity"; to the reception† of Christ as our "moral king," as our "saviour from moral evils or spiritual fears;" and had determined that the doctrine of His divinity, as it was disputed, could not be essential.‡ Up to May 1834 he disapproved of definite denials of the Trinitarian doctrines.§ In December of the same year he recorded himself a deliberate Unitarian.‖ He determined, with great delicacy of feeling, to remove himself from the house of the Archbishop of Dublin, in which he had been residing for some time, before he should separate from the Church. In January 1835 he effected this removal, and placed himself at Liverpool, where he joined the Unitarian Society. In that town and in its neighbourhood he lived until his death, in May 1841. Here we bring this general outline to a close; proposing to take more particular notice of some of the passages of his chequered and disastrous career.

9. We may regard Mr. Blanco White in several characters; first as a witness to facts, and next as the expositor, and still more as the victim, of opinions. With regard to the first of these capacities, he had abundant talent, remarkable honesty and singleness of purpose, and large and varied means of information and of comparison, from the several positions which he occupied at different times; and we think that the dispassionate reader of his works will be disposed to place almost implicit reliance upon his accounts of all such matters as are the proper subjects of testimony.

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* Life, 457. † *Ibid.* II. 4. ‡ *Ibid.* 20.
§ *Ibid.* I., II. 42. ‖ *Ibid.* II. 61.

Regarding him then in this capacity, we naturally look in the first instance to the representations which he has given us of the state of things in Spain. Of these the most prominent characteristic certainly is the unbelief which he declares to have prevailed among the Spanish clergy. We have seen his view of the operation of the law of celibacy; but he is much more definite and explicit upon the other subject. In Doblado's Letters* he says, "Among my numerous acquaintance in the Spanish clergy I have never met with any one possessed of bold talents who has not, sooner or later, changed from the most sincere piety to a state of unbelief."

10. Such a circumstance suggests very serious questions with regard to the actual system of the Church of Rome, under which it had come to pass. It goes far to explain the sad phenomenon, when we recollect (for instance) that the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin passed in Spain for an article of the Christian faith, practically no less sacred and certain than the mystery of the Incarnation. As to the accuracy of the statement, we believe it may be corroborated by the testimony of Roman Catholic witnesses, particularly with reference to the capitular and dignified clergy of Spain as they then were. But the passage also establishes the fact that the state from which the transition took place was usually one of earnest devotion, and that the life of the young priest opened at least in piety. It would seem, therefore, that there was at least a well-meant endeavour to impart a religious education, and to impress the mind of the young candidate for orders with an adequate sense of his vocation.

11. Mr. Blanco White has, however, again and again

* P. 126.

repeated his assertion with regard to unbelief, in his 'Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism' :—

"I do attest, from the most certain knowledge, that the history of my own mind is, with little variation, that of a great portion of the Spanish clergy. The fact is certain."*

In another passage he testifies still more broadly, but rather to a matter of opinion than one of fact :—

"I have been able to make an estimate of the moral and intellectual state of Spain, which few who know me and that country will, I trust, be inclined to discredit. Upon the strength of this knowledge, I declare, again and again, that very few among my own class (I comprehend clergy and laity) think otherwise than I did before my removal to England."†

And, once more, in contrast with a different state of things among the English clergy :—

"I cannot dismiss this subject without most solemnly attesting, that the strongest impressions which enliven and support my Christian faith are derived from my friendly intercourse with members of that insulted clergy: while, on the contrary, I know but very few Spanish priests, whose talents or acquirements were above contempt, who had not secretly renounced their religion."‡

12. In his Autobiography he gives point to these statements by reference to individuals: but nothing more. It is but just also to record that, while his evidence bears hard upon the morals of the friars § in Spain, he declares unequivocally in favour of the Jesuits, both as to their purity of character and as to the practical effects of their influence.‖ Again, with regard to nunneries, although he states that he never knew "souls more polluted than

* 'Practical and Internal Evidence,' p. 8.
† *Ibid.* p. 28.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 60.
§ Doblado, p. 475.
‖ *Ibid.* pp. 86, 87, and 474.

those of some of the professed vestals of the Church of Rome," * yet he represents the opposite case to be the rule :—

"The greater part of the nuns whom I have known were beings of a much higher description: females whose purity owed nothing to the strong gates and high walls of the cloister." †

13. When we turn to Mr. Blanco White's evidence upon the state of religion and of the clergy in England, we must of course make liberal allowance with regard to so much as he said at a time when his mind was, as he subsequently considered, carried away by the returning tide of his religious sympathies. Indeed, for some time he had no eye for our faults and shortcomings: and, in the very unqualified praises that were bestowed upon his works by some persons of authority,‡ we cannot but trace the reciprocal operation of a principle analogous to that of the proverb that forbids us "to look a gift horse in the mouth." The members of all Christian communities must be conscious of the temptation not to scrutinise over-rigidly the pretensions of a convert from a rival persuasion. Otherwise, we cannot but think that, in the works which Mr. White published while he was ostensibly of the Church of England, there were ominous indications, and a vagueness which now in retrospect tends to convey the impression, that he never at any period recovered an intelligent and firm hold even of the great Catholic dogmas concerning the nature of God.

14. It is consolatory, however, to find that his final lapse could not have been owing to any of his associates among

* Life, I. p. 70. † 'Practical and Internal Evidence,' p. 135.
‡ Life, I. pp. 415, 419, 424, 433, 440.

our clergy. For in his 'Observations on Heresy and Orthodoxy,'* published in 1835, he says, with regard to his friends of that order,—

"Without exception, all and every one of them are, to my knowledge, conscientious believers in the divinity of Christ."

He writes indeed, in the year 1829 †:—

"In England unbelief has made a rapid progress, both among the higher and the lower classes."

In 1835 he states that "the days of orthodoxy are certainly gone by," ‡ and further, "artificial belief" § is "easier and more powerful in complete popery than in mixed," by which he means Athanasian "Protestantism."

And again ‖:—

"What is called the Protestant religion is nothing but a mutilated system of popery; groundless, incongruous, and full of contradictions. I am not at all surprised when I hear that the number of Roman Catholics is increasing."

15. In short, he now repeatedly indicates the opinion that, if there is to be fixed dogmatic faith, it will be most naturally sought in the system of the Church of Rome.¶ Such is at this stage his theory; but it will be seen that it was almost still-born. He bears very important testimony to the fact that dogmatic faith is most extensively and most tenaciously held in England, and that too among classes who seem to have surrendered many of its supports. Of course it would be expected that he would regard with horror any assertion of the authority of the Church, or of the spiritual gifts of the sacred ministry:

* Preface, p. ix.
† Life, I. p. 458.
‡ II. p. 139.
§ *Ibid.* p. 126.
‖ In 1835, Life, II. p. 140.
¶ *Ibid.* III. p. 106.

yet he recognises the power even of these principles with alarm. He writes, in 1836, to Professor Norton in America:—

"We are, unfortunately, retrograde in this country. The grossest spirit of mysticism and popery has revived at Oxford; not without persecution against those who, though feebly, venture to oppose it."*

So he had written to Mr. Armstrong, in 1835†:—

"Orthodoxy poisons every man more or less (in this country perhaps more than where it is merely a name) from the cradle."

And to another person‡:—

"I deeply lament that England, a land I love and admire, my second country, should be the spot in Europe most deeply sunk into that refined intolerance which attributes opinions to moral depravity."

And to Mr. Mill:—

"I am convinced that no country in the world suffers more from false notions of religion than England. Spain and Italy are indeed ruined by an established superstition of the grossest kind; but they have the advantage that the subject is treated as a mere concession to be made to ignorance till some more favourable moment may arrive for dislodging the abettors of the nuisance from their ruinous strongholds. But in England the most mischievous, because the most intolerant, superstition has succeeded in disguising itself into something like knowledge and system. It exists in the garb of philosophy, meddling with everything, not as a mere matter of fact, but as reason and right."§

16. We could fill whole pages with extracts expressing his most bitter complaints against the universal spirit of "Bibliolatry" in England.‖ He finds the attempt to

* Life, II. p. 192. † *Ibid.* II. p. 101. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 109.
§ *Ibid.* p. 137.
‖ For instance, II. pp. 18, 136, 191, 344; III. p. 380

maintain an authoritative revelation, which he thinks so mischievous, to be common to Christian persuasions generally.* The ordinary idea of God, he says, is anthropomorphic, it is gross idolatry.† Nay, he repeatedly laments the prevalence and power of superstition even among the Unitarians.‡ All this affords a certain ground for thankfulness. It all tends to support the hope that, although the prevalent notions in this country may on several points of religion be inexact, although a dangerous licence is assumed of distinguishing between different articles of faith according to their supposed importance to the individual mind, although even material schism and heresy be too manifest among us, still those habits of mind are deeply rooted in the people, which are the fundamental conditions of Catholic faith; the sense, namely, of revelation as something fixed and immutable, and the conviction of the ethical character of Christian dogmas, and of their indissoluble connection with the conduct of life. While this is the case, even though walls should be thrown down, and foundations laid bare, still their seat in the heart and mind of man is unassailed.

17. So much for Mr. Blanco White as a witness to facts. When we turn to the consideration of his claims as a teacher in divine philosophy, we are alike baffled by the weakness, the incongruity, and the perpetual defluxion of his doctrines. He was, indeed, during the last ten years of his life, lost in a kind of moral atrophy, incessantly employed upon mental speculation, but quite incapable of deriving nourishment from what he devoured with an appetite so ravenous. So that he pined more and more, from year to year: and we can scarcely measure the

* III. p. 66. † III. p. 78. ‡ I. pp. 228, 264, 275, 276.

miserable intensity of his disease, when we find him sunk so far below the Unitarian scheme as to write to Mr. Norton, the Unitarian professor, that they differ on essentials;* and when the same Mr. Norton, himself a Christian in the Unitarian sense, "in his controversy with Mr. Ripley, had completely excluded him (Mr. Blanco White) from the class of Christians,"† under the influence of the spirit of orthodoxy. It was indeed no great wonder that any one should have done so, with whom human language was other than a mockery and a fraud. For, about the same time, Mr. Blanco White was surely preparing himself for emancipation from nearly the last of his fetters, the very name of our religion, or he could hardly have written thus‡:—

"How superior, in various respects, is Islamism to superstitious Christianity! It may shock many, but I must express my expectation that both the corrupt church Christianity and Islamism itself will disappear in the course of ages, and that the two religions will return to their primitive source—the pure patriarchal and primitive view, the true Christian view, of God and man!"§

And, a little further on, he institutes a contrast between Paganism and Christianity, in direct disparagement of the latter.

18. The contradictions with which his work abounds are indescribable. He indeed wonders at his own intellectual consistency;‖ probably because he had forgotten many of the opinions he had renounced, and because of the remarkable positiveness with which he in most cases adopted for the moment every successive modification of his views. Even the phenomena of his own mind, which seem to

* Life, II. p. 361. † *Ibid.* III. p. 207. ‡ *Ibid.* 277, note.
§ *Ibid.* p. 280. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 29.

have been latterly his only remaining realities, are stated by him in modes quite irreconcilable with each other. For example, during his later life the constant tenor of his representation is, that his return to what he terms orthodoxy, and what we should call partial belief for some years between 1812 and 1818, and again between 1825 and 1832, was the effect of his religious sympathies, obtaining for the time the mastery over his understanding.*

19. But, at the first of these periods, he had taken a directly opposite view; for he embodied his sentiments in the prayer which follows † :—

"O Lord, my heavenly Father, who knowest how much of sin still remains in my heart, root out of my mind, I beseech thee, *the habits of unbelief* which I often feel in myself, stirring against *the full persuasion of my understanding on the truth of thy revelation*, and the strong desire of my heart after that perfect and tranquil assurance in the promises of thy Gospel; of which, through the impious conduct of my youth, I have made myself absolutely unworthy."

He expresses the same sentiments in his 'Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism.'‡ Now, upon the whole, we believe that there not only may, but must be, very considerable truth in these earlier statements. Because the fact stands upon record that he had passed (between Spain and England) at least ten years in total unbelief. Was it possible that in so long a period he could fail to form sceptical habits of mind; and had they not time to become to a considerable degree inveterate?

20. It must be borne in mind that our intellectual as well as our moral nature is ever liable to be powerfully affected by habits previously formed. We know, for instance,

* Life, I. pp. 320, 340, 363; III. 128.
† *Ibid.* I. p. 319. ‡ P. 17.

that a statesman, a divine, and a lawyer, each fairly representing his class, will usually take different views of a subject even where they agree in their conclusion: because they approach it with distinct predispositions. These predispositions are the results of their several employments, which propose to them the several ends of policy, law, and divine truth; and modify their common mental acts accordingly. Much more must this be the case where the operative cause cuts so deep, lies so close to the very root of our moral being, as in a case of total unbelief combined with daily practice of the exterior acts of the sacerdotal profession. But Mr. Blanco White, so far from seeing in these facts of his history any disqualification, whether total or partial, for his philosophical investigations on moral subjects, rather pleads the tenor of his whole life as his grand claim to credit. Thus he writes to Miss L——, in 1836*:—

"Having gone through almost every modification of the spirit of devotion, except those which bear the stamp of gross extravagance, I must possess a practical knowledge of the artful disguises of superstition, which no natural talent, no powers of thought, can give by means of study and meditation. It is the results of that individual experience, and not any new doctrine or theoretical system, which I have thought it a duty of Christian friendship to give you without disguise."

It is true he speaks of experience, not of opinions; but, in point of fact, thought is mental experience: and if the distinction can be drawn, it is quite irrelevant here, for the very letter, from which the citation is taken, is one of pure theory.

We say, therefore, that when we find Mr. Blanco White systematically ignoring the effect which ten years of unbe-

* Life, II. p. 262.

lief not only might but must have had upon the habits of his mind, we are driven to conclude that he was, however quick and inquisitive, yet a careless, and therefore a bad, psychologist.

21. His writings do not indeed present a system of belief, or of unbelief sufficiently definite to be the subject of methodical argument throughout; and they are not less irregular and incongruous in substance, than they are in form. They are constant to nothing but to mutability. They present, however, a remarkable number of curious phenomena, and among them that of an intense satisfaction, an ardour of delight, in the Unitarian creed and worship at the period when he formally joined the societies of that denomination in Liverpool*:—

"The service at the Unitarian chapel, Paradise Street, has given me the most unmixed delight." (Sunday, Feb. 1st, 1835.)

Previously to this he—

"had no conception of the power which sacred poetry, full of real religious sentiment, and free from the mawkish mysticism which so much abounds in some collections, can exert over the heart and mind. . . . If Christianity is to become a living power in the civilised parts of the world, it must be under the Unitarian form . . . What strikes me most of all is, what I might call the *reality*, the true connection with life, which this worship possesses. All that I had practised before seemed to lie in a region scarcely within view. . . . Here the prayers, the whole worship, is a part of my real life. 'I pray with my spirit, I pray with my understanding also.' May I not say, that suffering every hour from the bleeding wounds of my heart, those wounds that even my friends touch roughly, I have been already rewarded for acting in conformity with principle?"

And there is much more to the same effect.

* Life, II. p. 92; see also pp. 86, 101, 121, 123, 124.

22. Shall we offer our explanation of the enigma which this outburst of devout gratification in connection with the freezing system of the Unitarian worship appears to present? It is this: the wave-tossed swimmer, gasping for breath, had been cast upon a shore; he had not had time to perceive that it was a barren one, and he did not yet know that another billow would soon bear him back to sea. His mind had rest and satisfaction, when he exchanged interminable doubts, and the disgusts of a false and abstractedly a dishonest position, for the definite view, and with the view the confession, of two essential parts of the Catholic faith, the unity of God and the mission of Christ. Thus he exulted in Unitarianism, as a starving garrison make a banquet upon a supply of garbage. But this did not and could not last. The narrow measure even of Unitarian dogma was soon felt to be too broad for him. "Blank misgivings, questionings," returned upon him. Scepticism was gorged for the moment; but its appetite too soon revived. Only two years after these raptures,* he was so perplexed in his view of the being of God, that he said, man could only turn to the light within him and follow it, forgetting the dark mystery of his existence.

23. Then he ceased to realise Christianity as an historical revelation.† He ceased to perceive the duty of prayer.‡ He lost his view of the personal immortality of the soul.§ He placed the idea of the Deity somewhere between the Christian belief and Pantheism,‖ and declared the latter to be the lesser evil. He reminds us of the long descent in the Inferno, from stage to stage, and circle to circle, each lower and each narrower than the last, until it ends in the eternal

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* Life, II. p. 283. † *Ibid.* II. p. 318. ‡ *Ibid.* II
§ *Ibid.* III. p. 63. ‖ *Ibid.* II. p. 361.

ice of Giudecca. The accompaniments, as regarded his own peace, of this process of destruction, he has feelingly described in these lines (1837)*:—

> "Brother, or sister, whosoe'er thou art!
> Couldst thou but see the fang that gnaws my heart,
> Thou wouldst forgive this transient gush of scorn,
> Would shed a tear, in pity wouldst thou mourn
> For one who, 'spite the wrongs that lacerate
> His weary soul, has never learnt to hate."

And we trust that his appeal to pity will meet with a universal response. The claim made on his behalf,† that he should be regarded as a standard-bearer of mankind, calls for firm resistance. Many of his opinions warrant, and indeed demand from us, a sentiment nothing short of horror: but the man himself, who, if he erred terribly, suffered not less deeply, and who, amidst bewildering error and acute and protracted pain, still cherished many of the sentiments that belong to duty and to piety; *he* has a right to receive at our hands sympathy and tenderness, and we should leave the dark questions of his destiny there, where alone there is skill to solve them, in

> "The bosom of his Father and his God."‡

24. There were, it is evident, many signs of nobleness, both in fragments of his opinions, and in his conduct to the last. After he had become a Unitarian, he could still discern § "the essential mistake which lies at the bottom of Paley's system;" and when he was sinking yet lower, he did not cease (in 1837) to appreciate the excellence of Bishop Butler's theory ‖ of human nature. He recom-

* Life, II. p. 334.
† Introduction, p. x.
‡ Epitaph in Gray's 'Elegy.'
§ II. p. 87.
‖ Life, II. p. 282.

mended that in philosophical inquiries we should be on our guard against selfishness, and rule points in opposition to our inclinations.* He held (1838) that our nature† was unable to comprehend moral truth beyond its own degree of purity. He contended that virtue has an authority and obligation‡ independently of the ideas of our indefinite existence, and of its securing our happiness; and, even after he had ceased to retain any determinate belief in our future life, he still clung with happy inconsistency to the idea that in the hands of his Maker he should be safe,§ and that God would certainly reward the disinterested generosity of some friend.‖ He cherished, with whatever associations, the love of God,¶ and maintained resignation to His will, even when it seems almost impossible to see how he could have had a dogmatic belief in the existence of a divine will at all. There was, in short, a disposition to resist the tyranny of self, to recognise the rule of duty, to maintain the supremacy of the higher over the lower parts of our nature, which is not always equally observable in less heterodox writers, and which imparts a strong tinge of consolation to the melancholy and painful retrospect of his life and opinions.

25. There are also circumstances connected with the discharge of active duty which should not be forgotten on his behalf. We cannot banish our sentiments of respect for one who twice in his life, for the sake even of erroneous conviction, and after much lingering and hesitation, severed himself from almost every worldly good. There may be persons who are entitled to condemn and upbraid him: but such a voice should not come from among those who live in the lap of bodily and mental ease, who have

* Life, II. p. 270. † *Ibid.* III. p. 25. ‡ *Ibid.* II. p. 300.
§ *Ibid.* III. p. 107. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 20. ¶ *Ibid.* p. 107.

never experienced his trials, and upon whom God has never laid the weight of his afflictions. When he was bedridden, in his old age and in the solitude of his lodging —a solitude not the less sensible because he dwelt in one of the streets of busy Liverpool—his son, who bears the Queen's commission, returned from service in India to visit him. It is evident that this period was one of great enjoyment and relief. However, keeping in view his son's professional prospects, he writes to a friend that he has advised him to return to India;* and he adds:—

"but as I shook him by the hand on Saturday evening, knowing that I should in all probability never see him again, I could hardly contain my anguish within my bosom. Fortunately I was going to bed, where I could give way to my sorrow."

And he enters in his Journal, June 15th, 1839:—

"Took my last leave of Ferdinand, and felt as if my heart was breaking."

He indeed ascribes this paternal act, so tenderly and delicately performed, to his philosophy: we must take leave rather to set it down to the genial instincts of a nature which, speaking as spectators from a distance, we should call evidently an unselfish one, and full of kindly affections.

26. We have stated that these volumes do not contain any regular system of unbelief; but their author has presented to us very distinctly the particular stumbling-block which first, and also latterly, overthrew his faith, and which appears to have been the disposition to demand an amount, or rather a kind of evidence in favour of revealed religion different from that which the nature of the subject

* Life, III. p. 65.

matter, and the analogies of our human state, entitle us to expect.

Let us, then, advert to the original form of the delusion to which Mr. Blanco White became a prey on the two greatest occasions of his falling away. They were separated by an interval of some thirty-five years.* This circumstance he conceives to be confirmatory of the justice of his course. So indeed it is, if the destroying argument itself be a sound one; but it has a significancy of quite an opposite nature if that argument be intrinsically and radically bad. Here then we will give the πρῶτον ψεῦδος, as he himself, and that apparently with no small complacency, has stated it; and as he applied it, first, to the authority of the Church, secondly, to the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and the authenticity of its component parts; the two pillows, in his view, of the system of Catholicity and orthodoxy.†

"I will grant as much as possible to the defenders of the authenticity of the Gospels: I will acknowledge that what is alleged against that authenticity does not rise above conjecture. But, premising that the authenticity would not prove the inspiration of those writings, I ask, have the arguments any higher character than *probability* in regard to authenticity? Can anything but hypothetical *fitness* be pleaded for inspiration? Now the orthodox probabilities have very high probabilities against them: the hypothesis is all conjectural. And is it upon such grounds that Heaven can have demanded an *absolute certainty* of belief in the authenticity and divine authority of the whole Bible? The demand would be monstrous; belief, according to the immutable laws of the human mind, cannot be stronger than its grounds. God, who gave such laws to our souls, could not make it a moral *duty* for man to act against them."

27. This was written in 1839. He had, however, placed

* Life, III. p. 136. † *Ibid.* p. 145.

upon record some similar reasoning several years before, and with reference to his first inquiries, conducted in England soon after the year 1814. The Scriptures, he there says, are

"the highest authority in matters directly connected with Christianity. But even that authority is not entitled to implicit and blind obedience. Why? Because the *authenticity* of those writings is only an *historical probability.** . . .

"The case is exactly parallel to that of the Roman Catholic divines, when defending the supremacy and infallibility of Peter and his pretended successors.† . . .

"The foundation of certainty must be *certain.* Divines would make the Eternal Fountain of Reason more illogical than the weakest man. If God had intended to dwell *miraculously* among men in a *book*, as in an oracle, from which we might obtain *infallible* answers, he would not have left that first foundation of the intended certainty to probability and conjecture."

These quotations, we believe, are sufficient to convey the form and the force of his argument; so that we may at once proceed to state our objections to it.

28. We are surprised at the cool, and almost contemptuous, manner, in which Mr. Blanco White speaks of the most celebrated work of Bishop Butler. After commending the sermons of that great writer, he proceeds:—

"Butler's Analogy is an inferior work. The argument of analogy, especially when applied to the Christianity of churches, is totally unsatisfactory."‡

Now we must venture to hazard the conjecture that he had never adequately studied this "inferior" work: of which it appears to us that even the several members, apart from the general argument, are so many distinct

* Life, I. 279.
† Compare 'Practical and Internal Evidence,' p. 109.
‡ Life, II. p. 282.

and permanent contributions to that method in philosophy which will endure as long as the dispensation of our mortal state.

In his Introduction, Bishop Butler has given a brief view of probable evidence, its nature, scope, and obligatory power, which we think affords materials in abundance for the confutation of the sophistry of the argument before us. Philosophising upon human action, we must collect its laws from a legitimate induction; and we cordially subscribe to the principle, that "God who has given certain laws to our souls could not make it a moral duty for man to act against them."

29. Now the argument of Mr. Blanco White appears, firstly, to confound belief with knowledge; and, secondly, to assume that orthodoxy, or the Catholic faith, is connected with belief rather than with action, or with belief apart from action. As to the first: "your evidences," says he, "are not demonstrative; therefore I cannot believe." This is a gross inconsequence. We must entreat the reader to remember that in the language of metaphysics the term probability includes everything short of absolute and infallible, or properly scientific, certainty; and with this single caution we reply to Mr. White, that demonstration is the appropriate foundation of knowledge, but probability of belief.

30. Assuredly, we are not about to take refuge from the adversary in pleading the majesty of faith as against reason, or in an appeal to theology against experience, or in inventing a new law of credibility for religious purposes, which shall be inapplicable to common life. There is indeed a *dictum* in vogue with some, "where mystery begins, religion ends;" which almost provokes the parody, "where antithesis begins, common-sense ends." But our

intention is to charge upon the theory of Mr. Blanco White this intelligible and capital offence; that it, like all the tribe to which it belongs, errs against reason, against experience, against the principles on which the ordinary and uniform practice of mankind in ordinary life is founded. This ordinary and uniform practice, and not the crotchets of a disorderly and unstable understanding, may suffice to show us, with some tolerable clearness, what really are those laws which God has given to our souls, and which it is not only not a duty to infringe, but the very first and highest duty to observe in act, and to maintain in undisputed authority.

31. First, we hold that it is only by a licence of speech that the term knowledge can be applied to any of our human perceptions. For as nothing can in the nature of things, properly speaking, be known, except that which exists, or known in any manner other than that exact manner in which it exists, it follows that knowledge can properly be predicated only of those perceptions which are absolutely and exactly true; and further, that it can be so predicated only by those who infallibly know them to be true. In strictness, therefore, knowledge is not predicable by us of any one of our own perceptions; whatever number of them may be true, we do not infallibly know of any one of them, that it is true. Of all the steps in the operations of our mental faculties, there is not one, at which it is abstractedly impossible that error should intervene; and as this is not impossible, *knowledge*, the certain and precise correspondence of the percipient and the thing perceived, cannot be categorically asserted. If, therefore, without knowledge in its scientific sense there can be no legitimate belief, this wide universe is a blank, and nothing can be believed: nothing theolo-

gical, nothing moral, nothing social, nothing physical. In a word, abstract certainty, in this dispensation, we scarcely can possess, though we may come indefinitely near it: and knowledge and certainty, and all similar expressions as practical terms, must be understood not absolutely but relatively; relatively, that is, to the limit imposed by the nature of our faculties, and this not with regard to revelation only, but throughout the whole circle of our experience.

32. Next to this abstract certainty, comes that kind of assent to propositions which, according to the constitution of our minds, is such as to exclude all doubt. Human language applies the denomination of knowledge to such assent, in cases where this exclusion is entire and peremptory in the highest degree. Between that point, and the point at which a proposition becomes improbable, and a just understanding inclines to its rejection, an infinity of shades of likelihood intervene. For example: where the exclusion of doubt is after consideration entire, but yet not peremptory and immediate; where it depends upon the comprehensive and continuous view of many particulars; where it rests upon the recollection of a demonstration, of which the detail has escaped from the memory; where it proceeds from some strong original instinct, incapable of analysis in the last resort: these are all cases in which doubt might be entirely banished, but yet we should scarcely know whether to say our assent was founded on knowledge or upon belief, since the shades of the two, as they are commonly understood, pass into one another. Generally, however, this distinction would be taken between them; that we should call knowledge what does not to our perceptions admit of degree, and what does admit of it we should call belief, although we might in

the particular case possess it in the highest degree, so that it should have all the certainty of knowledge; just as we can readily conceive two stations, the one at the head of a pillar, and the other at the head of a stair, yet the two of equal altitude.

33. Now, the fundamental proposition on which we rest, and for the proof of which we appeal, without fear of a disputed reply, to the universal practice of mankind, is this: that the whole system of our moral conduct, and much also of our conduct that is not directly moral, rests upon belief as contradistinguished from knowledge, and not always upon belief in the very highest degree which utterly extinguishes doubt, but in every diversity of degree so long as any appreciable portion of comparative likelihood remains, although many of these degrees may be hampered with very considerable doubt as they actually subsist in the mind, and many more cases would be open to serious doubts if they were subjected to speculative examination. And further, that this, which is indisputable in point of fact, is not less irrefragable in point of reason; and that any other rule for the guidance of human life would be not irreligious, but irrational in the extreme. We take first a case of the highest practical certainty. How do we know that the persons who purport to be our parents, brothers and sisters, really are what they pass for? It is manifest that the positive evidence producible in each case often falls far short of a demonstrative character; nay more, it is perfectly well known that in many cases these relations have been pretended where they did not exist, and the delusion has been long or even permanently maintained. And yet every man carries in his mind a conviction upon the subject, as it regards himself, utterly exclusive of doubt

And those who should raise doubts upon it, in consequence of the want of mathematical certainty, would be deemed fitter for Bedlam than for the pursuit of philosophical inquiries. Here then is an absolute contradiction, supplied by that universal conviction and practice of mankind, from whence by a legitimate induction we infer the true laws of our nature, to the theorems of Mr. Blanco White, or perhaps rather to his grand inference from them, namely, that the demand made upon men for the reception of Christianity is greater than can be warranted by the reasons, on which it purports to rest.

34. But again, there are numberless instances in which a very great practical uncertainty prevails, and yet where we must act just as we should if there were no doubt at all. A man with many children will prepare them all for after-life, though probably one or more will die before attaining maturity. A tells B that his house is on fire; A may have motives for deceiving him, but B, if he be a rational man, quits the most interesting occupation, and goes to see. But there is no end to the multiplication of instances; let any man examine his own daily experience, and he will find that its whole tissue is made up of them; or, in the words of that "inferior" work of Bishop Butler, "to us probability is the very guide of life."* Mr. Blanco White might indeed have received very useful lessons on this subject from an ingenious and really philosophical *brochure* of Archbishop Whately's, entitled 'Historic Doubts concerning the Existence of Napoleon Buonaparte;' in which he shows how open to abstract objections are the

* 'Introduction to the Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion,' p. 4.

grounds upon which, as individuals, we receive undoubtingly facts even of common notoriety.

35. Now it will not be enough for the opponent to retort that probability will do for small matters, but that in great ones, and especially in what regards the salvation of the soul, we must have demonstration. For the law of credibility, upon which our common and indeed universal practice is founded, has no more dependence upon the magnitude of the objects to which it is applied than have the numbers of the arithmetical scale, which, with exactly the same propriety, embrace motes and mountains. It is not the greatness or minuteness of the proposition, but the balance between likelihood and unlikelihood, which we have to regard whenever we are called to determine upon assent or rejection. It is true, indeed, that when the matter is very small, the evil of acting against probability will be small also. But this shows that, in a practical view, the obligation of the law becomes not less but more stringent, as the rank of the subject in question rises; because the best and most rational method of avoiding a very great evil, or of realising a very great good, has a higher degree of claim upon our consideration and acceptance, in proportion to the degree of greatness belonging to the object in view.

36. But, next, is Mr. Blanco White correct in saying that the Christianity of Churches demands from all its disciples, at all stages of their progress, an absolute and mathematical conviction? Where did he learn so severe a theology? Hooker* has shown in his sermon on the certainty and perpetuity of faith in the elect, of which the doctrine is by no means lax, that true faith does not imply the

* Works, iii. p. 585, ed. Keble, 1836.

exclusion of all doubt whatever. He even says, speaking of revealed truths, "of them at some time who doubteth not?" Bishop Pearson defines Christian belief to be an assent to that which is credible, as credible. But clearly, much that is on the whole credible is open to a degree of doubt; although it could not be credible, unless the doubt were outweighed, upon a comparison, by the evidences in its favour. What, again, is the meaning of "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief?" There is in such a case a conflict within the mind; it is divided, though unequally divided. This, however, is the exception, not the rule. In general we do not imagine that even the nascent belief of Christians is seriously troubled with substantive doubts; but it clearly has not, and cannot have, nor have the great majority of our most rational acts in common life, a foundation in that philosophical completeness of conviction, which is *de jure* an essential condition of permanent and absolute freedom from doubt. But in point of fact, the formation of this mature belief, the mode of dealing with temptation when it arises in the form of doubt, is a high portion of the discipline of the soul; all that we need here lay down is this: to hold that an absolute intellectual certainty belongs of necessity to the reception of Christianity, is a proposition altogether erroneous.

37. We shall note one other and gross error, as it appears to us, in this part of the philosophy of Mr. Blanco White. The stages of mental assent and dissent are almost innumerable; but the alternatives of action proposed by the Catholic faith are two only. There is a narrow way and a broad one; in the one or the other of these every man, according to its testimony, *must* walk. It will not do to say, I see this difficulty about the Christian theory,

so I cannot adopt it; and that difficulty about the Anti-Christian theory, so I cannot embrace that; I will wait and attach myself to neither. Could our whole being, except the sheer intellect, be laid in abeyance, such a notion would at least be intelligible; but in the meantime, life and its acts proceed:

"E mangia, e bee, e dorme, e veste panni:" *

and not only as to these functions, but also our moral habits are in the course of formation or destruction; character receives its bias; there are appetites to be governed, powers to be employed; and these matters cannot be wholly, nor at all, adjourned. The discharge of the daily duties of our position *must* (more or less perfectly) be adapted beyond question either to the supposition that we have a Creator and a Redeemer, or to the supposition that we have not. There is no intermediate verdict of "not proven," which leaves the question open: the question to us is, Is there such proof as to demand obedience? and there are no possible replies in act, whatever there may be in word, except aye and no. The lines of conduct are but two; and our liberty is limited to the choice between them.

38. Here it is, therefore, that we perceive the stringent obligation of the law of credibility, as applied to the belief of Christianity, upon man. On a subject purely abstract, or not entailing moral responsibilities, upon the generation of the present structure of the world by fire or water, upon the theory of vibrations in optics, upon the system of Copernicus or of Descartes, we might have taken refuge in a philosophical suspense, while the evidence fell short of demonstration; and even after the proof has been com-

* 'Inferno,' xxxiii. 141.

pleted, the error of withholding assent is not a fatal one; but the belief which Christianity enforces, it enforces as the foundation of daily conduct, as the framework into which all acts, all thoughts, all hopes, affections, and desires, are to be cast, and by which they must be moulded. Whatever it teaches, for example, concerning the work and the person of our Lord, it teaches not in the abstract, but as holding forth Him whose steps we are to follow, in whom our whole trust is to be reposed, with whom we are to be vitally incorporated, and whom accordingly we must needs know even though "in a glass darkly"; for how can we imitate, or how love, without some kind of vision, and how can definite vision be transmitted from man to man without language; and what are the Creeds but the vision of God (in part) as He is, transferred into language?

39. So again, whatever the Catholic faith teaches concerning the Church, it teaches us concerning the organ by which these operations are to be effected in us; even as the schoolboy is taught the rules of the school in which he is to learn, and the workman those of the art which he is to practise. Now, singular as it is, considering that we have before us the case of a person of such a character and such a position, we find in Mr. Blanco White's system no recognition of the fact, we do not say that the Catholic faith is actually connected with Christian practice (which would be begging the question from him), but that the Catholic faith is taught by the Church as being so connected, as being the proper and exclusive foundation of Christian practice. So, then, her demand is by no means that of an assent to a scheme of abstract dogmas; it is the demand for our conforming to a new law of heart and life, which new law (as she says) can only take effect under the influence of the faith, and by the agency which

it provides. It is the old charter of the Gospel "testifying repentance towards God, and" therewith, but only in indissoluble conjunction therewith, also "faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." In discussing therefore the reception or rejection of Christianity, according to its credibility or incredibility, we must remember that it purports to be a system of belief and action inseparably combined; and therefore that, if it be credible, it entails the obligation not of a speculation but of a practical question, of a question to be decided here and now, which cannot be relegated to the region of indifference, but which, even if our understanding refuse to act, our conduct must either recognise as true, or else repudiate as false.

40. Against this part, then, of Mr. White's doctrine, we contend, that Christianity does not require the highest degree of intellectual certainty in order to be honestly and obediently received; and that the very same principles which govern action in common life, cognisable by common sense, are those which, fortified (we should hold) through God's mercy with a singular accumulation and diversity of evidence, demand reception of the word and implicit obedience to it; and that we cannot refuse this demand upon the plea that the evidence is only probable and not demonstrative, without rebellion against the fundamental laws of our earthly state, as they are established, by a truly Catholic consent, in the perpetual and universal practice of mankind.

41. And it is well worthy of remark, that Mr. Blanco White did not deny that probability was in favour of the Christian Revelation. This is plain, from the passages on which we have been arguing. But even at a later time he allowed that the Christian revelation was proved up to "a certain—perhaps a slight—degree of proba-

bility."* Upon his own statement, therefore, it stands that he followed the improbable; and as the evidence was conclusive neither way, he chose that side upon which the lack was greatest; and his doctrine is overturned by the very argument, which he has taken for its foundation.

42. From this subject we pass on to observe that Mr. Blanco White entertained the notion, common with those in his unhappy condition, that the moral part of the Gospel could be separated from its dogmatical part. This we shall show from his own words; and we shall also endeavour to point out the steps by which he arrived at the position, and to glance at its consequences.

He originally rejected Christianity in Spain, because he could not find the proof of a living infallible judge in questions of religion, again, because he found that the Roman Church, which claimed that character, had not sustained it in practice.† When he came to England, the theory of religion presented to him, on which his reviving affections fastened, was one, which is very different from that of the formularies, or of the theologians, of the English Church, but which has nevertheless, from time to time since the Reformation, obtained various degrees of currency in the popular mind. We cannot describe it more shortly than by saying, it is a theory which attaches no meaning to those words of the Twentieth Article: "the Church hath authority in controversies of faith;" and which, rightly asserting the supremacy of Scripture, wrongly subjoins to it a supremacy of the individual next to Scripture.

43. But he does not appear, either at that or at any subsequent time, to have examined that view of religion, according to which, without the prominent assertion,

* Life, III. p. 406; and II. p. 235. † *Ibid.* I. p. 111.

or even without the assertion at all, of an abstract infallibility, the Church, distributed in her regular organisation through the earth, is divinely charged with the functions of a moral guide, and instructs the individual believer with a weight of authority varying according to the solemnity of the subject matter, the particular organ from which the judgment proceeds, and its title to represent her universal and continual sense. He went therefore to the study of Holy Scripture, in the year 1814, with the expectation that he could find, firstly, a quasi-mathematical demonstration of the canon, and, secondly, the limits and definitions of faith so laid down upon its sacred pages as (if we may so speak) almost mechanically to preclude mistake in every case of pious and upright intention. He was naturally much disappointed to find that the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible were themselves questions, like that of the character of the Church, and as we have said, like most other questions, to be examined by the light of probable evidence. As in the case of the Church, when he failed to find that sort of infallible teaching which would go far to supersede faith and moral discipline, he lost, and never recovered, the very idea of her functions as a spiritual mother. So, then, he first imagined, apparently, that Scripture would be to him all that the Church had proposed to be; and when this expectation was falsified, he very speedily lost his hold upon Scripture, as an authoritative document, altogether.

44. Then doctrinal doubts began to assault him; his understanding wavered, and he had none of the extrinsic support which he would have derived from the Divines and the Reformers of the English Church, if it had been his lot to recommence his studies in

their school, and if, like them, he had been content to receive, as the most effective witness to the sense of Holy Scripture, the voice of the universal Church. So that he very soon lost any portion of dogmatic faith that he had recovered. But having, as we see from his whole works, much more of affection than of conviction, he naturally clung to the moral teaching of Scripture, as long as any strength remained. He found the evidence on most controverted doctrines so equal, as he thought, that he conceived it best to have no opinion upon them (1818);* he imagined the purpose of Scripture was to teach the spirit of Christian morality,† not to fix a code of opinions; he placed before himself God's will as a rule of life (1821);‡ having doubts on the subject of particular and general providence, he put that question, as an abstract one! into the catalogue of non-essentials (1822);§ and in one year more (1823) he concluded that‖ Christianity had no letter, and that the Spirit, of which it testifies, could not be distinguished from conscientious reason.

45. Yet he does not appear, during that middle period of declension, to have been shaken as to the morality of the New Testament. Most true indeed it is, that as the Church is the bulwark of the canon of the Scripture and the doctrine it contains, so that doctrine is the bulwark of the whole of its moral law; and there is usually silence "for a little space" between the enemy's surmounting one of these inclosures, and the attempt to scale the next. But, in the period of his later and final lapse from the Christian faith, which followed the year 1830, and became rapid from 1833, it is quite evident that, following the natural order of things, he became

* Life, I. p. 344. † *Ibid.* p. 368. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 378.
§ *Ibid.* p. 398. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 405.

less and less firm by degrees as to the morality of the Bible. He began by holding that our duty was to receive Christ as our moral king,* and to believe in God, and exercise the religious affections towards Him apart from all dogmas as to His objective nature.† But in 1836 he said—

"Dr. Whately has endeavoured to gloss over the false political economy of the Gospels, and indeed of the New Testament altogether, in regard to almsgiving: but the thing cannot be fairly done. Christ and his Apostles thought that to give away everything a man possessed was one of the highest acts of virtue."‡

46. Next he defined prayer to be, properly speaking, "a longing or desire," an "act of the heart"; and he adds—

"To make it an act also of the lips, in regard to God, may be *excusable*, under certain circumstances."§

Then he went on to establish a rule, which may appear almost incredible as the result of almost a whole life passed in criticism of one form or other, for judging of the *genuineness* of particular passages in the New Testament. It was this; that the moral consequences which these passages had produced,‖ and their conformity to that reason which he defined to be the voice of God within us, should be the test.¶

"I approve in them what I find worthy of approval, and reject what I see no reason to believe or follow."**

On this ground we presume, as he does not name any other, he repudiates (in 1834) the narrative of the woman taken in adultery.†† With the lapse of time, the malady proceeds. In 1838 he says Socrates would have been a very different, evidently meaning an inferior,

* Life, II. p. 4. † *Ibid.* p. 276. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 200.
§ *Ibid.* II. p. 263. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 287. ¶ *Ibid.* III. p. 155.
** Compare II. 235. †† Life, I. p. 281.

person if he had had bodily ill-health to bear; and he proceeds,* in words which we will not quote (they simply express the thought), to the blasphemous remark that the same would probably have been the case with our Lord. This is, indeed, a sentiment which may lie, abstractedly, within the simple creed of Unitarianism: but it is Unitarianism practically applied, Unitarianism (so to speak) in *motion*, and thus it strikes more forcibly upon the eye.

47. Some time later, however, he struck at the very foundation of the moral code of Him, who inaugurated His great discourse with the text that "blessed are the poor in spirit."† For Mr. Blanco White writes thus concerning humility in 1840:—

"Humility could not be raised to the catalogue of *virtues*, except in a society chiefly composed of men degraded by personal slavery, such as history exhibits the early Church. Slaves alone could find such a sanctified cloak for cowardice as humility; for it is not a dignified endurance of unavoidable evil, but such a cringing as may allay the anger of an insolent oppressor. Such submission cannot find acceptance in thine eyes, O God! for it classes Thee with the despots of this earth. . . .

"If he (our Saviour) ever uttered the rule of offering the cheek for a second insult, he must have done it under the conviction that the Oriental style he was using could not be misunderstood but by idiots. . . . In the multitude of slaves, who flocked to the Church, is to be found the source of that humility, which has lowered the standard of modern virtue."‡

Then, becoming rabid in his infatuation, he proceeds to stigmatise§ "the mean ambition, the low and degraded character, and the worldly views" of the Martyrs of that Lord who is "to be glorified in His Saints and admired in them that believe:"‖ and, as if it had been written in

* Life, III. p. 36. † St. Matt. v. 3. ‡ Life, III. p. 272–4.
§ 273, note. ‖ 2 Thess. i. 10.

heaven that the man who uttered this impiety should not be suffered to do it without at the same time exposing himself to ridicule, while he has thus the Christian Church and her achievements in his eye, he proceeds to complain that by such teaching

"To create in us a habit of distrust and timidity, is to deprive us of that confidence, which is the foundation of all high enterprise."*

Yet he knew something of the power of that system, which is thus enfeebled and degraded by the doctrine of humility; for among the many causes that embittered his last days, and made his life a torment, was the belief which he has recorded that, during his latter life, and contrary to the hopes he had once entertained, orthodoxy was on the advance in his adopted country, in the very land which he had hoped would be its grave.

48. Lastly, as we are obliged to observe, before quitting this part of the subject, Mr. Blanco White appears to have had most feeble ideas of the nature and heinousness of sin as a contravention of the Divine will. Of the sins of his own early life he sometimes speaks in the terms of penitence; but we do not perceive that the idea of sin as such ever raised in him the horror which belongs to it. In his later life, we must say that his vehemence against the Christian doctrine of original sin consorts but too well with his faint impressions upon actual sin. Of the former he does not scruple to say that those, who can believe in it, are beyond the reach of reasoning.† Upon the latter, besides a scoff in an earlier passage,‡ he says—

"There is nothing like pure joy among us. Pleasure constantly assumes the appearance of sin—*a word which perverts every mind among us.* The Hebrew had a sounder notion of the state of man

* P. 275. † Life, III. p. 77. ‡ *Ibid.* II. p. 298

upon earth. See the opinions and sentiments expressed in the book of Solomon." *

49. We esteem these parts of his history as of the highest importance. ... They powerfully illustrate the inseparable connexion between the morality of the Gospel and the rest of its doctrine. They support the proposition that the man who abandons the latter puts a period, whether consciously or unconsciously, to his secure possession of the former, even though it may often happen that life is too short and impediments too numerous and varied to permit him to pursue the dreary process to its close. Faith, then, with him, was already shipwrecked; and the theory of morals must soon have foundered: but what are we to say to his practical virtues?

50. There are several dangers of a most serious kind, with which the contemplation of a mind and a history like those of Mr. Blanco White is attended. It may tempt us to deny the reality of those virtues which are presented to us apart from their natural and proper accompaniment of Christian belief. And in this way many, as we think, find an unworthy defence for their orthodoxy at the cost of their justice and their brotherly kindness. For there are those among us who, if any evidences were laid before them of piety on the part of a misbeliever, would almost think themselves obliged beforehand to reject them on account of his heresy. Or again, admitting the reality of the virtues, and unable to deny the absence of all true perception of the Catholic faith, we may fall into that most fatal error of regarding Christian dogma as a thing properly separable from the moral operation which generates the Christian character, and of holding that a

* Life, III. p. 173.

man* "may be saved *by* the law or sect which he professeth;" that there is a basis of human conduct, adequate to the ends of virtue, and yet other than that of the Gospel and the Church. Such a view as this we take to be, not indeed in every individual, but in every school professing it, the sure precursor of infidelity.

51. Or again, if we escape this pitfall, and still cling to the idea that the powers necessary for our moral renovation are linked by Divine order to Christian doctrines, still we may be pressed with cases in which heretical opinion appears to have co-existed with personal piety. Such were those of Firmin, of Courayer (in his last years); and of some others whose denials, though heretical, have not so obviously touched the foundation. We may then be tempted into some classification of the several truths, which make up the deposit of faith; and, setting down as unessential whatever we find to have been rejected by persons apparently living under the influences of religion, we may draw a new catalogue of fundamentals, which we shall too surely find in the course of time to be subject to successive and unlimited reduction. It is surprising how many grave and pious men have been induced to commit themselves, in one degree or another, to this most shallow and slippery theory. The process, indeed, which it requires, as it begins in an act of sheer presumption—for what are we that we shall analyse the faith of the perpetual and universal Church, and separate its organic parts?—so it naturally terminates in exhaustion and inanition.

But, fourthly and lastly, supposing we grant that Mr. Blanco White exhibits to our human view the marks of a

* Art. XVIII.

true surrender of the will, and of its surrender to a loved and loving God; and that we likewise steadily maintain the Catholic faith to be the only covenanted source of spiritual blessings; and that we also understand that faith as it was understood at Nice and at Constantinople, and when the note of unity was upon the Church, and she bore a universal and consistent witness to herself in her whole office: still we have before us the juxtaposition of what we cannot deny to be true though morbid and mutilated piety, with what we must assert to be in itself rank unbelief, not many degrees removed from speculative pantheism. And how then are we to deal with the distinct promise of our Lord—"If a man desires to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God?" In the endeavour—thus we may be challenged—to frame such an explanation of a particular case as will pass current among men, are we not stumbling against the adamantine rock of Holy Scripture?

52. We cannot pretend to give a complete answer to the objection; because it is not to be done without that knowledge of the secrets of the heart, which we cannot possess, and will not pretend. But the aspect, in which Mr. Blanco White's case presents itself to us, is not so perplexing as at first sight it appears. He supplies us in part at least with the keys to the comprehension of it when he says that* "an indiscriminate warmth of the social affections often took the lead of his judgment;" that he had always had† much more practical belief than logical conviction: that he had long struggled against the intellectual notions which at last led him captive; and especially that, after his understanding was utterly disturbed with regard to fundamental articles of belief, he

* Life, I. p. 393. † *Ibid.* II. p. 32.

read the New Testament daily to foster his religious feelings and habits,* cherished the constant desire to follow God's will, and even attended the Holy Eucharist.† In fact, the religious tempers and sympathies, which had taken root in his mind, survived, at least in part, the dogmatic faith of which they were the proper fruits and accompaniments. How long they would have so continued to subsist in isolation from their trunk we do not presume to judge; but from some of the indications of his later life, it would appear that they did derive, indeed they could derive, but very little positive sustenance from his later creed.

53. But although this explanation may serve to solve or at least to relieve from some of its complications, one portion of the problem, namely the coexistence of religious affections with departure from the faith, and with sentiments of an almost blasphemous character, still it rather aggravates the other side of the difficulty, which stands thus: if his will was so truly set upon doing the will of God, how came he to lose the fruit of the promise that the willing shall be taught aright; that truth in intention shall be a guide to truth in knowledge?

Now Mr. Blanco White himself tells us of his own "restlessness of character."‡ Again, it is natural to suppose that he had all along a resentment towards the Roman Church, as the original cause of his calamities, which could not be favourable to the maintenance of a really dispassionate tone of mind with regard to any matter of doctrine held by her: and such an antipathy, we have learned, he actually did entertain. This work also bears evidence of a peculiar and morbid sensitiveness;§

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* Life, I. p. 367. † *Ibid.* p. 378. ‡ *Ibid.* III. p. 346.
§ Life, II. 107, 123, 165; III. 347.

and, on the other hand, we see no reason to suppose that his character had at any time arrived at that high elevation and thorough discipline which would warrant the immediate and peremptory application of the promise we have quoted to his peculiar case. Still the case stands thus: here was a man who sought, and sought, humanly speaking, with integrity, for truth, and yet almost wholly missed it. We are disposed to look for the solution of this dilemma chiefly in the fact that the mind of Mr. Blanco White had in his early years suffered a wrench from which it never recovered; that the natural relation between his speculative and his practical life was then violently and fundamentally disturbed; and that any promise of Scripture which describes the influence to be produced by one part of our human constitution upon the other, by the will upon the intellect, must be understood with regard to those cases, in which the laws of our nature are left fundamentally undisturbed.

54. But, as the arrow which may have been ever so truly shot misses the target if this chances to be moved during its flight, such a promise must necessarily fail to operate in cases where, both before the period of anything like full free agency is attained and after it, the orderly connexion ordained to subsist between conviction and conduct has been not only impaired, but deliberately and systematically severed. Now so it was in Mr. Blanco White's original adoption of the ecclesiastical career, and in the fatal necessities subsequently entailed upon him by that false position. He accepted that calling, as we have seen, because it was the key which alone could unlock to him the golden stores of literature that he panted to enjoy. The artful piety of his mother, or her advisers, instead of proceeding by the rude

method of sheer force, applied to him the principle of the common curb, which becomes tighter as the horse pulls harder. It was determined to conquer him through himself. He was not obliged to become a priest; oh, no: there was the counting-house open to him; and it was well known that his abhorrence of this latter calling would stand instead of an attachment to the former, especially when it was backed by an enthusiastic love of his mother, and a disposition strongly sympathetic. It is not for us to condemn those who thus drove him into holy orders. There is every proof that his mother's motives were pure and high. The error of a want of due respect to natural bent is too common to excite surprise; but the case before us is one that loudly calls upon us to mark its fatal operation.

55. It was not merely that his judgment was thus taken by storm, but it was in a matter where the decision was irrevocable: for the day that made him a sub-deacon, cut him off for ever from domestic life. Such a life appears, we should say, to have been an essential part of his natural vocation. And so he was placed in a course of daily and continual action, which had no support in the convictions of his interior mind. He had indeed called in the aid of powerful religious excitement; yet, as we have seen above, he records that even at the time he never overcame an inward sentiment of loathing for the peculiar exercises of devotion which produced it. Nature had been expelled with a pitchfork; and she took her revenge on her return. The knowledge of physical truth had placed the youth in collision with his ecclesiastical preceptors at the age of fourteen or fifteen; and as all instruction was delivered to him in one and the same tone, under one and the same seal of authority, it was natural and consequent that,

when a part had exploded, he should vehemently question the rest. Upon the single issue whether the Church, that is to say, the Church of Rome, had ever been mistaken, there was ventured the whole fabric of his belief. No assimilating process had mixed it with the courses of his nature. The internal and experimental evidences which familiarity supplies, and the rooted persuasion which it thus engenders, had no existence for him. And when we recollect that he appears to have stood well, at the very time when he was an unbeliever, as a theologian, confessor, and preacher; and that he maintained, for some period after his receiving holy orders, purity of conduct; all this opens to us clearly the yawning chasm within him, the total want of moral choice in the determining action of his life, and the fundamental discord, between himself and his position, that ensued.

56. Yet that which was fundamental for the time, needed not therefore have been perpetual and incurable. But, as is usual, error bred error. He found himself at once a priest and an atheist. When, in this awful state, he began to seek guidance and relief by touching timidly the minds of other priests, his friends, he found that

"With him in dreadful harmony they joined;"

they re-echoed the note of his total unbelief. We assent, of course, to the proposition, that he ought to have quitted his position in the Church at all hazards. But we shall plead, in mitigation of judgment, that we believe few, perhaps even of those who may say so, would, under all the circumstances of his time and place, have done it. In the first place, a man cannot justifiably overturn the whole structure of his life, and violently disturb the society in which he lives, except upon a full and mature conviction.

This can only be formed and tested by time: and it is not easy to mark the moment, so bewildering becomes the work of introspection, when a conviction entailing such terrible results has been sufficiently ascertained. But let it have arrived: to testify to a positive truth, to a living principle, is not only a duty, but an animating and ennobling idea: it is not the same thing when a man has to bear witness to a blank, a void, an universal negative; when he is to deprive all his fellow-creatures, as to their moral being, of the clothing that covers them, the house that shelters them, the food that sustains them, and to present to them the great *Nil* in exchange. Such was the case of Mr. Blanco White: and although others may not have reached the very same extremes, yet upon the whole he had, as we have seen, but too ample countenance from example.

57. Nor is his case simply to be regarded as that of following a multitude to do evil. He saw, as he conceived, two classes in the priesthood. Of these, one taught what they believed to be false. But the others held and taught the same things upon an authority which he had satisfied himself was worthless, and would not suffer any to teach otherwise. Besides the preachers of what they did not believe, and the preachers who believed only in deference to the Church of Rome, there was no third class: there were none, with whom he could take refuge. The great men of heathen antiquity, too, who might present themselves as models to one in his circumstances, had, as he knew, dissembled more or less with regard to religion. And we must recollect that the duty of testifying to our own personal convictions, which is taught among us sometimes even to the disparagement of other duties, occupied no such place in the system under which he lived. It may

nevertheless remain true that he ought to have braved the Inquisition; nay, what was still more, that he ought to have placed his parents on the rack of mental agony by the disclosure of his unbelief: but we must think that his breach of duty in dissembling was one which comparatively few among those, whose minds might be crude enough to have fallen into his error, could have avoided.

58. Making all these admissions, however, the grave, the vast evil of the case remains clear. The moral consequences of maintaining a Christian profession for ten years upon a basis of Atheism—the Breviary* on the table, and the Anti-Christian writers of France in the closet—may have been fatal to the solidity and consistency of his inward life thereafter. At the very time when the mind may be said to have the last hand put to the formation of its determinate character—namely, from about twenty-five to thirty-five—it was his unhappy condition to be at first exercising all the offices, and to the last maintaining the profession of a Priest, though he knew that he had inwardly ceased to be a Christian. And surely it is not too much to say, while we sedulously disclaim the office of the judge, that after so long a period of contrast the most violent and unnatural—after the habits of mind belonging to such a position have been contracted, and hardened, as in so considerable a tract of time they must needs have been hardened—after the purposes and the general conduct of life have been so long and so entirely dissociated from inward convictions—it has become too late to re-establish their natural relations to one other. We cannot with impunity thus tamper with the fearful and wonderful composition of our spiritual being. Sincerity of intention,

* Doblado, p. 134.

after this, *can* only subsist in a qualified and imperfect sense. It may be in a manner sincere, so far as depends upon the contemporaneous action of the will; but it is clogged and hampered by the encumbering remains of former insincerity, and it can only reap a scanty share of the blessings that attend upon a virgin rectitude. Thus, even as the promises to the penitent become ambiguous, and at length barren, in the progress of the hardening of the heart, so the promises of guidance to the willing must be understood with reference not to the mere inclination of the moment, but to the bent of the character modified as it is by former conduct, and to those ὑψίποδες νόμοι, those supernal laws of moral retribution, which by the structure of our minds we are made, every one of us, to administer against ourselves.

59. Sometimes in reading this work we have been reminded, by the intensity of the sufferings which the writer describes, and of the prostration they produced, of the religious melancholy or madness of one, whose name must be ever touching, ever dear; of Cowper, who was "borne away by a rapid torrent into a strong sea." * We know not whether it be irrational to indulge the hope that bodily disease may have been in a greater or less degree the source of Mr. Blanco White's morbid speculations, and that the severity of its pressure may, at least at times, have placed his free agency in abeyance. With regard to all such possibilities, let us leave them to Him who knows and judges: only they may be useful in aiding us to check that impatience of the understanding, which so often leads us into premature and incompetent conclusions upon the personal merits of our fellow-creatures.

* Southey's Life, p. 115.

But however much, or however little, foundation there may be for a supposition of this kind, we confess we find in the long protracted contradictions between conscience and conduct of his early career, quite enough to account for the fact that, notwithstanding his subsequent anxiety to attain the truth, his foot missed the narrow path which leads to her lofty palaces.

60. There may, however, perhaps be persons inclined to the opinions of Mr. Blanco White, who may contend that we do to him, and still more to those opinions, an injustice, when we represent the latter periods of his life as essentially and deeply unhappy. It may be argued, that all symptoms of that character are fairly ascribable to the protracted and wearing, and sometimes acute maladies, under which he suffered, and to his frequent loneliness. But those of us, who have ever witnessed the triumphs of faith upon the bed of sickness, and indeed probably every candid observer, will not, we think, find in his circumstances any sufficient ground for that remarkable prevalence of gloomy recollections which marks his journal. There are, indeed, occasionally passages indicating comfort, and sometimes more than comfort, when the momentary transports of intellectual activity were upon him. But his record is like that "harp of Innisfail," which ever and anon

> "Was tuned to notes of gladness;
> But yet it oftener told a tale
> Of more prevailing sadness."

Whenever he describes the general colour of his life, he describes it as miserable. So early as in the end of 1831, he says *—"For the last eighteen years he has not enjoyed

* Life, I. p. 477.

one day of tolerable existence." In 1835 he had, if we may so speak, the honeymoon of his Unitarianism. But, in 1836, he began * to wish habitually for death; and death with him had a terrible meaning. Latterly his greatest comfort appears to have been found in literature;† "My only enjoyment of life arises from my books." In the year 1838 his complainings become almost incessant. Sometimes from being piteous they grow almost frightful. In the meantime, he says, his religious convictions, as they were fewer, were firmer than ever. This is generally the feeling of those who have just discarded what they think a falsehood, with regard to all they continue to hold. He was frequently in this very predicament. But we could easily prove from his pages, with a redundancy of dark detail, that these convictions were totally incapable of giving cheerfulness or even tranquillity to his life, and that the closing years described by this truthful man were years of habitual misery, mitigated only by intervals of partial relief.‡

61. We have seen, then, how slender, in the later life of this very unhappy man, were the relics of what once at least had been, in some sense, the majestic form of the Christian Faith. Was it not as when a single stone remains upon the ground, the solitary memorial of some mighty temple, in which it once had its appointed place, but it is now shifted from its base; sustaining nothing, and itself unsustained; wasting away beneath the pitiless elements. Wasting, we fear, but too rapidly, unless the process should have been arrested by some beneficent dis-

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* Life, II. p. 244. † *Ibid.* 275, 342.

‡ See Life, III. 34, 13–15, 17, 22, 23, 35, 45, 55, 67, 70, 72, 89, 163, 183, 192, 198, 227.

pensation from above. He seems, indeed, to have been nearly stationary during the last three or four years of his life; to have been withheld, when he had arrived within a single stage of utter vacuity and desolation, from making that last advance. So large a share of this last portion of his life was occupied by weariness and torpor, or by acute and agonising pains, that the continuity of the action of his mind appears to have been broken, and his efforts at speculation to have been like the ineffectual attempts of a man who has lost his limbs to rise, and what he would have called progress thereby rendered impossible.

62. Hence perhaps it was, that the rapid and precipitous descent of many years became a sort of plain at the last. For let no man say that the reason of his remaining stationary was that he had attained the haven of his speculative rest—a simple, consistent, solid, indestructible philosophy of religion. The disjointed fragments of belief that remained were of necessity much more liable to further disruption, in proportion as their principle of cohesion had been progressively relaxed. This sounds, however, it will be said, too much like the assumptions that the slaves of creeds are apt to make. We will therefore say, and endeavour to prove, that his scheme, or view, or notion, or whatever be the right name of that by which he had replaced the repudiated form of "religion," had not even that unity and freedom from intrinsic causes of disturbance, which its cold, naked, passionless form, and the paucity of its propositions, should, if they could have secured anything, not have failed to secure.

63. The being of God was the dogma about which his intellect still hovered, and upon which, as we believe, his

affections less insecurely clung. The present was miserable; the future was intolerable: intolerable (so he says) as connected with the idea of a continued personal existence: and only mitigated in part by the fact that it lay in utter darkness—hope might thus vaguely and feebly wander amidst "unconditioned possibility." That hope was so that "without form and void"; it did not embrace personality; on the other hand it had not absolutely realised the contrary doctrine of absorption: it was, if anywhere, in some region more void and dreamy, and by far less joyous, than that of the song of Ariel *:—

> "Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange."

And the "rich," if it existed at all, was not anything within his intelligent desires, nor the "strange" anything perceptibly related to his sympathies. He therefore had endured the full strain of his own searching doctrine—that virtue to be truly loved must be loved for its own sake, not for the hope of reward,† and that the foundations of morality are independent of the hope of a future life. Thus he had removed from about his belief in the existence of God every secondary prop: the resignation which he declared, is a resignation entitled to the more honour, because he professed it at an awful disadvantage.

64. A little before his death he used these admirable and touching words, which however are much above the ordinary tone of his later life:—

"I am going, my dear friend: I am leaving you very fast. I have not formed such definite views of the nature of a future life as

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* 'Tempest,' i, 2. † Life, III. p. 253.

many have; but I trust Him, who has taken care of me thus far. I should trust a friend, and can I not trust *Him*? There is not in my mind the possibility of a doubt."*

Again he cries, in extreme anguish—

"Oh my God! Oh my God! But I know thou dost not overlook any of Thy creatures; Thou dost not overlook me. So much torture—to kill a worm! Have mercy upon me, O God! have mercy upon me! I cry to Thee, knowing I cannot alter Thy ways. I cannot if I would—and I *would not if I could. If a word could remove these sufferings, I would not utter it.*"

But could this, unless by some inconsistency, some merciful error, have continued? Was the disastrous course of his so-called inquiry at an end? Would the restlessness of his discursive understanding, unless paralysed by pain and exhaustion, have suffered him, after reducing his standing ground from the "large room" of the believer to a foot-span, there to maintain his position? On the contrary, it appears to us that there are recorded in the pages of his life dilemmas, which he had constructed, but had not disposed of, on which his view of primary duty must again have driven him to speculate, and of which, from the premisses he had assumed, he never could have found an affirmative solution.

65. The ultimate form, which his doctrine concerning the existence of God assumed, was this: that revelation there was not, and could not be: † that although miracles might have really taken place, there was no medium for their conveyance to our perceptions, such as could render the belief of them rational: ‡ that, however weighty, no evidence could establish one. § Further, that

* Life, III. 302.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 246.
† *Ibid.* 252.
§ *Ibid.* 207.

"it is a vain attempt to seek for knowledge of the Deity anywhere but within ourselves. To define God is to deny him: for *definition* is limitation, and he is unlimited. Useless, or worse than useless, are all the arguments of natural theology, unless we have previously found the proof of the being of God in our own souls. The idea of the eternal and unlimited spirit must proceed from the consciousness of the temporal and limited spirit; we know ourselves as this limited spirit, and we are conscious that we have not made ourselves to exist: another spirit must consequently exist, from whom the nature and limitation of our own depend. The limited proves the unlimited: else what could have set the limits?"*

66. Now he lays down elsewhere the canon that "religion does not consist in history, criticism, or metaphysics,"† and that it cannot depend upon any inquiry not fitted for the mass of men;‡ and, strange as it may seem, he says that only "a *small* degree of reflection" is requisite in order to enable the mind to frame that notion of the Deity which flows out of the perception "that the limited proves the unlimited: else what could have set the limits?" On various occasions he declaims against corrupting the minds of children by religious prejudices: he would have had them wait until they could perceive that "the limited proves the unlimited: else what could have set the limits?" This would have been the sole instrument, according to him, of showing to the young, to the heart of woman, to the poor, to the sick, to the perplexed, the God in whom they live and move and have their being. We do not indeed object to his raising an argument for the being of God from the internal view of our own souls, though we protest against his exclusion of other arguments, and with yet more decision against gratuitously founding the structure of religion upon any resort to

* Life, III. p. 147. † *Ibid.* p. 227. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 318.

metaphysical reasoning, of which a large portion of mankind are by habit quite incapable. But what we wish now to point out is, that even upon the lear and impoverished remains of his belief, he was hopelessly at issue with himself. In the passage we have quoted the essential characteristic of God is, unlimited being.* But he likewise instructs us as follows:—

"According to the constitution of our minds, the knowledge which we have of ourselves and of the external world leads us *with absolute necessity* to conclude that, if the world was created by the free act of a conscious Being, that Being must either be limited in power or in goodness. Out of this dilemma neither philosophy nor theology can extricate the thinking and unsuperstitious mind."†

Thus he had declared, as truths of the very highest certainty—1st. That the Creator of this universe must be limited in goodness or in power: 2nd. That, to be God, He could not be otherwise than unlimited. It was a mercy, and a marvel, that under these circumstances he did not further prosecute his reasonings, and that even the glimmering of light that remained to him was not extinguished.

67. But again, he had used the argument, while he continued to recognise a Revelation, that as the Divinity of our Lord was contested among His followers, it could not be essential to His religion.‡ Afterwards he came clearly and fully to the conviction that all those who received a fixed Revelation, of whatever kind, were bibliolaters, idolaters, buried in darkness, and slaves of gross superstition: that Christianity consisted in the renunciation of

* See also Life, III. p. 13. † *Ibid.* p. 283.
‡ *Ibid.* II. p. 20.

positive creeds.* But that enlightened portion of mankind who satisfy this singular definition, are divided among themselves upon the question of the being of a God. Let us take his own statement of the case:—

"Many philosophers, and almost all divines, have positively asserted that the human mind discovers the existence of God by a law of its own nature. I have attentively examined this assertion, and am convinced that, on the contrary, there are few men who believe in the true, the spiritual God. This belief, on the contrary, is one of the highest attainments of our developed mental existence."†

68. How then could that be in any way, according to his principles, necessary to the human race, which was only receivable by a very few among them? And which, though capable (as he says), when once discovered, of being imparted with ease, even to children, was only originally to be discovered by the efforts of the highest mental development, and therefore must have remained utterly unknown until the period when the acmè of that development was first attained? The argument, from consent therefore, of which he felt the force, though he mistook the application, told against the only remaining dogma by which he held: and whenever he had come to enforce with consistency his canon, that what is contested must be judged indifferent, he must have lost his grasp of the last plank of his shattered vessel.

69. Again, is it possible to conceive a paradox more untenable than for the man who says no evidence, whatever its amount, can prove a miracle, to hold at the same time that from an inward view of our own minds we ought certainly to believe in the existence of a Being of infinite

* Life, pp. 38 and 39, and p. 267. † *Ibid.* III. 452.

uncontrollable power? If the power be infinite, can it not suffice for the performance of a miracle? Is not Saint Augustine right when he teaches, that the establishment and maintenance of the ordinary laws of nature required a greater and more wonderful exercise of power, than most of those deviations from them, which we designate by the name of miracles? Cannot the power which is sufficient to create us, and sufficient (for this he does not deny) to perform the miracles, avail to convey its own acts to the perceptions of its own creatures?

70. We cannot then entertain the smallest confidence that, if he had been permitted a few more years of mental activity, he would not have crushed into dust the fragments of belief, which at the period of his death had not yet been decomposed. In that case, the warning which he has left behind him, written by the dispensation of Providence for our learning, would have been even more forcible, but the picture itself would have been in proportion more grievous. And truly, as it is, that picture has abundant power both to convey instruction and to excite a kind of loving pity. As to the last, what can be more deeply moving than to see one, who was endowed from birth upwards with more than an ordinary share of the best worldly goods, and dedicated to the immediate service of God, after he has once fallen into atheism and has been recovered from it, again loosened from his hold, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, pursuing in turn a series of idle phantoms, each more shadowy than that which it succeeds, and terminating his course in a spiritual solitude and darkness absolutely unrelieved but for one single star, and that too of flickering and waning light? And all this under the dismal delusion that he has been a discoverer of truth; that he has been elected from among men

to this nakedness and destitution; that, with the multitude of his accumulating errors, he has acquired a weight of authority, increasing in proportion to the years which he has consumed in weaving the meshes that entangle him. Horror, indeed, and not pity, is the appropriate sentiment which, in most cases, the view of that dreadful process, by which faith is eaten out from the soul, would excite. But when we recollect that there is no evidence before us warranting us at least to impute the dark results in this instance to deliberate or habitual perversion of the will, and that he has himself recorded the deep sorrows of his life, though he could not see their cause, it is manifest that the sentiments which this examination should leave upon our minds are those of profound and humble commiseration.

71. As to instruction, we may receive it here, with much pain indeed, but with little danger. When we recollect how often unbelief allies itself with licentiousness of every kind, and thus makes its appearance under the most seductive aspect, we feel a respect for the honesty of such opponents of the Christian faith as do not disguise the bitterness of the fruits which they have reaped from the poisoned seed of their false imaginations. We have a comparative gratitude to those who place before us cases like that of Shelley, and the not wholly dissimilar instance now before us, where the records themselves, prepared by the parties or their friends for the public eye, bear demonstrative testimony to the incapacity of anti-Christian theories, when entertained in subtle and ever-questioning minds, to supply any stable resting-place to the understanding, or any adequate support under the sorrows and the cares of life. Shelley tells us of himself, in those beautiful Verses written, in Dejection, near Naples,—

"Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around."

And he indicates in the 'Alastor' that the utmost he hoped to realise was—

"Not sobs nor groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,
But pale despair and cold tranquillity."

72. Mr. Blanco White was happily distinguished from Shelley in so far that, with his understanding in part, and with his heart less equivocally, he even to the last embraced the idea of a personal or quasi-personal God, whom he could regard with reverence and love, and to whom he could apply, with whatever restriction of the signification of the words, that sublimest sentiment of the Christian soul;

"In la Sua volontade è nostra pace." *

Yet the only element of positive consolation which, so far as we can discover, cheered his later days, was the notion that there was something† "ennobling," something "very dignified in a human being, awaiting his dissolution with firmness." But neither had he joy on this side of the grave, nor any hope that would bear his own scrutiny on the other. For, of the first, he repeatedly tells us that to live was torment;‡ that he dreaded the idea of any improvement in his health; that nothing but the conviction of the criminality of the act kept him from self-destruction. Of the second, again, it is indeed true, that his affections still struggled against the devouring scepticism of his understanding; and, as he had formerly tried to

* 'Paradiso,' c. iv. † Life, III. p. 36.
‡ *Ibid.* pp. 3, 4, 45, 35, 47, 53, 163 and *alibi*, 192.

persuade himself of the doctrine of the Trinity, so he tries to persuade himself to the last that he will in some way exist after death.* "God cannot," he says, "have formed his intellectual creatures to break like bubbles and be no more." But others, as far advanced as himself in the destruction of faith, have made efforts as vigorous to keep some hold of some notion of immortality. Thus Shelley has written with splendid force:—

"Nought we know dies. Shall that, alone which knows,
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?" †

73. Yet from other passages of the work before us it is too plain that Mr. Blanco White did not believe in his own personal immortality. Indeed, that is an idea which he selects for ridicule from his sick-bed:—

"P. P., clerk of the parish, must be the same identical individual throughout eternity; the same are every one of his neighbour's wishes; against which wishes there are difficulties which every reflecting man must find insuperable." ‡

And we must observe in passing, that this is one of very many instances in which he states the most startling opinions as certainly true in the view of the illuminated portion of mankind, without having anywhere attempted any substantive exposition of their grounds. So again he declares, "there is not one philosophical principle upon which the immortality of Mr. A. and Mrs. B. can be established." § So much for his expectation: and as to his desire, he says (April 1839)—

"Most of my thoughts are melancholy forebodings, which I

* Life, p. 36.
† 'Adonais,' an Elegy.
‡ Life, III. p. 38.
§ *Ibid.* p. 63.

cannot entirely dispel, but am obliged to let them pass like dark clouds over my mind."*

We may add, that so early as in 1837, he had penned with fearful clearness an idea which is terrible only when dissociated from an upholding arm of Power and Love:—

"I feel as if an eternal existence was already an insupportable burden laid upon my soul."†

And he says again, in 1840,—

"I feel oppressed by the notion of eternal existence, even when the absence of evil is made one of its conditions."‡

74. It is true, indeed, as we have already said, that he retained his resignation; and it was not altogether that of Stoic pride. It had also features of a Christian tenderness. So much the more is it remarkable, so much the more is his example useful for our warning, when we find that resignation itself had lost the power which it never fails to exert on behalf of the Christian: it could not take the sting from death, nor the victory from the grave; it could not engender hope. Little, then, as we have to fear from the posthumous influence of Mr. Blanco White, through the medium of his arguments, if they be carefully and calmly sifted, we have as little to apprehend from any appeals which his touching and afflictive history may make to our passions and our grosser nature. To a blinded pride, doubtless, it may offer incense; but it brings with it no small corrective in the mental oppression and misery which it records.

75. Upon the whole, we are very deeply impressed with the value and importance of the lessons which this history of a sceptical mind imparts and enforces. We have indeed exhibited only a few of the incongruities of its philosophy;

* Life, III. p. 55. † II. p. 323. ‡ III. 289.

but as they stand in the original, if not as they appear in our pages, they afford a strong collateral witness to the truth by showing the self-destructive character of infidel speculations. It may well increase our humility to mark the fall of a man to whom many of us will be ready to own themselves morally inferior; and the letters of that golden text, "Be not high-minded, but fear," seem as if they stood forth from every page. It may well fortify our hold on Divine truth, when we observe the desolating and exhausting power with which unbelief lays waste the mind of its victim, and the utter shipwreck that it made of happiness along with faith. It is not, however, only in favour of the general notion of Christianity as against those who deny it, that Mr. Blanco White bears his strong though negative and involuntary witness: it is in favour of Christianity unmutilated and entire, as against the generalised and enfeebled notion of it; of that Christianity in which the Word and the Church, the supreme law and the living witness and keeper of that law, apply to the one inveterate malady of the race of Adam its one divine unfailing remedy. For this much we conceive is clearly proved, with regard to his life in this country, by the work before us, if it were previously in doubt: the faith of the English Church he never left, for he had never held it. He joined himself indeed, and we doubt not with sincere intention, to her communion, and he subscribed her formularies; but he never mastered the idea which *they* at least represent, if it be more faintly discernible in the practice of her children; the idea of a Reformed Catholic Christianity.*

* [A few months after the publication of this paper, there appeared in the *Christian Remembrancer* a lengthened essay by Dr. Mozley,

lately deceased, which shows that that most remarkable man had so soon as the year 1844, already reached, in most respects, the full development of his powers. It would be difficult to point to a more close and searching, and almost relentless, analysis of a human mind and life. On this profound study of character is thrown all along the light of the highest Christian philosophy, and of occasional passages of splendid eloquence. It has been reprinted in the second volume of his Essays.—W. E. G., 1878.]

II.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI.*

1850.

1. GENIUS, unless guided by a malignant spirit, has an indefeasible claim to our sympathy in its reverses, and in its achievements to our fervid admiration: nor is there any more touching, any more instructive lesson, than such as are afforded by its failures in the attempt to realise, out of its own resources and without the aid of Divine revelation, either intellectual contentment or a happy life.

In the writings of Leopardi there are other sources of pathetic interest: the misfortunes of his country, both its political and social, and its religious misfortunes, and his own personal difficulties and calamities, have stamped their image indelibly upon his works, and may be traced, not only in the solemn and impassioned verses, or in the mournful letters, of which they are more or less directly the theme, but in the tone which pervades the whole.

2. We believe it may be said without exaggeration, that he was one of the most extraordinary men whom this century has produced, both in his powers, and likewise

* Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* for March 1850, Art. I. 1. *Opere di Giacomo Leopardi.* Tomi II. Firenze, 1845. Vol. III., 1845. Vol. IV., 1846. 4. *Epistolario di Giacomo Leopardi.* Tomi II. Firenze, 1849. 5. *Poesie di Giacomo Leopardi.* Napoli, 1849.

in his performances, achieved as they were under singular disadvantage. For not only did he die at thirty-eight, almost *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, and at the time when most great men have but been beginning the efforts which were to stamp them with that character; but likewise, "Heaven's unimpeached decrees" in his case nearly—

"Made that shortened span one long disease." *

By the time he was seventeen, he had destroyed, through the ardour and intensity of his studies, the very foundations of health and strength. From that year forward he was an invalid, with intervals of remission, progressively growing shorter, and very frequently under acute pain or most severe nervous depression; and his sight fell into so deplorable a state, that for more than a twelvemonth from March 1819 he was totally unable to read, and nearly so to write.

3. The life, thus piteously wasted by disease, was moreover frightfully oppressed by melancholy; not a melancholy *ad libitum*, gentle and manageable, but one that was deeply seated both in physical and moral causes. He writes at eighteen: *A tutto questo aggiunga l' ostinata, nera, orrenda, barbara malinconia, che mi lima e mi divora, e collo studio s' alimenta, e senza studio s' accresce.* Nor, as we shall see, did advancing time bring with it any alleviation. With a life thus limited, and with only the first moiety of it available in the ordinary degree for study, Count Giacomo Leopardi amassed great stores of deep and varied learning, proved himself to be possessed of profound literary judgment, exquisite taste, and a powerful imagination; and earned in his own country the character summed

* From Mr. Canning's verses on the death of his eldest son.

up in the words of one of his editors, as *sommo filologo, sommo poeta, e sommo filosofo.*

4. He was born on the 29th of June 1798, at Recanati in the March of Ancona; the eldest son of Count Monaldo Leopardi, himself in some sense a man of letters, but of temperament and opinions the most opposite to those of Giacomo. He had for his tutors two priests, who instructed him in Latin and in the elements of philosophy; but he had no teacher or adviser of any kind in his studies after his fourteenth year, and it is plain that he had outstripped his nominal guides long before it. A French writer asserts that he began Greek at eight, his tutors rendering him no aid, but with the grammar of Padua in his hand. He continues with *naïveté*, and we doubt not with truth: *l'enfant jugea cette grammaire insuffisante, et, décidé à s'en passer, il se mit à aborder directement les textes qu'il trouvait dans la Bibliothèque de son père.** We are involuntarily reminded of Hermes, respecting whom it is recorded in the Homeric hymn that—

> ἠῷος γεγονὼς, μέσῳ ἤματι ἐγκιθάριζεν,
> ἑσπέριος βοῦς κλέψεν ἑκηβόλου Ἀπολλῶνος·

5. He says himself that, not later than when he had just completed his tenth year, he commenced the course of study which he calls *matto e disperatissimo*, not only without a teacher, but without the faintest suggestion for his guidance, without encouragement, without sympathy. Yet at sixteen years of age he had become master, not merely of the whole range of the literature properly termed classical, but of a large portion of the works of the later Greek and Latin authors of different schools—

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Sept. 15, 1844.

and he was also extensively conversant, at least in certain departments, with the works of the Fathers of the Church. That is to say, he had not merely read and understood these authors, but he composed in 1815 a work entitled *Saggio sopra gli Errori Popolari degli Antichi*, and forming the fourth volume of this collection, which showed that he had a mastery of their contents and a facility in the use of them, such as few men of any generation have attained even in their mature years.

6. In the meantime the study of other languages was not neglected. In his own tongue, above all except the Greek, he was training his exquisite critical faculties, and was growing to be profoundly acquainted with its scholarship and one of its very best prose writers. But he also gathered as he went along a knowledge of French, English, Spanish, German, and Hebrew. The volumes before us contain evidence that he composed with ease, at any rate in the two first of these languages. In or about his eighteenth year, his critical collections in MS. amounted to six or seven large volumes; and though it is unsafe in general to measure by quantity, any reader of his works will be aware that he was absolutely incapable of writing trash. In 1817 he heard that some literary foreigner, whose name is not mentioned, had sent him word that he might become a great philologian. Before this time he was solely sustained and stimulated by that inborn consciousness of genius, which lives and works long before it speaks, and by a presentiment of greatness from which modesty was by no means excluded. Thus he writes in September of the same year to Giordani:—

"Sure I am that I have no disposition to live in the crowd: mediocrity frightens me to death; my wish is to soar, and to become great and immortal by genius and by study: an enterprise

arduous, and perhaps for me visionary; but man must not be faint-hearted nor despair of himself."

May his words be as a spark to light up similar aspirations in the breasts of English youth, but under better auspices, with better safeguards, and for a happier end.

7. To estimate aright the magnitude of his efforts and successes, particularly with regard to Greek, the literary atmosphere, so to speak, in which he lived must be taken into account. From the volumes before us it would appear that this noble study, so widely spread in some countries of Europe, is not only neglected, but is within a few degrees of utter extinction in Italy. Giordani, in giving his reasons for not reprinting a remarkable work of Leopardi's, states that "in Italy it would be rather hopeless than simply difficult to find a competent printer for a work almost wholly Greek; and to find so many as five readers for it quite impossible." The errors in the Greek typography of the volumes before us, and even of the *errata* appended to them, give some colour to the statement. Another of Leopardi's editors, Pellegrini, assures us that not only the works but the names of the German philologians were unknown throughout Italy at the time, and seems to speak of a thorough knowledge of Greek as being still next door to a miracle in that Peninsula.

8. There is probably some shade of exaggeration in these testimonies, and it is fair to observe that the very work to which Giordani refers was twice printed at Rome; while the Chronicle of Eusebius, on which it was a commentary, proceeded from the Milanese press. Leopardi himself, however, writes from Rome to his father in 1822, that all learning except such as is archæological was utterly neglected in that city, which it is plain is very far from being the literary capital of Italy; and adds,

"the best of all is, that one does not find a single Roman who is really master of Latin and Greek," though he has met with some learned foreigners—*ben altra cosa che i Romani.* The most pungent evidence of all perhaps is, that when preparing the Preface to his 'Saggio' in 1815, the boy takes care to apprise his readers, that he has translated exactly from the original into Italian all his Greek citations, putting those from the poets into verse. He dealt with them, as in this country a writer would deal with citations from the Sanscrit; and it is scarcely too much to say, that in order to estimate aright the energy of character and of intellect required for efforts such as his, not merely in Italy but at Recanati, we must conceive a child among us scarcely yet in trousers, setting himself to Sanscrit, and acquiring it without a master in less than half the time that the most promising pupils would generally spend upon it, with all the apparatus and all the inspiring associations of learned society and of suitable establishments to assist them.

9. His literary life divides itself into two great periods: the first of them occupied by his philological labours, and by translations from the classical poets, the second chiefly by poetry and philosophy. The division is not minutely accurate; but his first poem of any note was written in 1817, when he touched nineteen: he only published three of his odes before the year 1824, and he had then written but little poetry; he had for some years before that, from the state of his sight as we suppose, almost entirely ceased from his philological labours, and had already designated them as the studies of his boyhood. And all his efforts in philosophy belong to the later division of his life, which begins about the last-named year.

10. The earliest composition among his published works is

the Essay on the Popular Errors of the Ancients, dated in the year 1815, and written, therefore, in his seventeenth or early in his eighteenth year. It is remarkable not only for the amount of erudition, classical and patristic, which he had even then accumulated—his editor has appended a list of near four hundred authors whom he cites—but for the facility with which he handles his materials, and philosophises upon them. Homage is emphatically rendered, in this work, to the Christian religion. The youthful author tells us that unbelief had generated worse prejudices than had ever sprung from credulity, and that the name of philosopher had become odious with the sounder part of mankind. He declares Christianity to be the second mother of our race, and asserts that the true Church had ever condemned superstition, against which she is the true and the only bulwark. And yet we see a baleful shadow projected even at this early period over his future, where he eulogises Voltaire as "that standard-bearer of bold minds, that man so devoted to reason and so hostile to error." The time was too near at hand when he would be prepared to subscribe that scoffer's words:—

O Jupiter, tu fis en nous créant
Une froide plaisanterie.

But what strange idea, and stranger practice, of education must prevail, where the admiration of Voltaire as an apostle of true reason grows up peacefully in the mind of a boy, side by side with the admiration of the Church of Rome as the unsparing foe of superstition!

11. The only specimens of original composition in Greek verse (in Latin there are none) which these volumes afford, are two Anacreontic odes, written in 1817. We doubt whether they justify the panegyric of Giordani;

per verità neppure esso Anacreönte le potrebbe discernere tra le sue proprie figliuole. They would, we suppose, when cleared of some inaccuracies, probably due to defective typography, be termed good exercises at Eton, but no more; and this is among the easiest descriptions of Greek composition. More remarkable, we think, were his translations from the Greek. In 1815 he published a complete translation of Moschus, with a learned and acute discourse prefixed to it, containing among other things a severe criticism upon the affected and licentious manner of certain French translations of his works, and those of (the so-called) Anacreon. He was, however, at all times a sharper critic on himself than on any other author. He says, while yet a youth, *Sono io di tal tempra, che nulla mi va a gusto di quanto ho fatto due o tre mesi innanzi.* And he soon became dissatisfied with this work, which, nevertheless, appears to be extremely well executed.

12. In 1816, the lad (for he was no more) went on to publish a translation of the first Book of the Odyssey; and in 1817 the second Book of the Æneid. He was himself sensible of the great difficulty of translating Virgil, and his own effort must be admitted to be a failure; the spirit of the original evaporates in the operation, and the work is dead and flat.

Leopardi, however, had a most exalted conception of the function of a translator. He says he translated the second Book, because *he could not help it;* that after reading it, as was commonly the case with anything that he read and thought really beautiful, he was in an agony until he had cast it in the mould of his own mind:—

"Perciocchè, letta la Eneide (sì come sempre soglio, letta qualcosa è, o mi par, veramente bella), io andava del continuo spasi-

mando, e cercando maniera di far mie, ove si potesse in alcuna guisa, quelle divine bellezze."—*Op.* iii. p. 169.

And there he laid down a great principle:—

"So ben dirti aver io conosciuto per prova, che senza esser poeta non si può tradurre un vero poeta."

13. Every translation of a great work, to be good, must have great original qualities. We must not confound the subject by assimilating the work of the translator to that of the copyist in painting. In that case the problem is to construct an image of the picture, given the very same materials. But, in the case of pure mental products, the material form is the language, and the very condition of the work is that this be changed, as the workman must reproduce in another tongue. In proportion as the original to be rendered is a great one, the union between the thought of the writer and his language is more intimate. At every step as the translator proceeds, he feels that he is tearing asunder soul and body, life and its vehicle; so that in order to succeed in his task, he must, within certain limits, create anew.

14. To create anew was Leopardi's idea of translating; and such he very clearly showed it to be in his later efforts of this description, which are prose translations from Xenophon, Isocrates, Epictetus, and others; executed in the latter part of his life, and only published after his death. It is evident that while he was engaged upon them, the idea and aim of reproduction predominated over that of mere representation. And, so far as we have been able to examine them in close comparison with the original text, we have found them not sufficiently precise in their character—their secondary character, as we readily admit—of copies, to satisfy

a scholar of the English type: but admirable in their force and spirit; and, if viewing them with a foreign eye, we may presume to say so much (although we only re-echo the judgments of native and skilled Italians) faultless as compositions. They bear that stamp of freshness and of power, which realises Leopardi's idea of a translator's function in its normal state.

15. We have other evidence, however, how deeply he had drunk in early life at classic fountains. In May 1816, he wrote, and in 1817 he published, in Italian blank verse, a Hymn to Neptune, which was purely his own, but which purported to be a translation from a recently discovered manuscript. We quote the following passage as a specimen:—

"I Tessali Petreo
Diconti, ed altri Onchestio, ed altri pure
Egeo ti noma e Cinade e Fitalmio.
Io dirotti Asfaleo, pöichè salute
Tu rechi a' naviganti. A te fa voti
Il nocchier, quando s' alzano nel mare
L' onde canute, e quando in nera notte
Percote i fianchi al ben composto legno
Il flutto alti-sonante, ehe s' incurva
Spumando, e stanno tempestose nubi
Su le cime degli alberi, e del vento
Mormora il bosco al soffio (orrore ingombra
La mente de' mortali), e quando cade,
Precipitando giù dal-ciel, gran nembo
Sopra l' immenso mare. O Dio possente,
Che Tenaro e la sacra Onchestia selva
E Micale e Trezene ed il pinoso
Istmo, ed Ega, e Geresta in guardia tieni,
Soccorri a' naviganti; e, fra le rotte
Nubi, fa che si vegga il cielo azzurro
Ne la tempesta, e su la nave splenda

Del sole o de la luna un qualche raggio,
O de le stelle, e' l soffiar de' venti
Cessi, e tu l' onde romorose appiana,
Si che campin dal rischio i marinai."

If we are not mistaken in our view of the thoroughly Hellenic tone and basis of this composition, it is one going far to warrant what he said of himself, that the Greek form of thought was more clear and vivid in his mind than the Latin or even the Italian.

It would appear, from a statement of his own, that the Roman world was completely taken in by this pretended discovery; and the keeper of the Vatican Library would have it, that the original manuscript must have been filched from that great repository of unknown and uncounted treasures.

16. We can dwell but little upon his philological achievements, although they constitute one of his most durable, and also his most innocuous, titles to fame. For, notwithstanding that we have six pretty substantial volumes before us, all filled, or nearly so, with his productions, and everything that they contain is remarkable, there is among them no paper relating to classical philology or criticism so considerable as to give a full impression of his marvellous powers. It is with some reluctance that we refer to the cause. It appears, however, that in the year 1830, when he had left, and, as it proved, had left for ever, his father's house, his health being ruined, and his circumstances narrow to the last degree, he made over the whole of these papers—*lavori immensi*, as he himself calls them, *ingens schedularum copia*, according to the receiver himself—to Mr. De Sinner; and it is plainly declared that he did this with the expectation—which he founded upon his communications held with Mr. De Sinner

in person—that they would shortly be given to the world, and would minister alike to his fame and his means of subsistence.* But in 1832, he says that they send him, from France, Holland, and Germany memoirs, translations, and laudatory articles, but no remittances.... Nay, it appears that, even to this day, no one of all those manuscripts, except certain Excerpta printed at Bonn in 1834 by way of *promulsis*, has seen the light through the medium of their foster-father. And in the catalogue of his works at the end of the third volume we read with regret some thirteen times the words *inedito presso il De Sinner;* these titles comprising all his philological papers of moment, except one which he had published many years before. Nor is this singular state of facts ascribable to the negligence of the Italian editors; for we are distinctly informed that application was made to Mr. De Sinner for aid to their edition of the works from the materials in his possession, and that he neither gave the papers, nor assigned any reason for withholding them. We trust that there is a good defence to be made to this indictment; but the first aspect of the case seems to betoken an urgent necessity for either the vindication of such conduct or its amendment.

17. In the year 1814, at the age of sixteen and two months, he placed in his father's hands, as the latter has noted in a memorandum on the manuscript, his Revision and Illustrations of the text of Porphyry *De vitâ Plotini et ordine librorum ejus;* and even this early production appears to have afforded valuable aid to the labours of an older

* Op. VI. p. 152. Egli, se piacerà a Dio, li redigerà e completerà, e li farà pubblicare in Germania, e me ne promette danari e un gran nome.

scholar, Creuzer, upon Plotinus. It was followed in the same year by his 'Commentary on the Life and Writings of Rhetoricians of the First and Second Centuries of the Christian era,' and by a 'Collection of Fragments of Early Fathers and Historians of the Church before Eusebius,' with his own notes.

18. But we will pass on from these, which remain unpublished, to his 'Annotations on the Chronicle of Eusebius,' which had been just edited by Mai from the Armenian version. They were written at twenty years of age, and printed in 1823, and it is their singular merit which has mainly engendered the existing dissatisfaction at the non-appearance of his other works of the same kind. The judgment of Niebuhr upon the author of this work, it has been properly observed, may suffice for those who have not the opportunity of examining it. He says, in a publication of 1823 :—

"The very learned persons, of the results of whose admirable labours I make use, are Bluhmius, now distinguished among legists, and Count Giacomo Leopardi of Recanati, whom I hereby introduce to my fellow-countrymen as already a conspicuous ornament of Italy, his native land, and who, I answer for it, will rise progressively to still greater eminence; I, who am attached to the illustrious youth not more for his singular learning than for his remarkably ingenuous nature, shall rejoice in all his honours and advancements."—*Præf. ad Flavii Merobaudis Carmina*, ed. 2, p. 13.

It is even more interesting to quote, as we are enabled to do on the best authority, the words of Niebuhr to his friend and successor the Chevalier Bunsen, when, upon hearing that the author of these *Annotazioni* was in Rome, he had with difficulty discovered his apartment. "Conceive my astonishment when I saw standing before me, pale and shy, a mere youth, in a poor little chamber, of

weakly figure, and obviously in bad health; he being by far the first, rather indeed the only real Greek philologian in Italy, the author of Critical Observations which would have gained honour for the first philologian of Germany, and only twenty-two years old.* He had grown to be thus profoundly learned without school, without teacher, without help, without encouragement, in his father's sequestered house! I understand too that he is one of the first of the rising poets of Italy. What a nobly-gifted people!"

19. Until the occasion when Niebuhr saw him in Rome, Leopardi had never quitted his father's house at Recanati. While prosecuting his studies in the library of the house, and almost living there, he had to bear not only the negative evil of the absence of positive sympathy and aid, but the slights often due, and always rendered, to boy-critics and philosophers. From the editor of the *Biblioteca Italiana*, to which he first made the offer of some contributions, he could scarcely obtain any notice of his letters; and he gives a most lively description of the usual treatment *de haut en bas*, which he had met with *tra questa vilissima plebe marchigiana e romana.*

"After all, I am a child, and treated like one: I do not mean at home—where they treat me like a baby—but out of doors. Whoever is acquainted with my family, when he gets a letter from me and sees this new Giacomo—if indeed he does not take me for the ghost of my grandpapa, dead thirty-five years ago, that bore this name—makes up his mind that I am one of the house-dolls, and thinks that, if he, a full-grown man (be he but a bailiff), replies to a chicken like me, he does me a favour. So he serves me out with two lines, of which one contains his compliments to my father.

* Leopardi was at this time twenty-four, but only twenty when he wrote the Annotations.

Thus in Recanati I am taken for what I am, a pure and sheer lad; and most people add the nick-names of *petit savant*, wiseacre, and so forth. So that if I venture to urge any one to buy a book, either he replies by a grin, or he puts on a serious face and tells me that the time is past; that when I am a little older I shall see; that he too at my age had this fancy for buying books, which went away when he got to years of discretion; that the same will happen to me. And then, being a boy, forsooth, I cannot lift up my voice and cry, 'Race of asses! if you think I have got to grow like you, you are much mistaken; for I will not leave off loving books until sense leave me off, which you never had at all, so far from its having come to you when you ceased to like books.'"

20. This, however, was one of his rare and short outbreaks of vivacity; for which indeed it is quite plain that he had all the natural materials in plenty, but they were crushed both by the real weight of his calamities and by the magnified power with which his acute sensibilities invested them. He never, says Viani, could hold long the strain of merriment. A distinguished person who knew him well, and, like all apparently who so knew him, loved him well, during his later years, assures us that he never saw Leopardi either laugh or smile. His friend and editor Ranieri states that he never sought compensation for mental sorrow, or tried to benumb its sting, by the brute force of sensual enjoyment. So that in every meaning he could have adopted the motto—

"Ich gehöre nicht den Freuden an." *

21. Whatever may be thought of the real causes of his unhappiness, it will be plain to all readers of his works and letters that nothing little and paltry ever found a place in his mind or would have given him a moment's care. An

* Goethe, 'Bride of Corinth.'

intense sensibility and craving for love, and for the signs of love, is visible throughout, and with it a real modesty and trustfulness, a genuine indifference to wealth and luxury, a spirit too lofty, perhaps too proud, for anything so poor as vanity. We take this exemption to be more clearly shown in no way than by the absence of anything like soreness of feeling about the defects of his personal appearance, while he was aware in full of the disadvantage they entailed. Describing the effect of his excessive studies, he says:—

"My appearance is become wretched, and in me all that large part of man most contemptible, which is the only part regarded by the generality, and it is with the generality that we must deal in this world. . . . With these and other unhappy circumstances has fortune surrounded me; giving me such developments of the understanding that I might see them clearly and perceive just what I am, and of the heart, that by it I might feel that joy has no part or lot in me."

In this letter, written at nineteen, the reader may notice his great powers of expression, his tendency to philosophise, and a gloom as remarkable as his wonderful mental endowments. From a later passage in it, where he refers to another event that must happen, and had already happened in part, *una cosa più fiera di tutte*, we gather that he had already lost all hold of Christianity, and that he felt, more acutely than any other evil, the pain and shame of a continued exterior profession of it, together with the fear of making the disclosure of his sentiments.

22. In addition to the *hiatus* in his works, which we have already noticed, they are presented to us in a confused and irregular series, and there is nothing that assumes the name of a biography attached to them, while each of four

Editors has prefixed to separate portions some sketch of his own, and other piecemeal testimonies and panegyrics are given in different parts of the collection. Nothing can be more unfavourable to the formation of a just and careful judgment upon either the works or the life of the author.

23. In the absence, however, of a regular biography, the *Epistolario*, containing between five and six hundred of his letters, supplies, though with great lack both of connexion and of explanation, many records both of his life and studies, and is of high interest on various accounts. He seems to have been from the first a master, as in other things that he touched, so also in letter-writing. When only eighteen he addressed the following to Monti, with a copy of his version of the second Æneid. Its ideas of course must not be considered according to English manners, but *mutatis mutandis*.

"*Recanati*, 21 *Febbraio* 1817.

"Stimatissimo Sig. Cavaliere,—Se è colpa ad uomo piccolo lo scrivere non provocato a letterato grande, colpevolissimo sono io, perchè a noi si convengono i superlativi delle due qualità. Nè altro posso allegare a mia scusa, che la smania incomprensibile di farmi noto al mio principe (poichè suddito le sono io certo, come amatore quale che sia delle lettere) e il tremito che provo scrivendo a lei, che scrivendo a Re non mi avverrebbe di provare. Ricevrà per mia parte dal Sig. Stella, miserabilissimo dono, la mia traduzione del secondo libro della Eneide; anzi non dono, ma argomento di riso al traduttore della Iliade primo in Europa, e al grande amico del grande Annibal Caro. Ed ella rida; che il suo riso sarà di compassione, e la sua compassione più grata ed onorevole a me, che l'invidia di mille altri. Non la prego che legga il mio libro, ma che non lo rifiuti: ed, accettandolo, mi faccia chiaro che ella non si tiene offeso dal mio ardimento, con che verrà a cavarmi di grande ansietà.

24. Somewhat later he had, as we may perceive from the next short extract, perfected his power of turning a compliment—a power certainly never so becoming as in a man of generally bold and independent character, and in this instance most gracefully veiling a rebuke. It is addressed to Count Perticari, himself an author :—

"*Recanati*, 30 *Ottobre* 1820.

"Sig. Conte mio carissimo e stimatissimo : Poco dopo la mia prima lettera, alla quale rispondeste graziosamente quest' anno passato, io ve ne scrissi altre due, alle quali non rispondeste. Ma non mi dolgo, che non voleste gittare in benefizio di un solo quel tempo che spendevate in vantaggio di molti."

25. His letters to his father are written in the language of conventional respect and affection, but under evident constraint throughout. In those to his brother, the Count Carlo, and to his sister, he is entirely free and unreserved, but they refer chiefly to matters of domestic concern, or of outward and minor, not always entirely pure, interest, and afford no measure in general of his powers or of his trials. It is in the letters to Giordani, the only *man* (July 1819) that he knows,* that he most fully pours out his whole soul, and displays the riches of his acquirements, of his critical taste, and of his constructive understanding. They abound, like those of Giordani himself, which are subjoined, in expressions of the warmest affection. Indeed, the correspondence is carried on with the fervour and impatience of two lovers, and with a redundancy of attachment, breaking out into jealousies almost infantine, and slight quarrels just made in order to be mended; the stream only foams the more from being

* Epistolario, I. 151.

obstructed, and it is sometimes almost dammed up by the cruel, the abominable, the all-obstructing, all-devouring posts.

26. It is curious, too, to observe how the two minds respectively find their level according to their power, without strain or even consciousness. In the early part of these communications, Giordani cheers, encourages, and patronises his youthful correspondent. But about Leopardi's twenty-second year he began,* quite without ostentation or assumption, to act the tutor, and, in the familiar phrase, pat his friend on the back. This man, however—we understand an ex-Benedictine who had receded from his vows—for many years had a monopoly of the rich commerce of his mind; and he was an evil genius to Leopardi, confirming every negative and downward tendency by his own very gross and scoffing unbelief.

27. There are other parts of this collection of letters, which throw light upon Italian manners and habits in small things and great. It is amusing to find Leopardi recommending his brother to give up his moustaches when he had just reared them to perfection; and assuring him that the English, and even the French, not only did not any longer wear them, but even laughed at those who did. There are also many letters relating to the search for fit matches for his sister, and then for his brother, Count Carlo; which was prosecuted with great vigour, not only in Recanati and the neighbourhood, but at Ravenna, Modena, Reggio, and Parma, with occasional references to Milan, Florence, and Rome. We must not judge of these matters wholly with an English eye, but must recollect that the facilities of locomotion in a country, and the

* See, *e.g.*, Epist. I. 163.

habit of resorting to capitals give facilities of association and of choice, the want of which elsewhere requires more or less the intervention of third parties. The practical difference between Italian habits and our own seems, however, to extend further. There the matter is openly entertained, discussed, and arranged by the relations, with a sort of *veto* in the last stage to the person most concerned. What sort of *veto*, it may reasonably be asked? We should presume from these letters, more than a Royal, but somewhat less than a Presidential one. But in England the whole actual process, except the bare initiative of social introduction, belongs usually even to a daughter, with a *veto* to the parents: in short, the English daughter exchanges places with the Italian father.

28. Injudicious, though doubtless well-meant, attempts appear to have been made to press him into holy orders; and they were, most unwarrantably, continued even after he had given evidence conclusive to any dispassionate mind of his infidel opinions: for in 1824 he published the *Bruto Minore*, with its ominous appendix in prose; and some of his Dialogues were in print as early as January 1826. In that month, it seems that his father offered him a nomination to one or more benefices; and he accepted it on certain conditions, one of which was that he should be dispensed from saying mass after the first few days, though he had no objection to undertaking to recite prayers by himself instead. For this he pleaded his studies, and the state of his eyes, as an excuse. A subsequent letter, however, throws a strange light upon the current notions of church property; and exhibits to us a form of abuse perhaps more flagrant, but perhaps also more rare, than those which prevail in England. He writes to say he hears that patrons are sometimes allowed

at Rome to suspend a presentation for six or eight years, and to apply the revenues in the interim, subject to the usual burdens (of provision for divine service, we presume), for some honourable purpose. He then suggests that his father perhaps might make this arrangement with a view to his support, retaining all the time the same control over the money as over any other part of his income. In April, however, of the same year, we find him finally declining "the benefices" which his father still pressed upon him; and the nomination seems to have fallen on his youngest brother.

29. We have referred to his view of his own mother-tongue. Every day he read it as a portion of his studies; and he early said (1817) that the man, who had familiarised himself with the deeper resources of the Italian, would pity those who were obliged to use any other tongue. It was to him *la lingua regina di tutte le lingue viventi, e delle morte se non regina certo non suddita.* Again, he is struck with the difficulty of translating the noble Greek word ἄθλος, represented sufficiently for our purpose by the English term *feat.*

"Con qual parola italiana renderemo questa greca? *Travaglio* ha il disgustoso, ma non il grande e il vasto. Non pertanto io non m'arrischio di affermare che questa parola non si possa rendere in italiano, tanto poco mi fido di conoscere questa nostra lingua, SOVRANA, IMMENSA, ONNIPOTENTE."—Op. V. p. 50.

He was encouraged in this view of his own tongue by his friend Giordani, who writes to him, *non s' impara mai bene la lingua, che è sempre infinita.*" *

* [I shall rejoice, if these words should attract some attention from the reader. The deplorable and barbarous neglect of the Italian tongue and literature, had begun, but had scarcely begun, to be felt among us in 1850. It is now general, and hardened.—W. E. G., 1878.]

30. Accordingly, when he published his 'Canzoni' in 1824, he appended to them a philological commentary, which has been republished in the third, or miscellaneous, Volume of his works. It is directed steadily towards a particular scope, namely, that of enlarging the resources of the language, rarely or never by arbitrary invention, almost always by recurring to its classical authorities. He criticises with great severity the Della Cruscan dictionary, which imposes upon us foreigners by its bulk and pretensions, but is, we believe, lightly esteemed by every Italian scholar. In the same spirit he betook himself to the reproduction of the style of the *Trecentisti*. These he considered to approach most nearly to the manner of the Greeks, and best to develop the close affinity which he conceived to exist between the two languages, and which, indeed, is obvious in some points of Italian that are not represented in Latin. Among them are the highly diversified forms of diminution and augmentation, the employment of the article, the virtual possession of a middle voice, and the free use of the verb infinitive with the functions of a noun substantive. Yet he must himself, when translating the Odyssey, have felt the want of a flexible quality in Italian to enable it faithfully to represent the Greek compound adjectives.

31. Under the name of a *trecentista* translation from an ancient MS., he published a fictitious account of the martyrdom of certain monks; and the imposition was successful, even with the best judges of the style of that period. Nor let it be understood that he inherited the faculty from his father. On the contrary, Count Monaldo had, so far as he bred him at all, bred him in the Gallicising taste of an earlier generation. At the outset, he says, in April 1817—being then only eighteen years old—he had his head full

of the new notions, and despised and trampled upon the study of Italian; his own original papers were like mere translations from the French: he had then wallowed in the reading, which he had since learned to detest.* Thus, by the native and maturing force of his own taste and judgment, and without a guide, he had revolted against the bad rules of his youthful training, and framed a sound and true system for himself at an age when in ordinary minds, even with the aid of the best instructors, taste and judgment in letters are but beginning faintly to dawn.

32. As we have seen, his first efforts were applied to philology; and it was not till he was seventeen and a half—rather an advanced period in his early ripened mental life—that he gave himself to literature in its ordinary sense. It was probably not so much choice, as necessity, that threw him upon the former line of study. Not that he had great advantages for it; but the reverse. The merits of his father's library have apparently been exaggerated by Ranieri; it did not, for example, contain a Xenophon. Still it was a library, and it had no modern books; and being thus thrown upon the dead languages, and having for the most part to learn them by means of reading their authors, his acquisitive mind was naturally drawn to their speech, and to its laws.

33. We are inclined to trace to this circumstance the accuracy and beauty of his own diction and his admirable style. He had handled early and familiarly those among all the instruments for the expansion of thought, which are the most rigorously adapted to the laws of thought; and he had also deeply considered the mode and form of the adaptation. Yet it is certainly wonderful that he

* Op. V. p. 23, p. 174.

should have issued from these studies not only a refined scholar and philologian, but a powerful and lofty poet; as well as that he should have carried to maturity, in the most fervid and impatient period of life, pursuits which are commonly considered rather dry. But it is a cardinal truth, that no study whatever can be dry to such a mind when earnestly embracing it.

We should gladly have noticed his other labours in Italian, particularly his commentary upon Petrarch, to the merits of which very competent testimony might be quoted; but the expenditure of space warns us to pass on. We advance the more readily because even to do this would not be to do all; for, besides the great things that he accomplished, he had already cast in the mould of Thought the plans of more and greater.*

34. When we regard Leopardi in his character of a poet—in which no Italian of the present generation, we conceive, except Manzoni, even approaches him, and he in a different order, and perhaps but in a single piece—it is not difficult to perceive that he was endowed in a peculiar degree with most of the faculties, which belong to the highest excellence. We shall note two exceptions. The first is the solid and consistent wisdom which can feel no other firm foundation in the heart of man than the Gospel revelation: without which, even while we feel the poet to be an enchanter, we cannot accept and trust him as a guide: and of which Wordsworth is an example unequalled probably in our age, and unsurpassed in any age preceding ours. Nor let it be said that this is not properly a poetical defect; because the highest functions of the human being stand in such intimate relations to

* Epistolario, II. p. 126. To Colletta.

one another, that the patent want of any one of them will commonly prevent the attainment of perfection in any other. The sense of beauty enters into the highest philosophy, as in Plato. The highest poet must be a philosopher, accomplished, like Dante, or intuitive, like Shakspeare. But neither the one nor the other can now exist in separation from that conception of the relations between God and man, that new standard and pattern of humanity, which Christianity has supplied. It is true, indeed, that much of what it has indelibly impressed upon the imagination and understanding, the heart and life of man, may be traceable and even prominent in those who individually disown it. The splendour of these disappropriated gifts in particular cases may be among the very greatest of the signs and wonders appointed for the trial of faith. Yet there is always something in them to show that they have with them no source of positive and permanent vitality: that the branch has been torn from the tree, and that its life is on the wane.

35. There is another point, in which Leopardi fails as compared with the highest poets. He is stronger in the reflective than in the perceptive, or at any rate than in the more strictly creative powers. Perhaps these latter were repressed in their growth by the severe realities of his life. It is by them that the poet projects his work from himself, stands as it were completely detached from it, and becomes in his own personality invisible. Thus did Homer and Shakspeare perhaps beyond all other men: thus did Goethe, subjective as he truly is: thus did Dante when he pleased, although his individuality is the local and material, not the formal, centre, to so speak, of his whole poem. All this is only to say in other words that by this gift the poet throws his entire

strength into his work, and identifies himself with it; that he not only does, but for the time being is, his work; and that then, when the work is done, he passes away and leaves it. It is perfect in its own kind, and bears no stamp or trace of him—that is of what in him pertains to the individual as such, and does not come under the general laws of truth and beauty. Thus all high pictorial poetry is composed: thus every great character, in the drama or romance, is conceived and executed.

36. It is the gift of imagination in its highest form and intensity which effects these wonderful transmutations, and places the poet of the first order in a rank, nearer to that of creative energies than anything else we know. Next, perhaps, to him comes the great intuitive discoverer. These are the few and privileged children of Nature, who tread a royal road, and constitute the signal exceptions to that broad and general law of human knowledge: *Homo, naturæ minister et interpres, tantum facit et intelligit quantum de naturæ ordine re vel mente observaverit: nec amplius scit, aut potest.* (*Bacon, Nov. Org.*, Aph. I.)

37. Leopardi, though he had abundance both of fancy and of imagination, either was not possessed of this peculiar form of the latter gift or had not developed it: his impersonations are beautiful, but rather after the manner of statues: they have just so much of life as is sufficient to put his metaphysical conceptions in motion; but we always seem to discover his hand propping them up and moving them on: they have not the flesh-and-blood reality: he is eminently a subjective poet, and the reader never loses him from view. But he is surely a very great subjective poet, and applies to his work, with a power rarely equalled, all the resources of thought and passion, all that his introspective habits had taught him: he has

choice and flowing diction, a profound harmony, intense pathos: and he unites to very peculiar grace a masculine energy and even majesty of expression, which is not surpassed, so far as we know, in the whole range of poetry or of eloquence, and which indeed gives the highest evidence of its prerogative by endowing sentiments, now become trite and almost vulgar through use, with perfect freshness of aspect and with the power to produce lively and strong impressions. Of this some examples may be noticed in the extracts we are about to make. His gift of compression, in particular, is one which seems, not borrowed, for such things no man can borrow—they are marked "not transferable"—but descended or inherited from the greatest of all masters of compression, from Dante himself.

38. Although it has appeared that his first poetical efforts were relatively late, yet they were as early as those of most poets who have acquired particular celebrity for juvenile productions, and they will bear, we imagine, favourable comparison with those of Pope or of Milton. Indeed, as their beginning and maturity were almost simultaneous, he is really no less remarkable as a youthful poet than as a youthful scholar and critic, and holds one of the very first places in the troop of beardless Apollos. Nothing to our minds can be more beautiful than his first effort; the piece entitled *Il Primo Amore*, in that purely and perhaps inalienably Italian measure, the *terza rima*. It is so even a tissue of harmonious thought and language, that we have laboured in vain to discover how to do it justice by an extract. But, rather than pass it by altogether, we will quote the passage which begins by describing the superior and subtler force that drew him away from his first love, his studies.

"Nè gli occhi ai noti studi io rivolgea,
E quelli m'apparian vani, per cui
Vano ogni altro desir creduto avea.
Deh come mai da me sì vario fui
E tanto amor mi tolse un altro amore?
Deh quanto in verità vani siam nui!
* * * *
E l'occhio a terra chino o in sè raccolto
Di riscontrarsi fuggitivo e vago
Nè in leggiadro soffria nè in turpe volto:
Che la illibata, la candida imago
Turbare egli temea pinta nel seno,
Come all'aure si turba onda di lago.
E quel di non aver goduto appieno
Pentimento, che l'anima ci grava,
E'l piacer che passò cangia in veleno,
Per li fuggiti dì mi stimolava
Tuttora il sen: che la vergogna, e il duro
Suo morso, in questo cor già non oprava.
Al cielo, a voi, gentili anime, io giuro
Che voglia non mi entrò bassa nel petto,
Ch'arsi di foco intaminato e puro.
Vive quel foco ancor, vive l'affetto,
Spira nel pensier mio la bella imago
Da cui, se non celeste, altro diletto
Giammai non ebbi, e sol di lei m'appago."

39. In the next year he thus apostrophises Italy: with respect to which we must observe that he was comprehensive and impartial in his repugnance to the yoke of strangers, and that he appears still more to have revolted from a French than from a German domination. We conceive that this Canzone (*All' Italia*), with the one which follows it, must at once have placed him in the first rank among the lyric poets of his country:—

"O patria mia, vedo le mura e gli archi
E le colonne e i simulacri e l'erme
Torri degli avi nostri;

Ma la gloria non vedo,
Non vedo il lauro, e il ferro, ond' eran carchi
I nostri padri antichi. Or, fatta inerme,
Nuda la fronte e nudo il petto mostri.
Oimè quante ferite,
Che lividor, che sangue! Oh qual ti veggio,
Formosissima donna! Io chiedo al cielo
E al mondo: dite, dite,
Chi la ridusse a tale? E questo è peggio
Che di catene ha carche ambe le braccia:
Sì, che sparte le chiome e senza velo
Siedo in terra negletta e sconsolata,
Nascondendo la faccia
Tra le ginocchia, e piange.
Piangi! che ben hai donde, Italia mia,
Le genti a vincer nata
E nella fausta sorte, e nella ria.
Se fosser gli occhi tuoi due fonti vive,
Mai non potrebbe il pianto
Adeguarsi al tuo danno ed al scorno
Che fosti donna, or sei povera ancella.
* * * *
O numi, O numi!
Pugnan per altra terra Itali acciari!
Oh misero colui, che in guerra è spento
Non per li patrii lidi, e per la pia
Consorte e i figli cari,
Ma da nemici altrui
Per altra gente, e non può dir morendo;
Alma terra natia,
La vita che mi desti ecco ti rendo!"

40. It was a strong indignation which prompted the following verses of the same year, from the piece 'On the Monument of Dante to be erected in Florence;' and in it that master of all Italian poetry,

"per lo cui verso
Il Meonio cantor non è più solo,"

might perhaps have recognised the fire of a genius entitled to claim some distant kindred with his own:

"O Italia, a cor ti stia
Far ai passati onor: che d' altrettali
Oggi vedove son le tue contrade:
Nè v' è chi d' onorar ti si convegna.
Volgiti indietro, e guarda, O patria mia,
Quella schiera infinita d' immortali,
E piangi, e di te stessa ti disdegna:
Che senza sdegno omai la doglia è stolta:
Volgiti, e ti vergogna, e ti riscuoti,
E ti punga una volta
Pensièr degl' avi nostri, e de' nepoti."

And again in this majestic burst:

"O dell' Etrùsco metro inclito padre,
Se di cosa terrena,
Se di costei che tanto alto locasti,
Qualche novella ai vostri lidi arriva,
Io so ben che per te gioia non senti:
Che saldi men che cera e men ch' arena
Verso la fama che di te lasciasti
Son bronzi e marmi: e dalle nostre menti
Se mai cadesti ancor, s' unqua cadrai,
Cresca, se crescer può, nostra sciaura,
E in sempiterni guai
Pianga tua stirpe, a tutto il mondo oscura:
Ma non per te!"

41. In the *Bruto Minore*, published in 1824, and belonging to the second period of his life, he gave more visibly to the world his unhappy opinions, still, however, veiling himself by putting them into the mouth of the Roman hero. The following passage may, however, serve as a specimen of its high poetical merits:

"E tu, dal mar cui nostro sangue irriga,
Candida Luna, sorgi,

E l' inquieta notte e la funesta
All' Ausonio valor campagna esplori.
Cognati petti il vincitor calpesta,
Premono i poggi, dalle somme vette
Roma antica ruina:
Tu sì placida sei? Tu la nascente
Lavinia prole, e gli anni
Lieti vedesti, e i memorandi allori;
E tu su l' alpe l' immutato raggio
Tacita verserai quando, ne' danni
Del servo Italo nome,
Sotto barbaro piede
Rintronerà quella solinga sede."

42. In the *Consalvo*, a dying youth—recalling, we need hardly add, the poet—abandoned by all but the object of his love, entreats of her the parting gift of an only kiss. The description which follows is surely a noble specimen of the power of the Italian language in blank verse:

"Stette sospesa e pensierosa in atto
La bellissima donna: e fiso il guardo,
Di mille vezzi sfavillante, in quello
Tenea dell' infelice, ove l' estrema
Lacrima rilucea. Nè dielle il core
Di sprezzar la dimanda, e il mesto addio
Rinacerbir col niego: anzi la vinse
Misericordia dei ben noti ardori;
E quel volto celeste, e quella bocca,
Già tanto desiata, e per molt' anni
Argomento di sogno e di sospiro,
Dolcemente appressando al volto afflitto
E scolorato dal mortale affanno,
Più baci e più, tutta benigna e in vista
D' alta pietà, sulle convulse labbra
Del trepido, rapito amante impresse."

From the serious poems we have quoted somewhat largely, yet insufficiently. We might, if space permitted,

advert to *La Ginestra*, the fragment xxxix., and others: but we pass on from them with the observation that the reader, opening them at hazard, will find no page of them without abundant beauties, though in some places they are scarred and blighted by emanations from the pit of his shoreless and bottomless despair. And this brings us to the threshold of the last and very painful portion of our task, some reference, namely, to the philosophical speculations of Leopardi.

43. Before entering, however, we may advert shortly to his principal production in satirical poetry. He wrote very early and then rewrote a poem, rather imitated than translated from the Batrachomyomachia; and he followed this up with an original sequel (in the *ottava rima*) which he brought to its abrupt ending immediately before his death in 1837. Perhaps the idea of it may also have been in part suggested by the satirical Poem of Casti, *Il Poema Tartaro*, in which he attacks the Russians. It shows a facility in employing the language for its end quite equal (and more can hardly be said) we think to that of Byron in Don Juan; while some parts of the political satire, for fineness and keenness, might rank with that of Swift. He takes up the tale at the point where the mice, whose victory over the frogs had been converted into defeat and rout by the arrival of the crabs, rally and reorganise themselves, and he continues it in eight cantos, under the name *Paralipomeni della Batrachomiomachia*, through their subsequent negotiations and war with their later and more formidable enemy. Nothing can be more successful than the passage in which the general of the crabs, in answer to the demand of the envoy of the mice, who wishes to know what right they had to interfere, states that they did it to preserve the balance of power, and goes on to explain the theory of political equilibrium.

44. Again, the mice, having lost their monarch, proceed to elect a *constitutional sovereign*, and declare him not King of Mouse-land, but only King of the Mice.

"Ma il novello signor, giurato ch' ebbe
Servar esso e gli eredi eterno il patto,
Incoronato fu, come si debbe:
E 'l manto si vestì di pel di gatto,
E lo scettro impugnò che d' auro crebbe,
Nella cui punta il mondo era ritratto,
Perchè credeva allor del mondo intero
La specie soricina aver l' impero.

Dato alla plebe fu cacio con polta,
E vin vecchio gittâr molte fontane,
Gridando ella per tutto allegra e folta:
Viva la carta e viva Rodipane!
Tal ch' echeggiando quell' alpestre volta
'Carta' per tutto ripeteva e 'pane':
Cose al governo delle culte genti,
Chi le sa ministrar, sufficienti.

Re de' Topi costui con nuovo nome,
O suo trovato fosse o de' soggetti.
S' intitolò, non di Topaia, come
Propriamente in addietro s' eran detti
I portatori di quell' auree some:
Cosa molto a notar, che negli effetti
Differisce d' assai, benchè non paia,
S' alcun sia re de' Topi o di Topaia."

45. It is well worth while to notice, in the case of so powerful a poet, his ordinary mode of composition, which he has described with reference to his Odes. He says that, in designing and shaping his compositions, he always followed on the instant a sudden suggestion of the mind; that it was then his practice to wait for another access of fervour, commonly a month or more afterwards: he would

then set himself to compose, but so slowly, that he commonly occupied two or three weeks in finishing even the shortest piece.*

46. Even at a very early period, he seems to have had a spontaneous or ready-made philosophy for every subject. For example, in a letter to Giordani of May 1817, he controverts a doctrine of the latter with respect to art. Giordani had admonished young painters never, without an overruling necessity, to represent what was ugly, and then only with tact and reserve: inasmuch as the proper business of art was with beautiful and winning, not with distasteful objects. No, says Leopardi, their office is to imitate nature *nel verisimile*. And he argues thus. The same general maxims, he conceives, that govern poetry, must also hold good for painting. But in poetry, if Giordani were right, it must follow that Homer and Virgil had erred times without number; Dante above all, who had so often represented *il brutto*. Storms, deaths, other calamities are distasteful; but the poets are full of them. Again, tragedy must be radically, and of its own nature, bad. But in the tears, agitation, shuddering, caused by the perusal of poetry, there is real and keen delight, which springs from the vivid imitation and representation of nature, as it brings before us, and fills with life, what is distant, or dead, or purely imaginary. Hence, while the beautiful in actual nature only gives a limited satisfaction, that of art, having a power not bounded by fact and experience, gives an unlimited delight, and even what is ugly acquires the power to please, provided it be represented according to the *verisimile* or probable in art; for if there should happen to live a man

* Epistolario, I. 316.

of deformity beyond belief, he would not be a fit subject for painting.

47. There can be little doubt that Leopardi misled himself in this case by his analogy drawn from poetry to painting. He was here unconsciously upon the ground trodden so carefully, and, we presume, trodden once for all, by Lessing in his Laocoon. That great and poetical critic shows us how and why the master who produced the unrivalled group, and the poet Virgil, are alike right, though the former has given to the principal figure a mouth not crying aloud—as Winckelmann has said, *er hebt kein schreckliches Geschrei*—while in Virgil (Æn. ii. 222),

"Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit;"

And the reason is, that each follows with equal sagacity the law of the beautiful in his own art, which admits in poetry, for the mind, many things that it excludes from painting, for the eye. So that their material difference is the proof of their formal agreement. But although Leopardi fell here into error, it was a very common and natural error. There have been, until very lately, even if there are not now, eminent artists who would have supported him. At the very worst, his being on the losing side in such case can scarcely cause any deduction from our admiration of the passage we have rudely summed up, in which he shows he had a clear, consistent, and philosophical view of art, while he was yet a boy; at a time, too, when he had never wandered from the little town of Recanati, and probably had never seen a picture which could do anything but misinform and mislead him. But, indeed, he showed at this early period, in all the subjects which he handled, his inborn capacity for philosophy; and it is no exaggeration to say that even his extended learning

is not more remarkable than his general acuteness, depth, and continuity of thought.

48. It may seem strange that, if this description be true, his most strictly philosophical writings should present, in the results at which he arrives, so deplorable a picture. The principal of these are his *Operette Morali*, a series of dialogues, first published as a whole at Milan in 1827, though a portion of them had been previously printed; and his *Pensieri Morali*, not published till after his death. Of the former he gives us plainly to understand that they were his favourite work; and in publishing the latter (in 1845) his friend Ranieri has only fulfilled the scheme they jointly arranged towards the end of his life. But the opinions, which he here brings out in stricter form, are but too traceable in some of his poetry, and make up the burden of no small number of his letters, especially, we must add, of those in which he writes with entire sincerity and freedom. It is plain that prudential motives often restrained him; as when he writes to Madame Tommassini with reference to one of his published papers, that he looks upon the Greeks as brothers, that he has said as much for them as he could, and quite enough, he thinks, considering that he was unable to give a free utterance to his opinions.* The censorship, however, if it had power to annoy him, did not avail for any other purpose; and we think all those who peruse his *Operette*, will join with us in putting the question, if the publication of works such as these is to be permitted, for what imaginable end is such a tribunal to be maintained?

49. To speak plainly, then, of his abstract philosophy of life and action, paganism is Gospel light, and the Great

* Epistolario, II. p. 10.

Desert a *pays riant*, in comparison with it. The falseness, misery, and hopelessness of life are the burden of his strain in the familiar letters of his early youth under his father's roof, as often as they become subjective. And as soon as the year 1819 he wrote to Giordani that he had not spirit remaining to conceive a wish, not even for death: he had indeed no fear of it in any respect, but it seemed so little different from life, from life in which now not even pain came to sustain him, but an intense weariness both exhausted him and tormented him as if it had been the extreme of pain, and drove him beside himself in his incapacity to feel that his despair itself was a reality. In the happiest of his moods, he had just strength enough to weep over the miseries of man, and the nullity of all things. This looks like mere rhapsody, and in ordinary cases one would say, it is a love-sick or brain-sick boy, and the very violence of the fit is the best assurance that it cannot last. But with him it was a settled and habitual tone of thought; and only on rare occasions, throughout the whole course of his letters or his works, will the reader find even a transient expression that is not in unison with it. In common life, we are sometimes astonished and appalled at the power of the human frame to endure protracted nervous agony; and the records of this extraordinary man constantly suggest a similar feeling with respect to the capacity of the mind both to suffer, and to heighten and inflame the causes of its own torture.

50. Doubtless, as regarded his practical life, there are deductions to be made from the extreme breadth of these statements. Even while he told Giordani that he could not *conceive a wish*, nay that he had ceased to understand the meaning of friendship and of affection, he also begged for letters, and said he would always love him. But what

we have said is too strictly true of his speculative mind—and although the speculations are in reality illogical and incoherent, and cannot be said to form a system further than as universal destruction is a system in a negative sense, yet speculation was in his case the master-key of life. The child, he says, is happy, but happy only because he is blind. True life ends where manhood begins; none really live longer, except those who continue to be children after they are grown up. Study has value, because it is the most secure source of forgetfulness, and a more durable illusion than most others. The only exertions conformable to truth and reason are those founded upon the recognition *che tutto è nulla;* and, as we here arrive at the *apex* of all paradox in the shape of a contradiction in terms, it seems not easy to carry this part of the description further in detail. Pain, again, is cruel to us: but tedium, weariness, and disgust are even worse. Sometimes he tells us there is nothing real except pain. Sometimes that not even pain is real. Truth and reason are our implacable foes; they do nothing but reveal misery and hopelessness. Nature, it is true, resists; but then nature lies. As to a future state, it was a most mischievous invention; because before men thought of it, they might, at any rate, have an undisturbed hope of escape by death.*

51. If in his letters this be declamation, it is in his philosophical writings earnest and deliberate enough. It is impossible to escape from the natural conclusions by pleading the form of Dialogue. First, because the reasons of its adoption are patent. Next, because in the *Pensieri*, to quote no other case, he passes out of that form and

* Epistolario, I. pp. 158, 160, 163, 164, 167, &c. &c. &c.

speaks in the first person. There are places, indeed, where he seems as if he had been trying earnestly, though hopelessly, to keep a slippery hold upon some fragment of belief; but the end is, always and obviously, conscious failure. It is needless to quote; the dark and hopeless doctrine blackens nearly every page, and the marks of high and noble gifts, with which it is mixed, serve to make the gloom more palpable and thick. Those who desire, without the pain of traversing so dreary a course at length, to see his miserable no-creed summed up, will find it in the verses (a poem they can hardly be called) *A Se Stesso*, written in anticipation of death.

52. Yet, even in his philosophy, he shows to advantage as compared with his friend Giordani, who is a mere railer at the world, and contends that life is detestable and insupportable to the good, and that its advantages are only for the wicked. Leopardi's reply is remarkable. It is not so, he says: for the best advantage of this world consists in its nobler illusions of glory, love, virtue, and the like, and such illusions as these never come to the bad.* There are traces, indeed, here and there of that materialistic tendency which appears to characterise particularly the Italian mind when it has been in aberration: but they are partial and rare.†

53. It may be thought that, if such be the real character of Leopardi's philosophy, we should have done better to pass it by, than to expose it to the reader's eye. But in the first place there can be no more futile, no more mischievous conception, than that faith is to be kept entire by hiding from view the melancholy phenomena of unbelief. And, secondly, the kind of unbelief which is

* Epistolario, II. 366. † Op. vol. II. p. 88. Il corpo è l'uomo.

really unworthy of any notice except simple denunciation, is that which attacks us through the sense of ridicule, or insinuates itself by bribing the passions. It is not so with Leopardi. His philosophy, and his frame of mind in connexion with it, present more than any other that we know, more even than those of Shelley, the character of unrelieved, unredeemed desolation. The very qualities in it, which attract pitying sympathy, deprive it of all seductive power. Antecedently to confutation by reasoning, it carries with it its own antidote. It was not a voluptuous, a scoffing, a frivolous, a wanton infidelity, but one mournful and self-torturing; one that, in hiding from view any consolatory truth, consumed all enjoyment, peace, and hope in the mind that harboured it. Unbelief was to him the cannon-ball:

"Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches."*

Religion took its flight from him, like the fabled deities from Troy, when Destruction had begun, and in order that Destruction might proceed. There was left to Leopardi this melancholy distinction, that he has brought more nearly than any other person to uniformity, if not to consistency, the philosophy of nullity, misery, and despair.

54. In his poetry, indeed, he challenged death aloud, with an eloquence nothing less than tremendous:—

"Me certo troverai, qual si sia l'ora
Che tu le penne al mio pregar dispieghi,
Erta la fronte, armato
E renitente al fato:
La man che flagellando si colora

* Coleridge's 'Wallenstein.'

Nel mio sangue innocente
Non ricolmar di lode,
Non benedir, com' usa
Per antica viltà l' umana gente:
Ogni vana speranza, onde consola
Se coi fanciulli il mondo,
Gittar da me: null' altro in alcun tempo
Sperar, se non te sola:
Solo aspettar sereno
Quel dì, ch' io pieghi addormentato il capo
Nel tuo virgineo seno."—*Amore e Morte*, I. 93.

But he was not commonly a Capaneus, bidding defiance to the thunders of heaven, nor a Prometheus, who drew moral strength from the great deeds that he felt he had done for man; he resembled rather the Hercules of the Trachiniæ, or Philoctetes, in Lemnos, when under the agony of his wound he

"made the welkin ring again,
And fetched shrill echoes from the hollow earth;"

or like Œdipus, when he recoiled from the discovery of the terrible enigma, bowed his head to the strength of Destiny, and was driven by the fateful tempest, homeless and hopeless, through the earth.

55. As, therefore, no case has ever existed in which the claim to pity and sympathy was stronger, so never was there one in which it could more safely be indulged. His scepticism, at least, did not stoop to baseness, did not drive its bargain with the passions: nor had he the presumption of those who, having hidden from their view the sun of the Gospel and created a darkness for themselves, light some farthing candle of their own in its stead. The place from which he had driven the "sacred mother of humanity," the Catholic faith, he would not attempt to occupy with any inferior scheme. In the

vacant shrine, he set up no idol. For common speculative liberalism, and for the opinions of the day, he had a contempt as energetic even as his revulsion from theology, and as deeply imprinted on his whole mental constitution.*

56. It is indeed true that scarcely any notice of Christian doctrine is to be found in his works. In one place, referring to the *Bruto Minore* and his prose comment upon it, of which the theme is the nullity of virtue, he says he has inserted the qualifications *umanamente parlando* and *non parlo delle virtù teologali*. But this is a thin and shadowy pretext. Probably his mind was averse both from polemical writing, and from the whole subject matter of Christian theology: direct attacks, too, upon the Church would have brought him to open war with his father, and, in all likelihood, could not have passed through the press. But his doctrines, as they stand, cut off the stream even nearer to the fountain-head. His quarrel seems less with his Church (he tells us he observed *novenas* and *triduos* to obtain the grace of a speedy death†) than with Christianity; and not so much with Christianity as with the whole ground, not only of revelation, but of natural religion in its first and simplest elements. Wonderful as it may seem, his writings in their general effect go as near as human language well can go to evincing a total disbelief in God, the soul, and Immortality.

57. And yet there is a passage, even in his speculative essays, which bears a touching, would to God it were

* See, for example, the 'Palinòdia al Marchese Gino Capponi,' Op. I. p. 106.

† Epist. II. p. 195. [This is in a letter to his father: and I do not feel sure it is not a pure fiction. So also when, at the same period (1832), he begs his sister to pray for him.—W. E. G., 1878.]

an intentional, resemblance to the great primordial idea of Christianity. It is the *Storia del genere umano*, and is as beautiful in language as in thought.* Through a great part of the history of man, he relates, human life was consoled by his favourite characters, certain *Larve*, or Phantasms, under the names of Justice, Patriotism, Glory, Hope, Virtue, and so on, including Sensual Love. But men were not satisfied with these, and prayed for Truth. Truth drove the Phantasms away except one, the last and least of them, from whom some inferior and feeble solace continued to be derived. Terrible was the advent and the reign of Truth. Even those who had loudly invoked now as loudly blasphemed it. But they could not escape; they were wretched, and their wretchedness was to last for ever. We will give the rest as it stands:—

"Ora Giove, compassionando alla nostra somma infelicità, propose agli immortali se alcuno di loro fosse per indurre l' animo a visitare, come avevano usato in antico, e racconsolare in tanto travaglio questa loro progenie, e particolarmente quelli che dimostravano essere, quanto a se, indegni della sciagura universale. Al che tacendo tutti gli altri, Amore, figliuolo di Venere Celeste, conforme di nome al Fantasma così chiamato, di virtù e di opere diversissimo, si offerse (come è singolare fra tutti i numi la sua pietà) di fare esso l' ufficio proposto da Giove, e scendere dal cielo: donde egli mai per l' avanti non si era tolto, non sofferendo il concilio degli immortali, per averlo indicibilmente caro, che egli si partisse, anco per piccolo tempo, dal loro commercio. . . . Dopo il qual tempo, non suole anco scendere se non di rado, e poco si ferma: così per la generale indignità della gente umana, come che gli Dei sopportano molestissimamente la sua lontananza. Quando viene in sulla terra, sceglie i cuori più teneri e più gentili delle persone più generose e magnanime: e quivi siede per breve spazio: diffondendovi sì pellegrina e mirabile soavità, ed empiendoli di affetti sì nobili e di tanta virtù e

* Op. I. 143.

fortezza, che eglino allora provano cosa altutto nuova nel genere umano, piuttosto verità che rassomiglianza di beatitudine."*—*Op.* I. p. 161.

58. What reality corresponding to this picture may have existed in his mind, lying deeper and more inward than his consciousness, it is not ours to inquire. Let it not be thought we have done injustice by citing a pagan allegory. The pagan parts of these compositions are truly the most cheerful. When the reader passes from his *Dialogues* and *Thoughts* into the translations from Epictetus and Socrates, he will at once feel that he breathes in a fresher and cleaner atmosphere. There is one material passage only in all the works of his manhood (so guardedly did he shape his course) where he refers to our Saviour, and that is to notice a point of partial contact with his doctrine:

* "Hereupon Jove, pitying the extremity of our misery, asked of the immortals whether any one of them could bring his mind to visit, as they were wont of old, and to console these their offspring under their great wretchedness; such particularly as seemed to be in their own persons not deserving of the general calamity. Upon which, when all the rest were silent, Love, the son of Celestial Venus, bearing the same name with the Phantasm so called, but far different in quality and act, offered himself—as indeed he excels all the deities in compassion—to discharge the duty proposed by Jove, and to come down from heaven: from whence he had never moved before, as the company of the immortals, to whom he was dear beyond expression, could not endure that he should withdraw for ever so short a time from their society. . . . Since which it is still not his wont to descend, except rarely, and for short periods: both because of the general unworthiness of mankind, and because the gods are so very impatient of his absence. When he comes on earth, he chooses the tenderest and noblest hearts of the most generous and high-minded persons: and in them he reposes awhile: diffusing there a sweetness so strange and wondrous, and filling them with affections so lofty, and of such virtue and force, that they then experience what is utterly new among mankind, rather the substance than the semblance of happiness." [The whole passage might indeed serve as an allegory, and a very beautiful allegory, of the Incarnation. —W. E. G., 1878.]

for Christ, he says, was the first who distinctly denounced that scoffing hypocrite and servile tyrant, *the world*, and gave currency to the term in this condemned signification: adding that perhaps the idea had not occurred to any one before, because meanness and fraud had not until that age attained their perfect maturity.*

59. We shall not dwell upon the sorrowful detail of his life. Virtual constraint kept him at Recanati till twenty-four; necessity, after he had left it, fetched him back, and kept him there, more than once. When his spirit rose with some partial return of health and eyesight, he redoubled the labours, to which he had to look for subsistence while living in Florence or Bologna, but which, in feeding the stream, destroyed the source. It was in 1828, as he states, that his strength finally broke down; but it was not until 1832 that he at length sought a monthly allowance (of less than fifty shillings) from his family: and he obtained it. His heart was set on Florence, but he feared its winters; and in the autumn of 1833 he went to Naples, and passed there, with his friend Ranieri, the short, and sad, and early, evening of his days.

On the 14th of June 1837 he died; and the event is related by his friend with a simplicity partaking of the character of nakedness, and leaving a painful sense upon the mind of a blank unfilled. "Life was stifled at its very source," he says, after describing the state of the heart; "and he resigned his exalted spirit with a smile, in the arms of one who has never ceased to love and to lament him."

60. In the ponderous preface to his ponderous book, *Il Gesuita Moderno*, Gioberti charges the Order of Jesuits, *inter alia*, with systematic lying for the purposes of piety; and

* Op. II. 168.

with understanding pious purposes to be only and all those which are pursued through the medium of their Society. He has stated his case with great force both of information and argument, and his book might be compared to the heavy artillery advancing in the rear of the inimitable Provincial Letters, had not these last the singular property of being at once the weightiest and the most brilliant of all controversial writings. Our present intention, however, is simply to extract from the pages of Gioberti an instance of audacity, so far beyond all common efforts in that kind that it should be held up conspicuously to public notice.

61. It is to be found in a letter written by a certain Father Scarpa of that Order. It was published in a journal entitled *Scienza e Fede*, though to which of these categories pure fiction belongs it would not be easy to determine. The article is entitled *The Last Sentiments of Giacomo Leopardi touching Religion*; and the editorial introduction is in these terms:

"Since our distinguished countryman, the Padre Carlo Curci of the Order of Jesuits, related in his *Facts and Arguments*, in reply to Gioberti, that the author of the *Filippo Ottonieri* [one of Leopardi's *Operette*] had attained in his last days to a better knowledge of the end for which men are born into the world, and thus had changed from his former self, there have not been wanting men venturesome enough to deny this honour to our illustrious countryman, as it appeared to them to be a stain upon his memory. So strangely, nowadays, are praise and abuse confounded! Hence this paper will serve both to restate the narrative of Curci, and to clear the reputation of Leopardi from the taint with which the opinions he formerly held had soiled it."

62. The letter then runs as follows:

"Most Reverend Father in Christ,—In reply to your highly esteemed communication I have to say, that among the great con-

solations I have experienced during my apostolic ministry was numbered that of witnessing the repentance, and reconciliation to the Church, of that great genius, Giacomo Leopardi. And would that it had pleased God to grant him a longer life, inasmuch as we should actually have had him in our Society, as he intended, and had confided to me. But God was pleased instead to call him to Himself shortly after his conversion.

"The circumstances were these. In the year 1836, while I was hearing confessions at the Gesù in Naples, I observed that this youth on several mornings placed himself opposite my confessional, looked fixedly at me for a time, as if he had wished to attract my eye, and then went away. One morning that he saw me disengaged from penitents, he approached me, and with a soft smile and refined deportment he addressed to me this sentence: 'Father, I should greatly desire to confess to you, because you have ravished me by the charming manner in which you receive your penitents;* but before coming to the act of confession I wish to have a long discourse with you apart.' I led him into the parlour beside the sacristy, and here he opened to me explicitly all his heart and life; and thus much I am at liberty to say, partly because it will contribute to general edification, partly because it does not touch the matter of the confession. 'I had,' he said, 'an excellent education in an Italian boarding school from my tenderest years, when I completed at fifteen my course of study in *belles-lettres* and in philosophy. Having finished my education at this early age, I devoted myself to the study of the law, and, consorting with companions liberal in matters of religion and in their general opinions, as well as by the constant perusal of impious books, chiefly those of the innovators and pretended philosophers of France, I became a perfect atheist. And so I have continued until now, although with occasional flashes of light upon my mind, and strong impulses of my heart (to amendment). During this period, as I would not listen to the wise admonitions and corrections of my most pious

* We ought to subjoin the original of the passage, because to our minds this exaggerated and affected language, so unlike Leopardi, bears of itself strong evidence against the narrative. It is—*Padre, avrei a cuore di confessarmi a lei, perche mi ha rapito colle sue belle maniere in accogliere i penitenti.* What a dancing-master's speech!

father, I was put out of doors, and from that time I have wandered among various cities of Italy, and for between three and four years have been fixed in Naples. Here, having had the advantage of intercourse with a learned ecclesiastic' (he did not mention the name) 'and having several times entered into discussion about religion, I began to get some light and to return to myself. Afterwards, not being able any longer to resist the impulses of grace, I determined to betake myself to some Father of the Company of Jesus to be further enlightened, although I had held that Company in great abhorrence, through the great number of books against it that I had read.'

"Hereupon he held various conversations with me, and having calmed his mind through my feeble instrumentality, strengthened by grace and by some good books I gave him to read, he reconciled himself to God by the sacrament of penance. He formed with me a friendship so affectionate, that several times he disclosed to me that he would gladly pass the residue of his days with me, as he said; showing the desire to enter into the Company, if the Lord should restore his health, wasted by incessant application. He continued for four or five months subsequently to confess at intervals; I, too, went to visit and confess him several times, at the Hospital of Incurables, in a room hired there. Then he went away to Castellamare to drink the mineral waters, evincing great dissatisfaction at parting from me: and in that place he died of cholera, nor was I able to go and see him, on account of my having left Naples for Beneventum. My greatest regret, when I afterwards heard of his death, was, not to be in possession of various papers that he designed to publish, as he had assured me, and which would have sufficiently made known his altered sentiments in respect to religion. Leopardi was thirty years old when he died; gifted with a soul full of sincerity, beauty, and greatness, of a good height, a most vivid eye, and a countenance amiable and refined, an enemy of vice, a friend of virtue, in matter of religion alone once astray, but afterwards thoroughly reclaimed. 21 May, 1846.—*Francesco Scarpa.*"*

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* Translated from the 'Gesuita Moderno,' Vol. I., Discorso Preliminare, p. cc.

63. The answer need not be so long as the statement. Gioberti quietly proceeds to say :—

"The story put together in this letter is a tissue of lies and deliberate inventions, and a sheer romance from beginning to end."

He then enumerates the falsehoods as follows :—

(1). It is false that Leopardi was educated in a boarding school. He never was in one at all.

(2). False that he took to the study of law. He never did.

(3). False that he had companions from whom he drew his opinions. He studied in the solitude of his father's house at Recanati.

(4). False that he was expelled from that house; to which, on the contrary, he frequently repaired to please his parents. We must add here, that, on the contrary, as it appears from later testimony, his father's resolution was to shut him in, not to shut him out; to keep him at home, while he was struggling to be allowed to leave it, and even was at one time arranging measures for an escape by stealth, and (apparently) for purloining money with that view.

(5). False that he was in the Hospital of Incurables.

(6). False that he died in Castellamare; it was at Naples.

(7). False that he was thirty years old. He was nearly thirty-nine.

(8). False that he died of cholera; his disease was dropsy.

(9). False, that in his last days he wrote in contradiction to his former opinions; since shortly before his death he arranged with his friend (and host or companion to the last) Ranieri, for the republication of his works, which took place accordingly.

(10). False, that he changed his opinions in his last days. He composed in his last sickness the *Paralipomeni*, where he exhibits them in all their nakedness; and he dictated the conclusion of that poem two or three days before his death.

(11). False that his eyes were vivid (*vivacissimi*). They were soft and pensive, says Gioberti; languid, says Ranieri; languid, that is, except in their suggestions; such eyes as Ariosto has given to Alcina, *pietosi a riguardar, a mover parchi.*

We will make up the dozen by adding—

(12). False, that he was of good or ordinary height (*statura giusta*). We are assured, by those who knew him well in his later years, that he was of very small stature. Ranieri says it was *statura mediocre chinata ed esile.* His friend Brighenti speaks of the great soul *sotto quelle apparenze meschine.* And lastly, he calls himself, in his twentieth year, *scriatello e sottilissimo*, and again declares his personal appearance to be *dispregievolissima.* Indeed there appears to have been something almost of positive deformity in his figure.

64. Gioberti published in 1846. The *Epistolario*, published in 1849, contains a passage referring to Scarpa's letter in similar terms, without any comment; from which we infer that the case of Gioberti stands unshaken.* In truth, it would be absurd to suppose that the Company can shake it, because the chief part is grounded upon matters of fact known to the world; and the rest upon assertions sustained at every point, not only by the testimony of honourable men, but by the highest circumstantial evidence. If so, the clumsiness of the imposture is even more astonishing than its wickedness. If this really be the case, as it

* I. p. vi.

seems, what are we to say of Scarpa? Except, indeed, what Manzoni has said of the informers during the plague of Milan: *diventando infami, rimanevano oscuri.* Perhaps he is but one of the *Larve:* we hope it may be so; but *some* pen must have traced the mendacious characters.

65. It remains then, we fear, unquestionable, that Leopardi continued to the last in that utter and dismal abnegation of the Christian faith which had come upon him before the middle of his life, together with his other heavy and yet minor calamities. He alludes, indeed, to a future state in a letter to a friend, whom, he says, he scarcely hopes to meet except κατ' ἀσφόδελον λειμῶνα (Dec. 22, 1836). In his letters to his father, indeed, he habitually uses language, that is only consistent, or even decent, in the mouth of a Christian. But the counter-evidence of his sincere, deliberate, and unbiassed declarations in every imaginable form, as well as the mode in which he speaks of religion, when writing to Giordani and Brighenti, who had his confidence, is too clear to leave a shadow of doubt upon the melancholy truth of the case. Now, when we meet with an instance of this kind, in which the possession of God's choicest natural gifts of genius, knowledge, and feeling is combined with a blindness to His crowning mercy, whether we can or cannot account for the deplorable conjunction, it is wicked to deny, it is weak to explain it away. It is weaker still to attempt to get rid of it by attenuating the truth of revelation, in order to force it into a kind of resemblance to some sentiment on which an exaggerated and inflated sense is put, in order, as it were, to meet it half-way from the other side. This is to destroy what is really needful for us, namely, the integrity of the Gospel, in order to do what is not needful, and is commonly wrong, namely, to pass a judgment upon

our fellow-creatures. Never let it be forgotten that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single man of which other men can have such a knowledge, in its ultimate grounds, its surrounding incidents, and the real determining causes of its merits, as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment upon it. When St. Peter, after the prophecy of his own martyrdom, asked our Lord, with a natural curiosity, what should happen to St. John, our Lord replied, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." So let us not be inquisitive or solicitous to know the judgment to be pronounced upon our brethren, or to solve the enigmas of their destiny, but take heed to our own; and take particular heed that we do it no prejudice by proud or harsh feelings entertained towards them.

66. At the same time, it is right to observe that the conjunction, so paradoxical to us, between the moral and intellectual gifts of Leopardi and his blindness to the Christian faith, is in reality less startling than at first sight it may appear. We have seen the depth of his abiding sorrow; let us consider its causes, or such of them, at least, as meet the eye: poverty, domestic disquietude, extreme ill-health, attended with nervous depression, and the total suspension, for long intervals, of the use both of the power of thought, and of the gift of sight, the medium of his studies; of those studies, by which the fountain of his thoughts was fed. Genius, attended commonly with a highly acute and susceptible nervous organisation, would, in all probability, render him not more, but far less, able to maintain the perfect equilibrium of his mind than one who had less weight to carry in his ever-labouring brain, a fire less intense burning within him.

67. Nor do we attach a diminished, but, on the contrary, an enhanced, importance to these considerations, from the circumstance that he has himself eagerly protested against the supposition that his sufferings affected his speculations. He writes from Florence on the 24th of May 1832, suddenly using the French language, as if that he might be heard throughout the great theatre of the civilised world:

"Quels que soient mes malheurs, qu'on a jugé à propos d'étaler et que peut-être on a un peu exagérés dans ce journal, j'ai eu assez de courage pour ne pas chercher à en diminuer le poids ni par des frivoles espérances d'une prétendue félicité future et inconnue, ni par une lâche résignation. Mes sentiments envers la destinée ont été et sont toujours ceux que j'ai exprimés dans *Bruto Minore*. Ç'a été par suite de ce même courage, qu'étant amené par mes recherches à une philosophie désespérante, je n'ai pas hésité à l'embrasser toute entière: tandis que, de l'autre côté, ce n'a été que par effet de la lâcheté des hommes, qui ont besoin d'être persuadés du mérite de l'existence, que l'on a voulu considérer mes opinions philosophiques comme le résultat de mes souffrances particulières, et que l'on s'obstine à attribuer à mes circonstances matérielles ce qu'on ne doit qu'à mon entendement. Avant de mourir, je vais protester contre cette invention de la faiblesse et de la vulgarité, et prier mes lecteurs de s'attacher à détruire mes observations et mes raisonnements plutôt que d'accuser mes maladies."*

68. It is not, however, simply to his maladies that we refer. Bodily indisposition, however severe and varied, has been and may be borne; but the great resisting force necessary to neutralise its attacks cannot, consistently with the laws of our nature, be applied in all directions at once; from some of them must be drawn the energy, that is to be spent in others. Neither his home, nor his country, nor

* Epist. II. 190.

his fortune, nor his church offered to the mind of Leopardi the support that the heavy pressure on it required; but each, on the contrary, appears to have been, in its degree, an ever-fresh blister to his sores. Exhaustion under the combined force of bereavements such as these is no sign of a cowardly or a vulgar spirit. It may with some truth be said that one, whose mental action could remain undisturbed by them, would show an insensibility quite out of the common range of human nature, and diverging from it on the side of what is brutish, rather than of what is divine.

Under such fiery trials the commonplace and every-day Christianity of the lip will not suffice; a man will either go on to something of the faith which removes mountains, or he will go backwards into misery and despair.

69. As to his domestic relations, the attempt has been made by his editors to veil them with a delicate reserve; but it has been ineffectual, as it could not be uniformly sustained. It is too plain, notwithstanding the mere *formulæ* of attachment (copious as they are) and probably the honest effort to cherish the dying flame, that between his father and himself there was from an early date a want of all real confidence, together with many active causes of irritation and estrangement. Though he was even fondly attached to other members of his family, yet his intellectual wants were in no degree, it would appear, met by them. For he was, from age, and yet more from precocity, too far in advance of even his next brother; and they seem to have had from an early date, with a warm reciprocal attachment, great differences of opinion. Until he was twenty-five, he had to choose between something like imprisonment at home, and dependence on himself for the supply of all his wants in the event of his leaving it; in

a country, too, where it was impossible to live by literature until he had made his reputation, and where he must starve while labouring to make it. The generous efforts made by Niebuhr and Bunsen to obtain public employment for him in the Papal States, failed on account of his being a layman; and he had not physical strength to brave the German climate. At home, however, he was in possession of the comforts rendered necessary by his wretched health; yet his letters teem with passages showing how he detested it. There are, indeed, references to the climate which he disliked, but it was the moral and social atmosphere that he acutely hated.

70. Once he calls Recanati a hermitage, but more generally a desert, a cage, a cavern, a prison, a dark hole, a Tartarus, a tomb. "The March is," he says, "the darkest part of Italy, and Recanati of the March: its literature consists of neither more nor less than the alphabet." It is true that he was ill satisfied with Rome; but whenever he got back to Recanati, though he certainly loved many members of his family, a sentiment of disgust at once returned upon him. Even while there he had not money to buy books; or to take horse exercise, though this was very needful for his health. In short, he felt the pinch of poverty, and that sharply. Nor was the scale of his wishes extravagant: from two hundred to two hundred and fifty crowns a year was all that he sought in his ambitious mood: twelve crowns a month was what in his extremest need he begged of his father. "I will submit," he said, "to such privations, that twelve scudi shall suffice for me. Death would be better; but for death I must look to God." In his fast expiring days, therefore, when he was at Castellamare, he could not possibly consult a physician, because it would have cost some fifteen ducats to have brought

one from Naples. It appears, indeed, that the fortune of the family was at the time below its rank. Yet it also appears, as though the daughter was to have a portion of forty thousand francs on her marriage. Giacomo was the eldest son. On the whole it seems probable that the *argumentum a crumenâ* was put in operation against his unruly opinions, and with no other effect than that of maddening them.

71. In considering, however, a case so remarkable, it will occur to the mind to ask whether the study of pagan antiquity is probably to be reckoned among the causes of his religious desolation? and the question is too nearly related to the dearest interests of England, whose choicest youth are trained almost from infancy to read and to digest both the thoughts and the diction of Latin and Greek authors, to be dismissed without notice; the more so as there is an opinion floating, so to speak, though it can scarcely be said to be current among ourselves, that the religious tendencies of our own established method are questionable. In our view the answer may be said to lie in a single sentence, and it is this, that classical studies require the powerful corrective, which Christian studies supply; that with this corrective they afford not only the most admirable discipline to the understanding, taste, and power of expression, but likewise the strongest secondary assurances of the truth and the need of the Gospel; but that without it they are full of danger. And the corrective lies not merely in the knowledge of Christian doctrine by rote; not merely in being acquainted, as we cannot doubt that Leopardi was in his youth acquainted, with its technical distribution according to the current theology; but in the true and living knowledge of it, in the application of the mind to Christian study with the

same energetic tension, under which pagan philosophy, history, poetry, and languages are studied.

72. Such application of the mind the practical system of the Church of Rome in Italy regulates and fetters even on the part of the clergy, dreads and utterly discourages on the part of the laity. "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good," is a precept which England has fearlessly accepted, and from the universal application of which she has not shrunk; alive to the serious dangers of her course, but bent upon reaping its transcendent and inestimable advantages. It is, we believe, to this cause that we may refer the unquestionable fact that classical studies in this country are not found to have any sceptical tendency, and that the University of Oxford finds in Aristotle one of her most powerful engines of ethical, and indirectly of Christian, teaching. But then there must be real and vital activity of the mind upon the subject matter of religion, as there is upon the subject matter of pagan learning. Greece and Rome present to us great and masculine developments of our common nature, and wonderful triumphs achieved by them in every department both of mental and of practical effort. The mind cannot embrace them, cannot reap its reward in the appreciation of them, without the exertion of its powers at their topmost bent.

73. We should begin to shudder for the consequences, if our Christian studies were to become shackled, dry, and formal; and if thought were to owe its richness, and taste its refined discernment, above all, if mental freedom and enjoyment were to refer their recollections either wholly or principally to those heathen sources. But, too plainly, thus it was with Leopardi. It was not from the Genius of the Gospel that he had learned to mould the accents of his mind, to exercise the high prerogatives of

his own genius; it was on the mount of the Parthenon, and not of Sion; by the waters of Ilissus, not by the brook of Cedron. Homer and Hesiod, and Plato most of all, were to him for patriarch and for prophet; and to those works, which he latterly translated, we are persuaded that he went as with a sentiment of religion, as seeking for a Gospel in their generally high-toned though narrow morality, and as recognising in them not only the beautiful dream of his imagination, and the rich food of his powerful understanding, but the whole substance of his inner life. He exactly reversed the Christianised invocation of Tasso, and enthroned the muse of Helicon again.*

74. Politics occupy the very smallest space in his works; and there is only enough of them to show that he was dissatisfied with the tone of the Legitimist party, to which his father belonged, while he was no friend to revolutions, which took the bread, scanty enough in his case, out of the mouths of literary men. As to religion, the way in which he commonly refers to it suggests that there must have been some most serious original error in the mode of presenting it to his mind. He seems not like a man casting it off, but like one who had never put it on. Sometimes we find its language used in that half-vague and half-jesting tone, which suggests that he adhered to it by mere custom, and without more thought of a meaning than his less instructed countrymen when they adjure their favourite *Corpo di Bacco*. Sometimes, when it comes in connexion with some idea of pain, calamity, or death, it almost seems as if he had been taught it in the sense of those savage tribes who believe in a good spirit and a malignant one, but worship the latter only because the

* Ger. Lib., I. 3.

first, they say, will do them no harm, but the other must be continually entreated not to afflict, torment, or destroy them. This was not from unacquaintance with religious persons. *Con tutta la poca età*, he says at eighteen, *ho molta pratica di devoti.** And without resorting to any invidious supposition, we may state that his father was known by his published papers to be a man of extreme opinions even in the Romish Church.

75. We have now before us a work of the elder Leopardi, printed at Lugano in 1841, and bearing the title *La Santa Casa di Loreto; Discussioni Istoriche e Critiche del Conte Monaldo Leopardi*. It would be impossible to give, except by much detail, an adequate idea either of the unsuspecting *bona fides*, or of the anile imbecility, combined with a certain perverse ingenuity, of this pseudo-critical production. The old Count had no "blank misgivings, questionings." He had just reason enough to guide him to the perception that the current hypotheses concerning the *Santa Casa* must be false: but his lamp then went out, and, secure in the midst of murky Erebus, he sets up one which even the faintest twilight must have sufficed to dispel; namely, that the House of the Annunciation, which undoubtedly had disappeared from Nazareth in the first Christian ages, and which arrived in Italy, he conceives, about the middle of the twelfth century, lay concealed in some unknown place, by the special command of the Almighty, for the period of between a thousand and twelve hundred years before that miraculous event. Nor is this unexampled, he says, in the providential order of things: for as He was pleased to conceal Australia for six thousand years, so He might

* Op. vol. v. p. 31.

very well have hidden the Santa Casa for a fifth or a sixth part only of that time! And yet this same critical investigator—after reading the *Operette Morali*, which come as near to pure atheism as any work of the human mind can, and that not here and there, but in the grain—was content, it appears, to suggest corrections of it for the next edition, which the son freely promised to adopt!*

76. We have felt this publication to be really and painfully illustrative both of the domestic relations of a man constituted like Giacomo Leopardi, and of his violent reaction in the matter of religious belief. What a measureless interval must have separated at every point the mental framework of these two men, so closely allied in blood! And what a repelling influence must the mind of the son have experienced in its early and ductile stages, from being accustomed to contemplate conscientious piety under the disguise, if not of these, yet of similar extravagances, and to identify it with them! Nor will our labour have been wholly without fruit, if it shall serve to bring into view the fearful dangers of that abuse of reasoning, and that contempt of history and of the laws of sound criticism which is so painfully characteristic of modern devoteeship in the Church of Rome, and which receives but too much of toleration, and even of encouragement, at the hands of her authorities, on account of the powerful agencies which, by these means, they are enabled to bring to bear upon the popular mind. There will thus be left upon the mind of the reader a deeper persuasion of the truth that the God of Revelation is also the God of Reason, that the laws of prudence and common sense are laws of religion

* Epist. II. p. 220.

as well as of life, and that he who in one generation lifts up belief to the edge of a giddy precipice, does but prepare the way for another to dash it at a single stroke into the cold, and dark, and cheerless void ever yawning at its foot.

77. Yet another word before we close. We have endeavoured in these pages to do justice without fear, not only to the genius, but to the virtues of this great, and greatly unhappy, genius. The readiness in these slippery times to argue, from every conjunction of high gifts and amiable qualities with unbelief, against the authority of religion, constrains us to observe what we would willingly have passed by. Although he was, we believe, naturally as well as conventionally noble, there are things almost base in the letters of Leopardi; as when he writes to his sister, who it seems had shown a reluctance to an union with a profligate young man, in a tone not of admiration, not even of tenderness and sympathy, but of reproving argument, to tell her that all young men are profligate, that the one in question is now satiated, and will probably make a good husband, and that though he may be occasionally unfaithful, he will always maintain the appearance of fidelity. But further we must observe that, whether from an original fault of character or from a bad education, he had but little strictness in his view of the great cardinal virtue of truth. We may notice this in small things, as when he writes to his publisher to warn him that he had given a recommendatory letter to a friend for a translation from Tibullus, to which, as it was written under the friend's eye, no weight is to be attached.

78. We may notice it also in far greater matters. On the subject of religion in his intercourse with his father, he was —the words are wrung from us—nothing less than systema-

tically disingenuous. Eighteen days before his death,* he tells his father that the period decreed by God for the close of his life is approaching, and hopes that he is going to eternal repose: but in a thousand places he had denied the doctrine of a Providence, and he was then, as Gioberti tells us expressly—and with this the account of Ranieri so far as it is in point agrees—composing the last canto of the *Paralipomeni*, which, going beyond even his wont, turns into sheer ridicule the doctrine of a future state, and of responsibility in connexion with it. But in lieu of all others, we will give another single instance. We have already quoted his memorable letter to De Sinner, who resided in Paris; it was written in French with a view, as is conjectured, to its being known. It was dated May 24, 1832. But on the 8th of July 1831,† he had written to his father that he could swear his works were mere poetry in prose, following one mythology or another *ad libitum*, as was allowed to poets, without being therefore called Buddhists, Pagans, Mahommédans, and so forth. And on the 28th of May 1832,‡ he gave a positive assurance that, though he did not agree *precisely* in the principles of the father, *his* principles had never been irreligious in theory or in fact. He apprises us elsewhere that no French or English journal ever reached Recanati; and it seems impossible to avoid supposing that he reckoned upon Count Monaldo's seclusion to secure him against discovery.

79. It would be easy, but is also needless, to pursue the exhibition of this duplicity in detail. And what inference do we draw from these and like points established in evidence? Certainly not that we are to assume a liberty of denouncing him as a reprobate: not that we

* Epist. II. 235. † *Ibid.* 163. ‡ *Ibid.* 192.

are to obliterate or forget the traces of goodness, any more than the proofs of greatness, which his works exhibit: but that we are to protest *in limine* against the title he attempts to vindicate for himself of a dispassionate inquirer, who has arrived, by the full and undisturbed force of his intellect, at given results. If disease, difficulty, privation, nervous depression so acted upon his mind as to sap there the foundations of virtue in some of its first elements, it is too much that we should be called upon to believe that in his renunciation of principles both lying at the root of all revealed religion, and sustained, as he admits, by the universal voice of Nature, he is to be estimated simply as a Pure Intelligence not swayed to the right hand or to the left either by the agony that tore, or the disgust and moral nausea that oppressed, his mind. But, having said thus much, and having desired to say it gently, let us leave him with thoughts only of the pity which his great sorrows solicit, and of the admiration that his genius challenges. Some, indeed, may be disposed to regret that his editors have been unable to keep back the matter to which we have last adverted. Their performance of their task, though inspired with a devoted love, is certainly open to the remark that they have omitted either too little or too much. The gaps in the letters are most numerous, and are commonly so placed as to suggest that the missing passages relate to the most critical points of opinion, character, and life. But without doubt it was better for a generation like our own, which, even amidst the increase of religious feeling, seems insensibly to relax its grasp upon objective truth, and to decline into feebler conceptions of its authority, that the case of Leopardi should be stated with, at the least, that degree of fulness in which we now possess it. Lest in our desire to do

justice to feeling and to taste, and lofty genius finding for itself a way to martyrdom through privation and intense and unremitting toil, we should have forgotten the verse with which he himself supplies us—

"Deh quanto in verità vani siam nui!"

Lest we should have become unmindful of the temptations, the infirmities, and the deep degeneracy of our race, and should have left a single reader predisposed even for one moment to the belief that any other waters than those which flowed from the bleeding side of the Redeemer can heal its plagues; any other wisdom than the "foolishness" of the Gospel give it permanent, uniform, or consistent elevation.

Rapidly surveying the character of Leopardi as a writer, we cannot hesitate to say that, in almost every branch of mental exertion, this extraordinary man seems to have had the capacity for attaining, and generally at a single bound, the very highest excellence. Whatever he does, he does in a manner that makes it his own; not with a forced or affected but a true originality, stamping upon his work, like other masters, a type that defies all counterfeit. He recalls others as we read him, but always the most remarkable and accomplished in their kind; always by conformity, not by imitation. In the Dorian march of his *terza rima* the image of Dante comes before us; in his blank verse we think of Milton (whom probably he never read); in his lighter letters, and in the extreme elegance of touch with which he describes mental gloom and oppression, we are reminded of the grace of Cowper; when he touches learned research or criticism, he is copious as Warburton, sagacious and acute as Bentley: the impassioned melancholy of his poems largely

recalls his less, though scarcely less, deeply unhappy contemporary Shelley: to translation (we speak however of his prose translations) he brings the lofty conception of his work, which enabled Coleridge to produce *his* Wallenstein; among his 'Thoughts' there are some worthy of a place beside the Pensées of Pascal, or the Moral Essays of Bacon; and with the style of his philosophic Dialogues neither Hume nor Berkeley need resent a comparison. We write for Englishmen: but we know that some of his countrymen regard him as a follower, and as a rival, too, of Tasso and of Galileo in the respective excellences of verse and prose. Some of his editors go further, and pronounce him to be a discoverer of fundamental truths: an error in our view alike gross, mischievous, and inexcusable. Yet there are many things in which Christians would do well to follow him: in the warmth of his attachments; in the moderation of his wants; in his noble freedom from the love of money; in his all-conquering assiduity. Nor let us, of inferior and more sluggish clay, omit to learn, as we seem to stand at his tomb, beside the Bay of Naples, in the lowly church of San Vitale, yet another lesson from his career; the lesson of compassion, chastening admiration, towards him: and for ourselves, of humility and self-mistrust.

III.

TENNYSON.*

1. Mr. Tennyson published his first volume, under the title of 'Poems chiefly Lyrical,' in 1830, and his second, with the name simply of 'Poems,' in 1833. In 1842 he reappeared before the world in two volumes, partly made up from the *débris* of his earlier books; and from this date forward he came into the enjoyment of a popularity at once great, growing, and select. With a manly resolution, which gave promise of the rare excellence he was progressively to attain, he had on this occasion amputated altogether from the collection about one-half of the contents of his earliest work, with some considerable portion of the second; he had almost rewritten or carefully corrected other important pieces, and had added a volume of new compositions.

2. The later handiwork showed a great advance upon the earlier; as, indeed, 1833 had shown upon 1830. From the very first, however, he had been noteworthy in performance as well as in promise, and it was plain that, whatever else might happen, at least neglect was not to

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* Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*, October 1859. Art. V. 1. *Tennyson's Poems.* In Two Volumes. London, 1842. 2. *The Princess; a Medley.* London, 1847. 3. *In Memoriam.* London, 1850. 4. *Maud, and other Poems.* London, 1855. 5. *Idylls of the King.* London, 1859.

be his lot. But, in the natural heat of youth, he had at the outset certainly mixed up some trivial with a greater number of worthier productions, and had shown an impatience of criticism by which, however excusable, he was sure to be himself the chief sufferer. His higher gifts, too, were of that quality which, by the changeless law of nature, cannot ripen fast; and there was, accordingly, some portion both of obscurity and of crudity in the results of his youthful labours. Men of slighter materials would have come more quickly to their maturity, and might have given less occasion not only for cavil but for warrantable animadversion. It was yet more creditable to him, than it could be even to the just among his critics, that he should, and while yet young, have applied himself with so resolute a hand to the work of castigation. He thus gave a remarkable proof alike of his reverence for his art, of his insight into his powers, of the superiority he had acquired to all the more commonplace illusions of self-love, and perhaps of his presaging consciousness that the great, if they mean to fulfil the measure of their greatness, should always be fastidious against themselves.

3. It would be superfluous to enter upon any general criticism of the collection of 1842, which was examined, when still recent, in this Review, and a large portion of which is established in the familiar recollection and favour of the public. We may, however, say that what may be termed at large the classical idea (though it is not that of Troas nor of the Homeric period) has, perhaps, never been grasped with greater force and justice than in 'Œnone,' nor exhibited in a form of more consummate polish. 'Ulysses' is likewise a highly finished poem; but it is open to the remark that it exhibits (so to speak)

a corner-view of a character which was in itself a *cosmos*. Never has political philosophy been wedded to the poetic form more happily than in the three short pieces on England and her institutions, unhappily without title, and only to be cited, like writs of law and papal bulls, by their first words. Even among the rejected pieces there are specimens of a deep metaphysical insight; and this power reappears, with an increasing growth of ethical and social wisdom, in 'Locksley Hall' and elsewhere. The Wordsworthian poem of 'Dora' is admirable in its kind. From the firmness of its drawing, and the depth and singular purity of its colour, 'Godiva' has from its birth, if we judge aright, stood as at once a great performance and a great pledge. But, above all, the fragmentary piece on the Death of Arthur was a fit prelude to that lordly music of the Idylls, which is now freshly sounding in our ears. If we pass onward from these volumes, it is only because space forbids a further enumeration.

4. The 'Princess' was published in 1847. The author has termed it "a medley": why, we know not. It approaches more nearly to the character of a regular drama, with the stage directions written into verse, than any other of his works, and it is composed, consecutively and throughout, on the basis of one idea. It exhibits an effort to amalgamate the place and function of woman with that of man, and the failure of that effort, which duly winds up with the surrender and marriage of the fairest and chief enthusiast. It may be doubted whether the idea is one well suited to exhibition in a quasi-dramatic form. Certainly the mode of embodying it, so far as it is dramatic, is not successful; for here again the persons are little better than mere *personæ*. They are *media*, and weak

media, for the conveyance of the ideas. The poem is, nevertheless, one of high interest, both on account of the force, purity, and nobleness of the main streams of thought, which are clothed in language full of all Mr. Tennyson's high and delicate excellences; and also because it marks the earliest effort of his mind in the direction of his latest and greatest achievements.

5. It will not be difficult to establish the first proposition by citations. Who can read the following speech of 'Lady Psyche' without a conversion for the moment, despite the slight interferences it involves with the fundamental laws of creation, to the whole scheme of feminine and social transformation?

> "At last
> She rose upon the wind of prophecy,
> Dilating on the future: 'Everywhere
> Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
> Two in the tangled business of the world,
> Two in the liberal offices of life,
> Two plummets dropt, for one, to sound the abyss
> Of science, and the secrets of the mind:
> Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more:
> And everywhere the broad and bounteous earth
> Should bear a double crop of those rare souls,
> Poets whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.'"—P. 38.

6. After exhibiting the bane in a form so winning, we must at once present the antidote. Upon the catastrophe of the enterprise in the adjustment of which Mr. Tennyson does not go to work as an ingenious playwright would—then, forthwith,

> "Love in the sacred halls
> Held carnival at will, and flying struck
> With showers of random sweet on maid and man" (p. 161).

And at last we are duly brought to the true philosophy of the case:—

"'For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She, mental breadth; nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love,
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!'
Sighing she spoke, 'I fear
They will not.'
'Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each: and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart, beating with one full stroke
Life.'"—P. 172.

The word "animal" may jar a little at first hearing; but, without doubt, Mr. Tennyson uses it, as Dante does

in "*O animal grazioso e benigno,*" to convey simply the idea of life, and as capable of reaching upwards to the highest created life.

7. With passages like these still upon the mind and ear, and likewise having in view many others in the 'Princess' and elsewhere, we may confidently assert it as one of Mr. Tennyson's brightest distinctions that he is now what from the very first he strove to be, and what when he wrote 'Godiva' he gave ample promise of becoming—the poet of woman. We do not mean, nor do we know, that his hold over women as his readers is greater than his command or influence over men; but that he has studied, sounded, painted woman in form, in motion, in character, in office, in capability, with rare devotion, power, and skill; and the poet, who best achieves this end, does also most and best for man.

8. In 1850 Mr. Tennyson gave to the world, under the title of '*In Memoriam,*' perhaps the richest oblation ever offered by the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed. The memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, who died suddenly in 1833, at the age of twenty-two, will doubtless live chiefly in connection with this volume. But he is well known to have been one who, if the term of his days had been prolonged, would have needed no aid from a friendly hand, would have built his own enduring monument, and would have bequeathed to his country a name in all likelihood greater than that of his very distinguished father. The writer of this paper was, more than half a century ago, in a condition to say

> "I marked him ...
> As a far Alp; and loved to watch the sunrise
> Dawn on his ample brow."*

* De Vere's 'Mary Tudor,' I. V. 1. [This sentence has now been added.—W. E. G., 1878.]

9. There perhaps was no one among those who were blessed with his friendship, nay, as we see, not even Mr. Tennyson,* who did not feel at once bound closely to him by commanding affection, and left far behind by the rapid, full, and rich development of his ever-searching mind; by his

> "All comprehensive tenderness,
> All subtilising intellect."

It would be easy to show what, in the varied forms of human excellence, he might, had life been granted him, have accomplished; much more difficult to point the finger and to say, "This he never could have done." Enough remains from among his early efforts, to accredit whatever mournful witness may now be borne of him. But what can be a nobler tribute than this, that for seventeen years after his death a poet, fast rising towards the lofty summits of his art, found that young fading image the richest source of his inspiration, and of thoughts that gave him buoyancy for a flight such as he had not hitherto attained?

10. It would be very difficult to convey a just idea of this volume either by narrative or by quotation. In the series of monodies or meditations which compose it, and which follow in long series without weariness or sameness, the poet never moves away a step from the grave of his friend, but, while still circling round it, has always a new point of view. Strength of love, depth of grief, aching sense of loss, have driven him forth as it were on a quest of consolation, and he asks it of nature, thought, religion, in a hundred forms which a rich and varied imagination continually suggests, but all of them connected by one

* See 'In Memoriam,' pp. 64, 84.

central point, the recollection of the dead. This work he prosecutes, not in vain effeminate complaint, but in manly recognition of the fruit and profit even of baffled love, in noble suggestions of the future, in heart-soothing and heart-chastening thoughts of what the dead was and of what he is, and of what one who has been, and therefore still is, in near contact with him is bound to be. The whole movement of the poem is between the mourner and the mourned: it may be called one long soliloquy; but it has this mark of greatness, that, though the singer is himself a large part of the subject, it never degenerates into egotism—for he speaks typically on behalf of humanity at large, and in his own name, like Dante on his mystic journey, teaches deep lessons of life and conscience to us all.

11. We subjoin one or two specimens. They have many rivals; but they are among those most directly ministering to the purpose of the volume (CVII.):

"Heart affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains, never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye
That saw through all the Muses' walk;

Seraphic intellect, and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassioned logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good,
But touched with no ascetic gloom;
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Through all the years of April blood;

A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt;

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort the child would twine
A trustful hand, unasked, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face;—

All these have been; and these mine eyes
Have looked on: if they looked in vain,
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise."

And again, No. CXXVIII.:

"Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee when the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But, though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice:
I shall not lose thee, though I die."

12. The high colour of the portrait in the first of these pieces, and the absorbing and pervading power assigned to the friendship in the second, may seem in excess to such as have to take the subject of them upon trust. But we believe that the surviving friends would with one voice assert that Mr. Tennyson is fully warranted in the rare elevation of his strain by the extraordinary endowments of his original.

13. By the time '*In Memoriam*' had sunk into the public

mind, Mr. Tennyson had taken his rank as our first then living poet. Over the fresh hearts and understandings of the young, notwithstanding his more youthful obscurities, his metaphysics, his contempt of gewgaws, he had established an extraordinary sway. We ourselves, with some thousands of other spectators, saw him receive in that noble structure of Wren, the theatre of Oxford, the decoration of D.C.L., which we perceive he always wears on his title-page. Among his colleagues in the honour were Sir De Lacy Evans and Sir John Burgoyne, fresh from the stirring exploits of the Crimea; but even patriotism, at the fever heat of war, could not command a more fervent enthusiasm for the old and gallant soldiers, than was evoked by the presence of Mr. Tennyson.

14. In the year 1855 Mr. Tennyson proceeded to publish his 'Maud,' the least popular, and probably the least worthy of popularity, among his more considerable works. A somewhat heavy dreaminess, and a great deal of obscurity, hang about this poem; and the effort required to dispel the darkness of the general scheme is not repaid when we discover what it hides. The main thread of 'Maud' seems to be this: A love once accepted, then disappointed, leads to bloodshedding, and onward to madness with lucid alternations. The insanity expresses itself in the ravings of the homicide lover, who even imagines himself among the dead, in a clamour and confusion closely resembling an ill-regulated Bedlam, but which, if the description be a faithful one, would for ever deprive the grave of its title to the epithet of silent. It may be good frenzy, but we doubt its being as good poetry. Of all this there may, we admit, be an esoteric view: but we speak of the work as it offers itself to the common eye. Both Maud and the lover are too nebulous by far; and

they remind us of the boneless and pulpy personages by whom, as Dr. Whewell assures us, the planet Jupiter, if inhabited at all, is inhabited.

15. But the most doubtful part of the poem is its climax. A vision of the beloved image (p. 97) "spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars," righteous wars of course, and the madman begins to receive light and comfort; but, strangely enough, it seems to be the wars, and not the image, in which the source of consolation lies (p. 98).

> "No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
> Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
> And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase.
> . . . . . a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
> Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told . . .
> For the long long canker of peace is over and done:
> And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
> And deathful grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
> The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire!"

What interpretation are we meant to give to all this sound and fury? We would fain have put it down as intended to be the finishing-stroke in the picture of a mania which has reached its zenith.

16. We might call in aid of this construction more happy and refreshing passages from other poems, as when Mr. Tennyson is

> "Certain, if knowledge brings the sword,
> That knowledge takes the sword away."*

And again in 'The Golden Dream,'

> "When shall all men's good
> Be each man's rule, and universal peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land?"

* 'Poems,' p. 182, ed. 1853. See also 'Locksley Hall,' p. 278.

And yet once more in a noble piece of 'In Memoriam,'

> "Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
> Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
> Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace."

17. But on the other hand we must recollect that very long ago, when the apparition of invasion from across the Channel had as yet spoiled no man's slumbers, Mr. Tennyson's blood was already up: *

> "For the French, the Pope may shrive them . . . . .
> And the merry devil drive them
> Through the water and the fire."

And unhappily in the beginning of 'Maud,' when still in the best use of such wits as he possesses, its hero deals largely in kindred extravagances (p. 7):

> "When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
> And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,
> Is it peace or war? better war! loud war by land and by sea,
> War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones."

He then anticipates that, upon an enemy's attacking this country, "the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue," who typifies the bulk of the British people, "the nation of shopkeepers," as it has been emasculated and corrupted by excess of peace, will leap from his counter and till to charge the enemy; and thus it is to be reasonably hoped that we shall attain to the effectual renovation of society.

18. We frankly own that our divining rod does not enable us to say whether the poet intends to be in any and what

* 'Poems chiefly Lyrical,' 1830, p. 142.

degree sponsor to these sentiments, or whether he has put them forth in the exercise of his undoubted right to make vivid and suggestive representations of even the more partial and narrow aspects of some endangered truth. This is at best, indeed, a perilous business; for out of such fervid partial representations nearly all grave human error springs; and it should only be pursued with caution and in season. But we do not recollect that 1855 was a season of serious danger from a mania for peace and its pursuits; and even if it had been so, we fear that the passages we have quoted are such as overpass the bounds of moderation and good sense. It is, indeed, true that peace has its moral perils and temptations for degenerate man, as has every other blessing, without exception, that he can receive from the hand of God. It is moreover not less true that, amidst the clash of arms, the noblest forms of character may be reared, and the highest acts of duty done; that these great and precious results may be due to war as their cause; and that one high form of sentiment in particular, the love of country, receives a powerful and general stimulus from the bloody strife. But this is as the furious cruelty of Pharaoh made place for the benign virtue of his daughter; as the butchering sentence of Herod raised without doubt many a mother's love into heroic sublimity; as plague, as famine, as fire, as flood, as every curse and every scourge that is wielded by an angry Providence for the chastisement of man, is an appointed instrument for tempering human souls in the seven-times heated furnace of affliction, up to the standard of angelic and archangelic virtue.

19. War, indeed, has the property of exciting much generous and noble feeling on a large scale; but with this special recommendation it has, in its modern forms espe-

cially, peculiar and unequalled evils. As it has a wider sweep of desolating power than the rest, so it has the peculiar quality that it is more susceptible of being decked in gaudy trappings, and of fascinating the imagination of those whose proud and angry passions it inflames. But it is, on this very account, a perilous delusion to teach that war is a cure for moral evil, in any other sense than as the sister tribulations are. The eulogies of the frantic hero in 'Maud,' however, deviate into grosser folly. It is natural that such vagaries should overlook the fixed laws of Providence. Under these laws the mass of mankind is composed of men, women, and children who can but just ward off hunger, cold, and nakedness; whose whole ideas of Mammon-worship are comprised in the search for their daily food, clothing, shelter, fuel; whom any casualty reduces to positive want; and whose already low estate is yet further lowered and ground down, when "the blood-red blossom of war flames with its heart of fire." But what is a little strange is, that war should be recommended as a specific for the particular evil of Mammon-worship. Such it never was, even in the days when the Greek heroes longed for the booty of Troy, and anticipated lying by the wives of its princes and its citizens.

20. Still it had, in times now gone by, ennobling elements and tendencies of the less sordid kind. But one inevitable characteristic of modern war is, that it is associated throughout, in all its particulars, with a vast and most irregular formation of commercial enterprise. There is no incentive to Mammon-worship so remarkable as that which it affords. The political-economy of war is now one of its most commanding aspects. Every farthing, with the smallest exceptions conceivable, of the scores or hundreds of millions which a war may cost, goes directly,

and very violently, to stimulate production, though it is intended ultimately for waste or for destruction. Even apart from the fact that war suspends, *ipso facto*, every rule of public thrift, and tends to sap honesty itself in the use of the public treasure for which it makes such unbounded calls, it therefore is the greatest feeder of that lust of gold which we are told is the essence of commerce, though we had hoped it was only its occasional besetting sin. It is, however, more than this; for the regular commerce of peace is tameness itself compared with the gambling spirit which war, through the rapid shiftings and high prices which it brings, always introduces into trade. In its moral operation it more resembles, perhaps the finding of a new gold-field, than anything else. Meantime, as the most wicked mothers do not kill their offspring from a taste for the practice in the abstract, but under the pressure of want, and as war always brings home want to a larger circle of the people than feel it in peace, we ask the hero of 'Maud' to let us know whether war is more likely to reduce or to multiply the horrors which he denounces? Will more babies be poisoned amidst comparative ease and plenty, or when, as before the fall of Napoleon, provisions were twice as dear as they now are, and wages not much more than half as high? Romans and Carthaginians were pretty much given to war: but no nations were more sedulous in the cult of Mammon. Again, the Scriptures are pretty strong against Mammon-worship, but they do not recommend this original and peculiar cure. Nay, once more: what sad errors must have crept into the text of the prophet Isaiah when he is made to desire that our swords shall be converted into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning-hooks!

21. We have, however, this solid consolation after all,

that Mr. Tennyson's war poetry is not comparable to his poetry of peace. Indeed he is not here successful at all: the work, of a lower order than his, demands the abrupt force and the lyric fire, which do not seem to be among his varied and brilliant gifts. We say more. Mr. Tennyson is too intimately and essentially the poet of the nineteenth century to separate himself from its leading characteristics, the progress of physical science, and a vast commercial, mechanical, and industrial development. Whatever he may say or do in an occasional fit, he cannot long either cross or lose its sympathies; for while he elevates, as well as adorns, it, he is flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone. We fondly believe it is his business to do much towards the solution of that problem, so fearful from its magnitude, how to harmonise this new draught of external power and activity with the old and more mellow wine of faith, self-devotion, loyalty, reverence, and discipline. And all that we have said is aimed, not at Mr. Tennyson, but at a lay-figure which he has set up, and into the mouth of which he has put words that cannot be his words.*

* [In this attempt at a criticism upon 'Maud,' I can now see, and I at once confess, that a feeling, which had reference to the growth of the war-spirit in the outer world at the date of this article, dislocated my frame of mind, and disabled me from dealing even tolerably with the work as a work of imagination. Whether it is to be desired that a poem should require from common men a good deal of effort in order to comprehend it; whether all that is put into the mouth of the Soliloquist in 'Maud' is within the lines of poetical versimilitude; whether this poem has the full moral equilibrium which is so marked a characteristic of the sister-works; are questions open, perhaps, to discussion. But I have neither done justice in the text to its rich and copious beauties of detail, nor to its great lyrical and metrical power. And what is worse, I have failed to comprehend rightly the relation between particular passages in the poem and its general scope. This is, I conceive, not to set forth any coherent strain,

22. We return to our proper task. 'Maud,' if an unintelligible or even, for Mr. Tennyson, an inferior work, is still a work which no inferior man could have produced; nor would it be difficult to extract abundance of lines, and even passages, obviously worthy of their author. And if this poem would have made while alone a volume too light for his fame, the defect is supplied by the minor pieces, some of which are admirable. 'The Brook,' with its charming insterstitial soliloquy, and the 'Letters' will, we are persuaded, always rank among Mr. Tennyson's happy efforts; while the 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,' written from the heart and sealed by the conscience of the poet, is worthy of that great and genuine piece of manhood, its immortal subject.

23. We must touch for a moment upon what has already been mentioned as a separate subject of interest in the 'Princess.' We venture to describe it as in substance a drama, with a plot imperfectly worked and with characters insufficiently chiselled and relieved. Its author began by presenting, and for many years continued to present, personal as well as natural pictures of individual attitude or movement; and as in 'Œnone' and 'Godiva,' he carried them to a very high pitch of perfection. But he scarcely attempted, unless in his more homely narrations,

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but to use for poetical ends all the moods and phases allowable under the laws of the art, in a special form of character, which is impassioned, fluctuating, and ill-grounded. The design, which seems to resemble that of the Ecclesiastes in another sphere, is arduous; but Mr. Tennyson's power of execution is probably nowhere greater. Even as regards the passages devoted to war-frenzy, equity should have reminded me of the fine lines in the *latter* portion of X. 3 (Part I.), and of the emphatic words, v. 11 (Part II.):

> "I swear to you lawful and lawless war
> Are scarcely even akin."

W. E. G., 1878.]

anything like grouping or combination. It now appears that for this higher effort he has been gradually accumulating and preparing his resources. In the sections of the prolonged soliloquy of 'Maud' we see a crude attempt at representing combined interests and characters with heroic elevation, under the special difficulty of appearing, like Mathews, in one person only; in the 'Princess' we had a happier effort, though one that still left more to be desired. Each, however, in its own stage, served as a preparation for an enterprise at once bolder and more mature.

24. We now come to the new work of the poet, the 'Idylls of the King.' The field, which Mr. Tennyson has chosen for this his recent and by far greatest exploit, is one of so deep and wide-reaching an interest as to demand some previous notice of a special kind.

Lofty example in comprehensive forms is, without doubt, one of the great standing needs of our race. To this want it has been from the first one main purpose of the highest poetry to answer. The quest of Beauty leads all those who engage in it to the ideal or normal man, as the summit of attainable excellence. By no arbitrary choice, but in obedience to unchanging laws, the painter and the sculptor must found their art upon the study of the human form, and must reckon its successful reproduction as their noblest and most consummate exploit. The concern of Poetry with corporal beauty is, though important, yet secondary: this art uses form as an auxiliary, as a subordinate though proper part in the delineation of mind and character, of which it is appointed to be a visible organ. But with mind and character themselves lies the highest occupation of the Muse. Homer, the patriarch of poets, has founded his two immortal works upon two of these ideal developments in Achilles and

Ulysses; and has adorned them with others, such as Penelope and Helen, Hector and Diomed, every one an immortal product, though as compared with the others either less consummate or less conspicuous. Though deformed by the mire of after-tradition, all the great characters of Homer have become models and standards, each in its own kind, for what was, or was supposed to be, its distinguishing gift.

25. At length, after many generations, and great revolutions of mind and of events, another age arrived, like, if not equal, in creative power to that of Homer. The Gospel had given to the life of civilised man a real resurrection, and its second birth was followed by its second youth. This rejuvenescence was allotted to those wonderful centuries which popular ignorance confounds with the dark ages properly so called—an identification about as rational as if we were to compare our own life within the womb to the same life in intelligent though early childhood. Awakened to aspirations at once fresh and ancient, the mind of man took hold of the venerable ideals bequeathed to us by the Greeks as a precious part of its inheritance, and gave them again to the light, appropriated but also renewed. The old materials came forth, but not alone; for the types which human genius had formerly conceived were now submitted to the transfiguring action of a law from on high. Nature herself prompted the effort to bring the old patterns of worldly excellence and greatness—or rather the copies of those patterns still legible, though depraved, and still rich with living suggestion—into harmony with that higher Pattern, once seen by the eyes and handled by the hands of men, and faithfully delineated in the Gospels for the profit of all generations. The life of our Saviour, in its external

aspect, was that of a teacher. It was, in principle, a model for all; but it left space and scope for adaptations to the lay life of Christians in general, such as those by whom the every-day business of the world is to be carried on. It remained for man to make his best endeavour to exhibit the great model on its terrestrial side, in its contact with the world. Here is the true source of that new and noble Cycle which the middle ages have handed down to us in duality of form, but with a close related substance, under the royal sceptres of Arthur in England and of Charlemagne in France.

26. Of the two great systems of Romance, one has Lancelot, the other has Orlando, for its culminating point; these heroes being exhibited as the respective specimens in whose characters the fullest development of man, such as he was then conceived, was to be recognised. The one put forward Arthur for the visible head of Christendom, signifying and asserting its social unity; the other had Charlemagne. Each arrays, round about the Sovereign, a fellowship of knights. In them, Valour is the servant of Honour; in an age, of which violence is the besetting danger, the protection of the weak is elevated into a first principle of action; and they betoken an order of things, in which Force should be only known as allied with Virtue, while they historically foreshadow the magnificent aristocracy of mediæval Europe. The one had Guinevere for the rarest gem of beauty, the other had Angelica. Each of them contained figures of approximation to the knightly model, and in each these figures, though on the whole secondary, yet in certain aspects surpassed it: such were Sir Tristram, Sir Galahad, Sir Lamoracke, Sir Gawain, Sir Geraint, in the Arthurian cycle; Rinaldo and Ruggiero, with others, in the Carlovingian.

27. The two were not twin systems, but were rather twin investitures of the same scheme of ideas and feelings. Their consanguinity to the primitive Homeric types is proved by a multitude of analogies of character, and by the commanding place which they assign to Hector as the flower of human excellence. Without doubt, this preference was founded on his supposed moral superiority to all his fellows in Homer; and the secondary prizes of strength, valour, and the like, were naturally allowed to group themselves around what, under the Christian scheme, had become the primary ornament of man. The near relation of the two Cycles one to the other may be sufficiently seen in the leading references we have made; and it runs into a multitude of details both great and small, of which we can only note a few. In both the chief hero passes through a prolonged term of madness. Judas, in the College of Apostles, is represented under Charlemagne in Gano di Maganza and his house; who appear, without any development in action, in the Arthurian romance as "the traitours of Magouns," and who are likewise reflected in Sir Modred, Sir Agravain, and others; while the Mahometan element, which has a natural place ready made for it in a history that acknowledges Charlemagne and France for its centres, finds its way sympathetically into one which is bounded for the most part by the shores of Albion. Both schemes cling to the tradition of the unity of the Empire, as well as of Christendom; and accordingly, what was historical in Charlemagne is represented, in the case of Arthur, by an imaginary conquest reaching as far as Rome, the capital of the West. Even the sword *Durindana* has its counterpart in the sword *Excalibur*.

28. The moral systems of the two cycles are also essen-

tially allied: and perhaps the differences between them may be due in greater or in less part to the fact that they come to us through different *media*. We of the nineteenth century read the Carlovingian romance in the pages of Ariosto and Bojardo, who gave to their materials the colour of their times, and of a civilisation rank in some respects, while still unripe in some others. The genius of poetry was not at the same period applying its transmuting force to the Romance of the Round Table. The date of Sir Thomas Mallory, who lived under Edward IV., is something earlier than that of the great Italian romances; England was younger in its poetical development; he appears, too, to have been on the whole content with the humble offices of a compiler and a chronicler, and we may conceive that his spirit and diction are still older than his date. The consequence is, that we are brought into more immediate and fresher contact with the original forms of this romance. So that, as they present themselves to us, the Carlovingian cycle is the child of the latest middle age, while the Arthurian represents the earlier.

29. Much might be said on the specific differences which have thus arisen, and on those which may be due to a more northern and a more southern extraction respectively. Suffice it to say that the Romance of the Round Table, far less vivid and brilliant, far ruder as a work of skill and art, has more of the innocence, the emotion, the transparency, the inconsistency of childhood. Its political action is less specifically Christian than that of the rival scheme, its individual portraits more so. It is more directly and seriously aimed at the perfection of man. It is more free from gloss and varnish; it tells its own tale with more entire simplicity. The ascetic element is more strongly, and at the same time more quaintly, developed.

It has a higher conception of the nature of woman; and, like the Homeric poems, it appears to eschew exhibiting her perfections in alliance with warlike force and exploits. So also love, while largely infused into the story, is more subordinate to the exhibition of other qualities. Again, the Romance of the Round Table bears witness to a more distinct and keener sense of sin: and on the whole, a deeper, broader, and more manly view of human character, life, and duty. It is in effect more like what the Carlovingian cycle might have been, had Dante moulded it. It hardly needs to be added that it is more mythical; inasmuch as Arthur of the Round Table is a personage, we fear, wholly doubtful, though not impossible; while the broad back of the historic Charlemagne, like another Atlas, may well sustain a world of legendary accretions. This slight comparison, be it remarked, refers exclusively to what may be termed the latest "redactions" of the two cycles of romance. Their early forms, in the lays of troubadours, and in the pages of the oldest chroniclers, offer a subject of profound interest. It is one still unexhausted, although it has been examined by Mr. Panizzi and M. Fauriel;* but it is also one, which is quite beyond the scope of our present subject.

30. It is to this rich repository that Mr. Tennyson has resorted for his material. He has shown, as we think, rare judgment in the choice. The Arthurian Romance has every recommendation that should win its way to the homage of a great poet. It is national: it is Christian. It is also human in the largest and deepest sense; and, therefore, though highly national, it is universal; for it

* Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians: London, 1830. Histoire de la Poésie Provençale: Paris, 1846.

rests upon those depths and breadths of our nature, to which all its truly great developments, in all nations, are alike essentially and closely related. The distance is enough for atmosphere, not too much for detail; enough for romance, not too much for sympathy. A poet of the nineteenth century, the Laureate has in the main appropriated and adapted characters, incidents, and even language, instead of attempting to project them, on a basis of his own, in the region of illimitable fancy. But he has done much more than this. Evidently by reading and by deep meditation, as well as by sheer force of genius, he has penetrated himself, down to the very core of his being, with all that is deepest and best in the spirit of the time, or in the representation with which he deals; and as others, using old materials, have been free to alter them in the sense of vulgarity or licence, so he has claimed and used the right to sever and recombine, to enlarge, retrench, and modify, for the purposes at once of a more powerful and elaborate art than his original presents, and of a yet more elevated, or at least of a far more sustained, ethical and Christian strain.

31. We are a little disposed to quarrel with the title of Idylls: for no diminutive (εἰδύλλιον) can be adequate to the breadth, vigour, and majesty which belong to the subjects, as well as to the execution, of the volume. The poet used the name once before; but he then applied it to pieces generally small in the scale of their delineations, whereas these, even if broken away one from the other, are yet like the disjoined figures from the pediment of the Parthenon in their dignity and force. One indeed among Mr. Tennyson's merits is, that he does not think it necessary to keep himself aloft by artificial effort, but undulates with his matter, and flies high or low as it requires. But

even in the humblest parts of these poems—as where the little Novice describes the miniature sorrows and discipline of childhood—the whole receives its tone from an atmosphere which is vitally heroic, and which, even in its extremest simplicity, by no means parts company with grandeur, or ceases to shine in the reflected light of the surrounding objects. Following the example which the poet has set us in a former volume, we would fain have been permitted, at least provisionally, to call these Idylls by the name of Books. Term them what we may, there are four of them; and they are arranged, as we think, in an ascending scale.

32. The simplicity and grace of the principal character in Enid, with which the volume opens, touches, but does not too strongly agitate, the deeper springs of feeling. She is the beautiful daughter of Earl Yniol, who, by his refusal of a turbulent neighbour as a suitor, has drawn down upon himself the ruin of his fortunes, and is visited in his depressed condition by (p. 1)

> "The brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,
> A tributary prince of Devon, one
> Of that great order of the Table Round."

We cannot do better than cite the passage which describes the mother's coming, on the evening of this visit, to the chamber of the maiden (p. 28).

> "She,
> With frequent smile and nod departing, found,
> Half disarrayed as to her rest, the girl;
> Whom first she kissed on either cheek, and then
> On either shining shoulder laid a hand,
> And kept her off and gazed upon her face,
> And told her all their converse in the hall,

Proving her heart: but never light and shade
Coursed one another more on open ground
Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale
Across the face of Enid hearing her;
While slowly falling, as a scale that falls,
When weight is added only grain by grain,
Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast;
Nor did she lift an eye, nor speak a word,
Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it:
So, moving without answer to her rest,
She found no rest, and ever failed to draw
The quiet night into her blood, but lay
Contemplating her own unworthiness;
And when the pale and bloodless East began
To quicken to the sun, arose, and raised
Her mother too, and hand in hand they moved
Down to the meadow where the jousts were held,
And waited there for Yniol and Geraint."

Geraint wins her, against the detested cousin. They wed, and she becomes the purest gem of the court of Guinevere, her place in which is described in the beautiful exordium of the poem. An accident, slight perhaps for the weight it is made to carry, arouses his jealousy, and he tries her severely by isolation and rude offices on one of his tours; but her gentleness, purity, and patience are proof against all, and we part from the pair in a full and happy reconciliation, which is described in lines of a beauty that leaves nothing to be desired.

33. The treatment of Enid by her husband has appeared to some of Mr. Tennyson's readers to be unnatural. It is no doubt both in itself repulsive, and foreign to our age and country. But the brutal element in man, which now only invades the conjugal relation in cases where it is highly concentrated, was then far more widely diffused, and not yet dissociated from alternations, and even habits, of

attachment. Something of what we now call Eastern manners at one time marked the treatment of women, in the West. Unnatural means contrary to nature, even irrespectively of time or place; but time and place explain, and warrant, the picture of the treatment of Enid by Geraint.

34. Vivien, which follows Enid, is perhaps the least popular of the four Books. No pleasure, we grant, can be felt from the character either of the wily woman, between elf and fiend, or of the aged magician, whose passion is allowed to travel whither none of his esteem or regard can follow it: and in reading this poem we miss the pleasure of those profound moral harmonies, with which the rest are charged. But we must not on such grounds proceed to the conclusion that the poet has in this case been untrue to his aims. For he has neither failed in power, nor has he led our sympathies astray. And, if we ask why he should introduce us to those we cannot love, there is something in the reply that Poetry, the mirror of the world, cannot deal with its attractions only, but must present some of its repulsions also, and avail herself of the powerful assistance of its contrasts. The example of Homer, who allows Thersites to thrust himself upon the scene, in the debate of heroes, gives a sanction to what reason and all experience teach, namely, the actual force of negatives in heightening effect; and the gentle and noble characters, and beautiful combinations, which largely predominate in the other poems, stand in far clearer and bolder relief when we perceive the dark and baleful shadow of Vivien lowering from between them.

35. Vivien exhibits a well-sustained conflict between the wizard and, in another sense, the witch. On this side is the wit of woman, on that are the endowments of the

prophet and magician, at once more and less than those of nature. She has heard from him of a charm, a charm "of woven paces, and of waving hands," which pafalyses its victim for ever and without deliverance; and her object is to extract from him the knowledge of it, as a proof of some return for the fervid and boundless love that she pretends. We cannot but estimate very highly the skill with which Mr. Tennyson has secured to what seemed the weaker vessel the ultimate mastery in the fight. Out of the eater comes forth meat. When she seems to lose ground with him, by her slander against the Round Table which he loved, she recovers it by making him believe that she saw all other men, "the knights, the Court, the King, dark in his light:" and when, in answer to her imprecation on herself, a fearful thunderbolt descends and the storm rages, then, nestling in his bosom, part in fear but more in craft, she overcomes the last remnant of his resolution, wins the secret she has so indefatigably wooed, and that instant uses it to close in gloom the famous career of the over-mastered sage.

36. In subtlety and richness of fancy, as well as in the skill of handling, this poem is indeed remarkable even when matched with any of the four; and, to bring our assertion to a test, we quote from it the description of Vivien's witchery when she makes her first approaches (p. 105):

> "And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
> Writhed toward him, slided up his knee, and sat;
> Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
> Together, curved an arm about his neck,
> Clung like a snake: and letting her left hand
> Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
> Made with her right a comb of pearl, to part
> The lists of such a beard as youth gone out

Had left in ashes * * *
* * * then adding all at once
'And lo! I clothe myself with wisdom,' drew
The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard
Across her neck and bosom to her knee,
And called herself a gilded summer-fly
Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,
Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood
Without one word. So Vivien called herself,
But rather seemed a lovely baleful star
Veiled in gray vapour."

37. Nowhere could we more opportunely, than at this point, call attention to Mr. Tennyson's extraordinary felicity and force in the use of metaphor and simile. This gift appears to have grown with his years, alike in abundance, truth, and grace. As the showers descend from heaven to return to it in vapour, so Mr. Tennyson's loving observation of Nature, and his Muse, seem to have had a compact of reciprocity well kept on both sides. When he was young, and when 'Œnone' was first published, he almost boasted of putting a particular kind of grasshopper into Troas, which, as he told us in a note, was probably not to be found there. It is a small but yet an interesting and significant indication that when, some years after, he retouched the poem, he omitted the note, and generalised the grasshopper. Whether we are right or not in taking this for a sign of the movement of his mind, there can be no doubt that his present use of figures is both the sign and the result of a reverence for Nature alike active, intelligent, and refined. Sometimes applying the metaphors of Art to Nature, he more frequently draws the materials of his analogies from her unexhausted book, and, however often he may call for some new and beautiful vehicle of illustration, she seems never to withhold an

answer. With regard to this particular and very critical gift, it seems to us that he may challenge comparison with almost any poet, either of ancient or modern times. We have always been accustomed to look upon Ariosto as one of the greatest among the masters of the art of metaphor and simile: and it would be easy to quote from him instances which in tenderness, grace, force, or all combined, can never be surpassed. But we have rarely seen the power subjected to a greater trial than in the passages just quoted from Mr. Tennyson, where metaphor lies by metaphor as thick as shells upon their bed; yet each individually with its outline as well drawn, its separateness as clear, its form as true to nature, and with the most full and harmonious contribution to the general effect.

38. The 'Maid of Astolat' is the next figure in the great procession: and this poem has deservedly won very general favour. The framework of it is adopted, with less of variation than in any other case, from the old romance: indeed it was hardly possible to add to the simplicity and pathos of the tale as it stands in the pages of Sir Thomas Mallory. The most important alteration, which the poet has made, is in the form of the request which the maiden proffers to Sir Lancelot, when she learns that she cannot be his wife: and he has made it with excellent taste and sense. But while he has preserved its general form, he has broadened and deepened its features, and lengthened those avenues which it opens into the destinies and heart of man.

39. The opening of the narrative is described in the heading of one of Sir Thomas Mallory's chapters: "How Sir Lancelot rode to Astolat, and received a sleeve to bear upon his helm at the request of a maid." He rides on to

the tournament with a borrowed shield; and leaves the maid behind him, smitten with an absorbing fondness for the great warrior. We extract the scene in which her heart receives the seal indelible (p. 160):

"He spoke and ceased: the lily maid Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she looked,
Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marred his face, and marked it ere his time.
Another, sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the west and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it: but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marred as he was, he seemed the goodliest man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marred, of more than twice her years,
Seamed with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love which was her doom."

40. She keeps his shield, a precious token, and by it "lives in fantasy" on the recollection of him. He wins the prize of valour, as is his wont. But is wounded, and is "brought unto an hermit for to be healed of his wound." The maid repairs to him; and, by her tender and constant nursing, he is cured. Her love ever grows in intensity, and she prays to be his wife, or, when she finds that may not be, yet to remain with him, and to wait constantly upon him. This refused, she pines and dies; and her body, by her own prayer, is floated in a barge, with only a steerer old and dumb, and bearing in

her hand the written announcement of her fate, to King Arthur's palace. Lancelot had (p. 192) been grateful to her,

> "And loved her with all love, except the love
> Of man and woman when they love their best,
> Closest, and sweetest, and had died the death
> In any knightly fashion for her sake;"

but the image of Guinevere abides alone, and guiltily supreme, in his great heart:

> "His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
> And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

41. The character of Lancelot was so lofty and tender, so just, brave, and clear, so generous and humble, that it would indeed have been more than human, had it been unstained. It is charged with power almost to a surfeit; but all that power is effectually chastened by an extraordinary refinement, and immersed in a profound tenderness of feeling. Such a knight, who had love, compassion, and generosity enough and to spare for every living creature, could not but be deeply moved by the untimely doom encountered by the sweet maiden for his sake; and he complies in deep sadness with her last request, conveyed by the letter in her dead hand, that he will bury her, and pray for her. And so we have (p. 217)

> "The maiden buried, not as one unknown,
> Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,
> And mass and rolling music, like a queen."

Besides being a new 'Maid's Tragedy,' this Book is also a solemn prelude to that which is to follow, and

which we are inclined to consider as marking the highest point which the poetry of our age has reached.

42. The sleeve, which Lancelot bears in his disguise, arouses the jealousy of Queen Guinevere; and the play of this passion, before it is mournfully extinguished by the catastrophe of the maiden, affords us many glimpses of the interior of her deeply impassioned and powerful nature; while the dark shadows of their coming repentance begin to cross between him and his idol.

In 'Guinevere,' as in all the others, Mr. Tennyson gives us liberally of his wealth in the opening passage; like one who knows that he has ample provision in reserve, and need not guard against disappointments from subsequent decline:—

> "Queen Guinevere had fled the court; and sate
> There in the holy house at Amesbury,
> Weeping; none with her save a little maid,
> A novice: one low light betwixt them burned,
> Blurred by the creeping mist; for all abroad,
> Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
> The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
> Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still."

43. Sir Modred, keen to sow discord in the hope to rise by it to the throne, and the deadly enemy of Lancelot, had long laboured to detect the unlawful loves of that prince of knights and Guinevere. An instinct of apprehension, which poisoned her life after an indication of his purpose, taught the Queen he would succeed. A last meeting is appointed, that they may take a long farewell. That night betrays them; and she, repelling Lancelot's proposal (one hardly in keeping, perhaps, with what the romance records of his feelings) to carry her to his

dominions, takes sanctuary at Amesbury without making known her name.

44. The childlike simplicity of the novice draws her out; and we have a prolonged conversation between them sustained with masterly skill and of the deepest interest; the maiden always artlessly and unconsciously but surely touching on the tenderest place in a sore memory and heart. The solemn and fateful strain of the poem is for a moment relieved by a passage where, with vigorous play of fancy and a just use of the preternatural, the merry life of the court and realm of Arthur, before guilt had come to taint it, is described. It purports to be a description, by the novice, of her own father's journey to attend the inauguration of the Table. We give its closing stage, which describes the banquet (p. 238):—

> "And when at last he came to Camelot,
> A wreath of airy dancers hand in hand
> Swung round the lighted lantern of the hall;
> And in the hall itself was such a feast
> As never man had dreamed: for every knight
> Had whatsoever meat he longed for, served
> By hands unseen; and even, as he said,
> Down in the cellars merry bloated things
> Shouldered the spigot, straddling on the butts
> While the wine ran: so glad were spirits and men
> Before the coming of the sinful Queen."

These allusions at length reach their climax in a burst of passion from the Queen, which subsides into a reverie of matchless beauty:—

> "But help me, Heaven! for surely I repent.
> For what is true repentance, but in thought,
> Not even in inmost thought, to think again
> The sins that made the past so pleasant to us?

And I have sworn never to see him more,
To see him more.
And even in saying this
Her memory, from old habit of the mind,
Went slipping back upon the golden days
In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came
Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,
Ambassador, to lead her to her lord
Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they,
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
And sports and tilts and pleasure (for the time
Was Maytime, and as yet no sin was dreamed),
Rode under groves that looked a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seemed the heavens upbreaking through the earth."

And more, little less worthy until the ending of her journey:

"But when the Queen, immersed in such a trance,
And moving through the past unconsciously,
Came to that point when first she saw the King
Ride toward her from the city, sighed to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,
High, self-contained, and passionless, 'not like him,
Not like my Lancelot:' while she brooded thus,
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armed warrior to the doors."

It is the king: he draws near:

"Prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovelled with her face against the floor:
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King;
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice
Monotonous and hollow, like a ghost's,
Denouncing judgment, but, though changed, the King's."

45. Then follow two most noble speeches of the King. They are indeed hard to describe. They are of a lofty, almost an awful severity; and yet a severity justified by the transcendent elevation, which the poet has given to the character of Arthur. Of the old romances, Lancelot, as a sun with spots, is the hero and the favourite: and Arthur, though good, just, and wise, if he has not the precise descents of Lancelot's character, does not attain either to its elevation or to its breadth of scope. Mr. Tennyson has departed from this order. He has encouraged if not enjoined us to conceive of Arthur as a warrior no less irresistible than Lancelot, but as also perfect in purity, and as in all other respects more comprehensive, solid, and profound. We must not, however, quarrel with an exercise of the prerogative of genius which has altered the sum total of relative station for the two by raising the one much more than by lowering the other, and which has presented us with so invaluable a result. We know not where to look in history or in letters for a nobler and more overpowering conception of man as he might be, than in the Arthur of this volume. Wherever he appears, it is as the great pillar of the moral order, and the resplendent top of human excellence. But even he only reaches to his climax in these two really wonderful speeches. They will not bear mutilation: they must be read, and pondered, to be known; we will only extract the conclusion:

"'My love through flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter, in that world where all are pure,
We too may meet before high God, and thou

Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me, their king, to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son,
Leagued with the Lord of the White Horse, and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou, remaining here, wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more.
Farewell!'

And while she grovelled at his feet
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck.
And, in the darkness, o'er her falling head,
Perceived the waving of his hands, that blest."

He departs. She watches him from the window as he mounts, his dragon-crest gleaming in the mist; and with a face "which then was as an angel's," enjoins the nuns "to guard and foster her for evermore." When he had himself

"become as mist
Before her, moving ghost-like to his doom,"

then she bursts out in a passionate apostrophe of that profound penitence, from which the air of nobleness will not depart, and of recalled and revived affection. As the nuns gather round, her strain rises higher still. But we must digress for a moment.

46. Mr. Tennyson practises largely, and with an extraordinary skill and power, the art of designed and limited repetitions. They bear a considerable resemblance to those Homeric *formulæ* which had been so usefully remarked by

Colonel Mure; not the formulæ of constant recurrence, which tell us who spoke and who answered, but those which are connected with pointing moral effects, and with ulterior purpose. These repetitions tend at once to give more definite impressions of character, and to make firmer and closer the whole tissue of the poem. Thus, in the last speech of Guinevere, she echoes back, with other ideas and expressions, the sentiment of Arthur's affection, which becomes in her mouth sublime:

> "I must not scorn myself: he loves me still:
> Let no one dream but that he loves me still."

She prays admission among the nuns, in order that she may follow the pious and peaceful tenor of their life (p. 260):

> "And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
> The sombre close of that voluptuous day
> Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King."

And it is but a debt of justice to the Guinevere of the romancers to observe, that she loses considerably by the marked transposition which Mr. Tennyson has effected in the order of greatness between Lancelot and Arthur. With him there is an original error in her estimate, independently of the breach of a positive and sacred obligation. She prefers the inferior man; and this preference of itself implies some ethical defect rooted in her nature. In the romance of Sir T. Mallory, the preference she gives to Lancelot would have been signally just, had she been free to choose. For Lancelot is of an indescribable grandeur; but the limit of Arthur's character is thus shown in certain words that he uses, and that Lancelot never could have spoken: "Much more I am sorrier

for my good knight's loss than for the loss of my queen! for queens might I have enough, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never be together in no company."

47. We began with the exordium of this great work: we must not withhold the conclusion. We left her praying admission to the convent:—

> "She said. They took her to themselves; and she,
> Still hoping, fearing, 'is it yet too late?'
> Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died.
> Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
> And for the power of ministration in her,
> And likewise for the high rank she had borne,
> Was chosen Abbess: there, an Abbess, lived
> For three brief years; and there, an Abbess, pass'd
> To where beyond these voices there is peace."

No one, we are persuaded, can read this poem without feeling, when it ends, what may be termed the pangs of vacancy; of that void in heart and mind for want of its continuance, of which we are conscious when some noble strain of music ceases, when some great work of Raphael passes from the view, when we lose sight of some spot connected with high associations, or when some transcendent character upon the page of history finally disappears, and the withdrawal of it is like the withdrawal of the vital air. We have followed the Guinevere of Mr. Tennyson through its detail, and have extracted largely from its pages, and yet have not a hope of having conveyed an idea of what it really is; still we have thought that in this way we should do it the least injustice; and we are also convinced that even what we have shown will tend to rouse an appetite, and that any of our readers, who may not yet have been also

Mr. Tennyson's, will become more eager to learn and admire it at first hand.

48. We have no doubt that Mr. Tennyson has carefully considered how far his subject is capable of fulfilling the conditions of an epic structure. The history of Arthur is not an epic as it stands, but neither was the Cyclic song, of which the greatest of all epics, the Iliad, handles a part. The poem of Ariosto is scarcely an epic, nor is that of Bojardo; but is not this because each is too promiscuous and crowded in its brilliant phantasmagoria to conform to the severe laws of that lofty and inexorable class of poem? Though the Arthurian romance be no epic, it does not follow that no epic can be made from out of it. It is grounded in certain leading characters, men and women, conceived upon models of extraordinary grandeur; and as the Laureate has evidently grasped the genuine law which makes man, and not the mere acts of man, the base of epic song, we should not be surprised were he hereafter to realise the great achievement towards which he seems to be feeling his way. There is a moral unity and a living relationship between the four poems before us, and the first effort of 1842 as a fifth, which, though some considerable part of their contents would necessarily rank as episode, establishes the first and most essential condition of their cohesion. The achievement of Vivien bears directly on the state of Arthur by withdrawing his chief councillor —the brain, as Lancelot was the right arm, of his court; the love of Elaine is directly associated with the final catastrophe of the passion of Lancelot for Guinevere. Enid lies somewhat further off the path. Nor is it for profane feet to intrude into the sanctuary, for reviewers to advise poets in these high matters; but while we presume nothing, we do not despair of seeing Mr. Tennyson

achieve, on the basis he has chosen, the structure of a full-formed epic.

49. In any case we have a cheerful hope that, if he continues to advance upon himself as he has advanced heretofore, nay, if he can keep the level he has gained in Guinevere, such a work will be the greatest, and by far the greatest poetical creation, that, whether in our own or in foreign poetry, the nineteenth century has produced. In the face of all critics, the Laureate of England has now reached a position which at once imposes and instils respect. They are self-constituted; but he has won his way through the long dedication of his manful energies, accepted and crowned by deliberate, and, we rejoice to think, by continually growing, public favour. He has after all, and it is not the least nor lowest item in his praise, been the severest of his own critics; and has not been too proud either to learn or to unlearn in the work of maturing his genius, and building up his fame.

50. From his very first appearance he has had the form and fashion of a true poet: the delicate insight into beauty, the refined perception of harmony, the faculty of suggestion, the eye both in the physical and moral world for motion, light, and colour, the sympathetic and close observation of nature, the dominance of the constructive faculty, and that rare gift the thorough mastery and loving use of his native tongue. Many of us, the common crowd, made of the common clay, may be lovers of Nature. A few may be as sincere or even as ardent as Mr. Tennyson. But it does not follow that even these favoured ones possess the privilege that he enjoys. To them she speaks through vague and indeterminate impressions: for him she has a voice of the most finished articulation; all her images to him are clear and definite, and he translates

them for us into that language of suggestion, emphasis, and refined analogy, which links the manifold to the simple, and the infinite to the finite. He accomplishes for us what we should in vain attempt for ourselves, enables the puny hand to lay hold on what is vast, and brings even the common coarseness of grasp into a real contact with what is subtle and ethereal. His turn for metaphysical analysis is closely associated with a deep ethical insight: and many of his verses form sayings of so high a class that we trust they are destined to contribute a permanent part of the household-words of England.

51. Considering the quantity of power that Mr. Tennyson can make available, it is a great proof of self-discipline that he is not given to a wanton or tyrannous use of it. An extraordinary master of diction, he has confined himself to its severe and simple forms. In establishing this rule of practice, his natural gift has evidently been aided by the fine English of the old romances; and we might count upon the fingers the cases in which he has lately deviated into the employment of any ever so little stilted phrase, or given sanction to any word not of the best fabric.* Profuse in the power of graphic† representation, he has chastened some of his earlier groups of imagery, which were occasionally overloaded with particulars; and in his later works, as has been well remarked, he has shown himself thoroughly aware that in poetry half is greater than the whole.

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* [I think that this sentence by no means does full justice to Mr. Tennyson's claims upon our gratitude as a guardian of the language.—W. E. G., 1878.]

† We use the word in what we conceive to be its only legitimate meaning; namely, after the manner and with the effect of painting. It signifies the *quid*, not the *quale*.

52. That the chastity of style he has attained is not from exhaustion of power may easily be shown. No poet has evinced a more despotic mastery over intractable materials, or has been more successful in clothing what is common with the dignity of his art. The Downs are not the best subjects in the world for verse; but they will be remembered with and by his descriptive line in the 'Idylls'—

"Far o'er the long backs of the bushless downs."

How becoming is the appearance of what we familiarly term the "clod" in the 'Princess'! (p. 37).

"Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe."

Of all imaginable subjects, mathematics might seem the most hopeless to make mention of in verse; but they are with him

"The hard-grained Muses of the cube and square."

Thus at a single stroke he gives us an image alike simple, true, and poetical to boot, because suited to its place and object in its verse; like the heavy Caryatides when well placed in architecture. After this we may less esteem the feat by which in 'Godiva' he describes the clock striking mid-day:—

"All at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers."

But even the contents of a pigeon-pie are not beneath his notice, nor yet beyond his powers of embellishment, in 'Audley Court:'—

"A pasty, costly made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks
Imbedded and injellied."

What excites more surprise is that he can, without any offence against good taste, venture to deal with these contents even after they have entered the mouth of the eater ('Enid,' p. 79):—

> "The brawny spearman let his cheek
> Bulge with the unswallowed piece, and turning, stared."

The delicate insight of fine taste appears to show him with wonderful precision up to what point his art can control and compel his materials; and from what point the materials are in hopeless rebellion, and must be let alone. So in the 'Princess' (p. 89) we are intoduced to—

> "Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
> Huge women *blowzed* with health, and wind, and rain,
> And labour."

It was absolutely necessary for him to heighten, nay, to coarsen, the description of these masses of animated beef, who formed the standing army of the woman-commonwealth. Few would have obeyed this law without violating another law; but Mr. Tennyson saw that the verb was admissible, while the adjective would have been intolerable. There is a certain power of purging out vulgarity from ideas ordinarily tinged with it, which, as the readers of Homer and Dante know, is among the incommunicable prerogatives of genius.

53. In 1842, the severity of his eclectic process made it evident that he did not mean to allow any faults or weaknesses to stint the growth and mar the exhibition of his genius. When he published '*In Memoriam*' in 1850, all readers were conscious of the progressive widening and strengthening, but, above all, deepening of his mind. We

cannot hesitate to mark the present volume as exhibiting another forward and upward stride, and that perhaps the greatest of all, in his career. If we are required to show cause for this opinion under any special head, we would at once point to that which is, after all, probably the first among the poet's gifts—the gift of conceiving and representing human character.

54. Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian essays continually suggest to us comparisons not so much with any one poet as a whole, but rather with many or most of the highest poets. The music and the just and pure modulation of his verse carry us back not only to the fine ear of Shelley, but to Milton and to Shakespeare: and his powers of fancy and of expression have produced passages which if they are excelled by that one transcendent and ethereal poet of our nation whom we have last named, yet hardly could have been produced by any other English minstrel. Our author has a right to regard his own blank verse as highly characteristic and original: but yet Milton has contributed to its formation, and occasionally there is a striking resemblance in turn and diction, while Mr. Tennyson is the more idiomatic of the two. The chastity and moral elevation of this volume, its essential and profound though not didactic Christianity, are such as perhaps cannot be matched throughout the circle of English literature* in conjunction with an equal power; and such as even to recall a pattern which we know not whether Mr.

* [At the date of this Review the 'Dream of Gerontius' by Dr. Newman had not been published. It appeared in 1865, without the Author's name, and in the unpretending form of a thin 32mo book or *booklet*. For this or some other unsatisfactory reason, it has never attained the renown it deserves. It was republished in 1868, in a volume which bore the initials J. H. N.—W. E. G., 1878.]

Tennyson has studied, the celestial strain of Dante.* This is the more remarkable, because he has had to tread upon ground which must have been slippery for any foot but his.

55. We are far from knowing that either Lancelot or Guinevere would have been safe even for mature readers, were it not for the instinctive purity of his mind, and the high skill of his management. We do know that in other times they have had their noble victims, whose names have become immortal as their own.

> "Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
> Di Lancilotto, e come amor lo strinse.
> * * * * *
> Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse."†

How difficult it is to sustain the elevation of such a subject, may be seen in the well-meant and long popular 'Jane Shore' of Rowe. How easily this very theme may be vulgarised, is shown in the '*Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*' of M. Creuzé de Lesser, who nevertheless has aimed at a peculiar delicacy of treatment.

56. But the grand poetical quality, in which the new volume gives to its author a new rank and standing, is its dramatic power: the power of drawing character, and of representing action. These faculties have not been precocious in Mr. Tennyson: but what is more material, they have now come out in great force. He has always been fond of personal delineations, from Claribel and

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* It is no reproach to say that neither Dante nor Homer could have been studied by Mr. Tennyson at the time (a very early period of his life) when he wrote the lines which are allotted to them respectively in 'The Palace of Art.'

† 'Inferno,' c. V. v. 127.

Lilian down to his Ida, his Psyche, and his Maud; but they have been of dreamy, shadowy quality, doubtful as to flesh and blood, and with eyes having little or no speculation in them. He is far greater and far better when he has, as he now has, a good raw material ready to his hand, than when he draws only on the airy or chaotic regions of what Carlyle calls unconditioned possibility. He is made not so much to convert the moor into the field, as the field into the rich and gorgeous garden. The imperfect *nisus*, which might be remarked in some former works, has at length reached the fulness of dramatic energy: in the Idylls we have no vagueness or thinness to complain of: everything lives and moves, in the royal strength of nature: the fire of Prometheus has fairly caught the clay: each figure stands clear, broad, and sharp before us, as if it had sky for its background: and this of small as well as great, for even the "little novice" is projected on the canvas with the utmost truth and vigour, and with that admirable effect in heightening the great figure of Guinevere, which Patroclus produces for the character of Achilles, and (as some will have it) the modest structure of St. Margaret's for the giant proportions of Westminster Abbey. And this, we repeat, is the crowning gift of the poet: the power of conceiving and representing man.

57. We do not believe that a Milton—or, in other words, the writer of a 'Paradise Lost'—could ever be so great as a Shakespeare or a Homer, because (setting aside all other questions) his chief characters are neither human, nor can they be legitimately founded upon humanity;*

* [But I commend to the notice of the reader the *Saggio* of Bonaventura Zumbini on the sublime Satan of 'Paradise Lost,' in 'Saggi Critici,' Napoli, 1876.—W. E. G., 1878.]

and, moreover, what he has to represent of man is, by the very law of its being, limited in scale and development. Here at least the saying is a true one in its full scope; *Antiquitas sæculi, juventus mundi;* rendered by our Laureate in 'The Day-dream,'

> "For we are ancients of the earth,
> And in the morning of the times."

The Adam and Eve of Paradise exhibit to us the first inception of our race; and neither then, nor after their first sad lesson, could they furnish those materials for representations, which their descendants have accumulated in the school of their incessant and many-coloured, but on the whole too gloomy, experience. To the long chapters of that experience, every generation of man makes its own addition. Again we ask the aid of Mr. Tennyson in 'Locksley Hall':—

> "Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

58. The substitution of law for force has indeed altered the relations of the strong and the weak; the hardening or cooling down of political institutions and social traditions, the fixed and legal track instead of the open pathless field, have removed or neutralised many of those occasions and passages of life, which were formerly the schools of individual character. The genius of mechanism has vied, in the arts both of peace and war, with the strong hand, and has well-nigh robbed it of its place. But let us not be deceived by that smoothness of superficies, which the social prospect offers to the distant eye. Nearness dispels the illusion; life is still as full of deep, of varied, of ecstatic, of harrowing interests as it ever was. The heart of man still beats and bounds, exults and suffers, from

causes which are only less salient and conspicuous, because they are more mixed and diversified. It still undergoes every phase of emotion, and even, as seems probable, with a susceptibility which has increased and is increasing, and which has its index and outer form in the growing delicacy and complexities of the nervous system. Does any one believe that ever at any time there was a greater number of deaths referable to that comprehensive cause, a broken heart? Let none fear that this age, or any coming one, will extirpate the material of poetry. The more reasonable apprehension might be lest it should sap the vital force necessary to handle that material, and mould it into appropriate forms. To those especially who cherish any such apprehension, we recommend the perusal of this volume. Of it we will say without fear, what we would not dare to say of any other recent work; that of itself it raises the character and the hopes of the age and the country which have produced it, and that its author, by his own single strength, has made a sensible addition to the permanent wealth of mankind.

IV.

WEDGWOOD.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT BURSLEM, STAFFORDSHIRE, OCTOBER 26, 1863.*

1. WE have now, Ladies and Gentlemen, laid the foundation stone of a building which is destined, as I hope, to do honour, and to produce abundant benefit, to this town and neighbourhood.

The occupations and demands of political life compel many of those who pursue it, and myself among the number, to make a rule of declining all invitations of a local character, except such as lie within their own immediate and personal sphere. But when I received, through one of your respected representatives, an invitation to co-operate with you in the foundation of the Wedgwood Institute, at the place which gave him birth, and on the site of what may, perhaps, be called his earliest factory, I could not hesitate to admit that a design of this kind was, at least in my view, not a local, but, when properly regarded, rather a national design. Partly it may be classed as national, because the manufacture of earthenware, in its varied and innumerable branches, is fast becoming, or has indeed become, one of our great and distinguishing British manufactures. But it is for another and a broader reason, that I desire to treat the purpose

* London, John Murray, 1863.

you have now in hand as a purpose of national, rather than merely local or partial interest. It is because there are certain principles applicable to manufacture, by the observance or neglect of which its products are rendered good or bad. These principles were applied by Wedgwood with a consistency and tenacity that cannot too closely be examined, to industrial production. And these principles, being his, and being true, were also in no small degree peculiar to his practice; and deserve on this account, to be, in the permanent annals of art, especially associated with his name.

2. I have engaged, as I am aware, in a somewhat perilous undertaking. For, having come here to speak to you about a man and a business, I am obliged to begin by confessing what, if I did not confess it, you would soon discover for yourselves, namely that of both of them my knowledge is scanty, theoretic, and remote: while you breathe the air, inherit the traditions, in some cases bear the very name of the man; and have a knowledge of the business, founded upon experience and upon interest, in all its turns and stages, and from its outer skin, so to speak, to its innermost core. It is the learner who for the moment stands in the teacher's place, and instead of listening with submission, seems to aim at speaking with authority. In this course of remark it would be easy to enlarge; but I must stop, or I shall soon demonstrate that I ought not to be here at all.

3. Let me then offer something on the other side. First, I have to assure you that whatever I shall say, I submit with entire deference to the judgments of those who are better informed, and with a full assurance that if erroneous it will be corrected, and if false exploded. Secondly, as an observer, according to my limited

capacity and means, of fictile manufacture in its various branches, I have formed deliberately so high, so very high, an estimate of Wedgwood in relation not merely to his particular business, but to the general laws of industrial production, that I am glad to have an opportunity of stating it fully and freely, in order to bring it, as far as in me lies, to trial by the public judgment. And thirdly, in the office which I hold as servant of the Crown,* and which places me in incessant contact with much of the industry of the country in its several branches, I am anxious, from the deep interest I cannot but feel in its welfare, to bear my testimony to the principles, of which Wedgwood was, so to speak, an apostle; and moreover, to give to that testimony any little weight which such an office, and such a deep interest and near relation established by it, may be likely, in the absence of higher personal qualifications, to impart.

4. Thirty years ago, it would probably have been held by many, and it may still be the thought of some, that the matters, of which I have now to speak, are matters which may well be left to regulate themselves. To vindicate for trade in all its branches the principle and power of self-regulation, has been, for nearly a quarter of a century, a principal function of the British Parliament. But the very same stage in our political and social existence, which has taught us the true and beneficial application of the laws of political economy, has likewise disclosed to us the just limits of the science, and of the field of its practical application. The very same age, which has seen the State strike off the fetters of industry, has also seen it interpose, with a judicious boldness, for the protection of

* Chancellor of the Exchequer.

labour. The same spirit of policy, which has taken from the British producer the enjoyment of a system of virtual bounties, paralysing to him and most costly to the community at large, has offered him the aids of knowledge and instruction by whatever means, either of precept or example, public authority could command.

5. We may consider the products of industry with reference to their utility; or to their cheapness; or with regard to their influence upon the condition of those who produce them; or, lastly, with reference to their beauty; to the degree in which they associate the presentation of forms and colours, agreeable to the cultivated eye, with the attainment of the highest aptitude for those purposes of common life for which they are properly designed. First, as to their utility and convenience, considered alone, we may leave that to the consumer, who will not buy what does not suit him. As to their cheapness, when once security has been taken that an entire society shall not be forced to pay an artificial price to some of its members for their productions, we may safely commit the question to the action of competition among manufacturers, and of what we term the laws of supply and demand. As to the condition of the workpeople, experience has shown, especially in the case of the Factory Acts, that we should do wrong in laying down any abstract maxim as an invariable rule. Generally it may be said, that the presumption is in every case against legislative interference: but that upon special grounds, and most of all where children are employed, it may sometimes not only be warranted but required. This, however, though I may again advert to it, is not for to-day our special subject. We come, then, to the last of the heads which I have named: the association of beauty

with utility, each of them taken according to its largest sense, in the business of industrial production. And it is in this department, I conceive, that we are to look for the peculiar pre-eminence, I will not scruple to say the peculiar greatness, of Wedgwood.

6. Now do not let us suppose that, when we speak of this association of beauty with convenience, we speak either of a matter which is light and fanciful, or of one which may, like some of those I have named, be left to take care of itself. Beauty is not an accident of things, it pertains to their essence; it pervades the wide range of creation; and, wherever it is impaired or banished, we have in this fact the proof of the moral disorder which disturbs the world. Reject, therefore, the false philosophy of those who will ask what does it matter, provided a thing be useful, whether it be beautiful or not: and say in reply that we will take one lesson from Almighty God, Who in His works hath shown us, and in His Word also has told us, that "He hath made everything," not one thing, or another thing, but everything, "beautiful in His time." Among all the devices of creation, there is not one more wonderful, whether it be the movement of the heavenly bodies, or the succession of the seasons and the years, or the adaptation of the world and its phenomena to the conditions of human life, or the structure of the eye, or hand, or any other part of the frame of man,—not one of all these is more wonderful, than the profuseness with which the Mighty Maker has been pleased to shed over the works of His hands an endless and boundless beauty.

7. And to this constitution of things outward, the constitution and mind of man, deranged although they be, still answer from within. Down to the humblest condition of

life, down to the lowest and most backward grade of civilisation, the nature of man craves, and seems as it were even to cry aloud, for something, some sign or token at the least, of what is beautiful, in some of the many spheres of mind or sense. This it is, that makes the Spitalfields weaver, amidst the murky streets of London, train canaries and bullfinches to sing to him at his work: that fills with flower-pots the windows of the poor: that leads the peasant of Pembrokeshire to paint the outside of his cottage in the gayest colours: that prompts, in the humbler classes of women, a desire for some little personal ornament, certainly not without its dangers (for what sort of indulgence can ever be without them?), yet sometimes, perhaps, too sternly repressed from the high and luxurious places of society. But indeed we trace the operation of this principle yet more conspicuously in a loftier region: in that instinct of natural and Christian piety, which taught the early masters of the Fine Arts to clothe, not only the most venerable characters associated with the objects and history of our Faith, but especially the idea of the sacred Person of our Lord, in the noblest forms of beauty that their minds could conceive, and their hands could execute.

8. It is, in short, difficult for human beings to harden themselves at all points against the impressions and the charm of beauty. Every form of life, that can be called in any sense natural, will admit them. If we look for an exception, we shall perhaps come nearest to finding one in a quarter where it would not at first be expected. I know not whether there is any one among the many species of human aberration, that renders a man so entirely callous, as the lust of gain in its extreme degrees. That passion, where it has full dominion, excludes every

other; it shuts out even what might be called redeeming infirmities; it blinds men to the sense of beauty, as much as to the perception of justice and right; cases might perhaps be named of countries, where greediness for money holds the widest sway, and where unmitigated ugliness is the principal characteristic of industrial products. On the other hand, I do not believe it is extravagant to say, that the pursuit of the element of Beauty, in the business of production, will be found to act with a genial, chastening, and refining influence on the commercial spirit; that, up to a certain point, it is in the nature of a preservative against some of the moral dangers, that beset trading and manufacturing enterprise; and that we are justified in regarding it not merely as an economical benefit; not merely as that which contributes to our works an element of value; not merely as that which supplies a particular faculty of human nature with its proper food; but as a liberalising and civilising power, and an instrument, in its own sphere, of moral and social improvement. Indeed it would be strange, if a deliberate departure from what we see to be the law of Nature, in its outward sphere, were the road to a close conformity with its innermost and highest laws.

9. But now let us not conceive that, because the love of Beauty finds for itself a place in the general heart of mankind, therefore we need never make it the object of a special attention, or put in action special means to promote and to uphold it. For after all, our attachment to it is a matter of degree, and of degree which experience has shown to be, in different places, and at different times, indefinitely variable. We may not be able to reproduce the age of Pericles, or even that which is known as the *Cinque-cento*; but yet it depends upon our own choice,

whether we shall or shall not have a title to claim kindred, however remotely, with either, aye or with both, of those brilliant periods. What we are bound to, is this: to take care, that everything we produce shall, in its kind and class, be as good as we can make it. When Dr. Johnson, whom I suppose that Staffordshire must ever reckon among her most distinguished ornaments, was asked by Mr. Boswell, how he had attained to his extraordinary excellence in conversation, he replied, he had no other rule or system than this; that, whenever he had anything to say, he tried to say it in the best manner he was able. It is this perpetual striving after excellence on the one hand, or the want of such effort on the other, which, more than the original difference of gifts (certain and great as that difference may be), contributes to bring about the differences we observe in the works and characters of men. Now such efforts are more rare, in proportion as the object in view is higher, the reward more distant.

10. It appears to me that, in the application of Beauty to works of utility, the reward is generally remote. A new element of labour is imported into the process of production; and that element, like others, must be paid for. In the modest publication, which the firm of Wedgwood and Bentley put forth under the name of a Catalogue, but which really contains much sound and useful teaching on the principles of industrial Art, they speak plainly on this subject to the following effect:—

"There is another error, common with those who are not over-well acquainted with the particular difficulties of a given art; they often say, that a beautiful object can be manufactured as cheaply as an ugly

one. A moment's reflection should suffice to undeceive them."*

11. The beautiful object will be dearer, than one perfectly bare and bald; not because utility is curtailed or compromised for the sake of beauty, but because there may be more manual labour, and there must be more thought, in the original design.—

"Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit."†

Therefore the manufacturer, whose daily thought it must and ought to be to cheapen his productions, endeavouring to dispense with all that can be spared, is under much temptation to decline letting Beauty stand as an item to lengthen the account of the costs of production. So the pressure of economical laws tells severely upon the finer elements of trade. And yet it may be argued that, in this as in other cases, in the case for example of the durability and solidity of articles, that which appears cheapest at first may not be cheapest in the long run. And this for two reasons. In the first place, because in the long run mankind are willing to pay a price for Beauty. I will seek for a proof of this proposition in an illustrious neighbouring nation. France is the second commercial country of the world; and her command of foreign markets seems clearly referable, in a great degree, to the real elegance of her productions, and to establish in the most intelligible form the principle, that taste has an exchangeable value; that it fetches a price in the markets of the world.

* Catalogue, p. 95. I quote from the sixth edition: it is in French, and is the only one I have seen.

† Georg. I. 122. Some of the quotations were not delivered orally.

12. But, furthermore, there seems to be another way, by which the law of nature arrives at its revenge upon the short-sighted lust for cheapness. We begin, say, by finding Beauty expensive. We accordingly decline to pay a class of artists for producing it. Their employment ceases; and the class itself disappears. Presently we find, by experience, that works reduced to utter baldness do not long satisfy. We have to meet a demand for embellishment of some kind. But we have now starved out the race, who knew the laws and modes of its production. Something, however, must be done. So we substitute strength for flavour, quantity for quality; and we end by producing incongruous excrescences, or even hideous malformations, at a greater cost than would have sufficed for the nourishment among us, without a break, of chaste and virgin Art.

13. Thus, then, the penalty of error may be certain; but it may remain not the less true that the reward of sound judgment and right action, depending as it does not on to-day or to-morrow, but on the far-stretching future, is remote. In the same proportion, it is wise and needful to call in aid all the secondary resources we can command. Among these instruments, and among the best of them, is to be reckoned the foundation of Institutes, such as that which you are now about to establish; for they not only supply the willing with means of instruction, but they bear witness from age to age to the principle on which they are founded; they carry down the tradition of good times through the slumber and the night of bad times, ready to point the path to excellence, when the dawn returns again. I heartily trust the Wedgwood Institute will be one worthy of its founders, and of its object.

14. But now let us draw nearer to the immediate cha-

racter and office of him, whom I may call our hero. His most signal and characteristic merit lay, as I have said, in the firmness and fulness with which he perceived the true law of what we termed Industrial Art, or in other words, of the application of the higher Art to Industry; the law which teaches us to aim first at giving to every object the greatest possible degree of fitness and convenience for its purpose, and next at making it the vehicle of the highest degree of Beauty which, compatibly with that fitness and convenience, it will bear; which does not, I need hardly say, substitute the secondary for the primary end, but which recognises, as part of the business of production, the study to harmonise the two. To have a strong grasp of this principle, and to work it out to its results in the details of a vast and varied manufacture, is a praise, high enough for any man, at any time, and in any place. But it was higher and more peculiar, as I think, in the case of Wedgwood, than in almost any other case it could be. For that truth of Art, which he saw so clearly, and which lies at the root of excellence, was one, of which England, his country, has not usually had a perception at all corresponding in strength and fulness with her other rare endowments. She has long taken a lead among the nations of Europe for the cheapness of her manufactures: not so for their beauty. And if the day shall ever come, when she shall be as eminent in true taste, as she is now in economy of production, my belief is that that result will probably be due to no other single man in so great a degree as to Wedgwood.

15. This part of the subject, however, deserves a somewhat fuller consideration.

There are three regions given to man for the exercise of his faculties in the production of objects, or the per-

formance of acts, conducive to civilisation, and to the ordinary uses of life. Of these, one is the homely sphere of simple utility. What is done, is done for some purpose of absolute necessity, or of immediate and passing use. What is produced, is produced with an almost exclusive regard to its value in exchange, to the market of the place and day. A dustman, for example, cannot be expected to move with the grace of a fairy; nor can his cart be constructed on the flowing lines of a Greek chariot of war. Not but that, even in this unpromising domain, Beauty also has her place. But it is limited, and may for the present purpose be left out of view.

16. Then there is, secondly, the lofty sphere of pure thought and its ministering organs, the sphere of Poetry and the highest Arts. Here, again, the place of what we term utility is narrow; and the production of the Beautiful, in one or other of its innumerable forms, is the supreme, if not the only, object.

Now, I believe it to be undeniable, that in both of these spheres, widely separated as they are, the faculties of Englishmen, and the distinctions of England, have been of the very first order. In the power of economical production, she is at the head of all the nations of the earth. If in the Fine Arts, in Painting, for example, she must be content with a second place, yet in Poetry, which ranks even higher than Painting,—I hope I am not misled by national feeling when I say it,—she may fairly challenge all the countries of Christendom, and no one of them, but Italy, can as yet enter into serious competition with the land of Shakespeare.

17. But, for one, I should admit that, while thus pre-eminent in the pursuit of pure beauty on the one side, and of unmixed utility on the other, she has been far less for-

tunate, indeed, for the most part she has been decidedly behind-hand, in that intermediate region, where Art is brought into contact with Industry, and where the pair may wed together. This is a region alike vast and diversified. Upwards, it embraces Architecture, an art which, while it affords the noblest scope for grace and grandeur, is also, or rather ought to be, strictly tied down to the purposes of convenience, and has for its chief end to satisfy one of the most imperative and elementary wants of man. Downwards, it extends to a very large proportion of the products of human industry. Some things, indeed, such as scientific instruments for example, are so determined by their purposes to some particular shape, surface, and materials, that even a Wedgwood might find in them little space for the application of his principles. But, while all the objects of trade and manufacture admit of fundamental differences in point of fitness and unfitness, probably the major part of them admit of fundamental differences also in point of Beauty or of Ugliness.

18. Utility is not to be sacrificed for Beauty, but they are generally compatible, often positively helpful to each other; and it may be safely asserted, that the periods, when the study of Beauty has been neglected, have usually been marked not by a more successful pursuit of utility, but by a general decline in the energies of man. In Greece, the fountainhead of all instruction on these matters, the season of her highest historic splendour was also the summer of her classic poetry and art; and in contemplating her architecture, we scarcely know whether most to admire the acmè of Beauty, or the perfect obedience to the laws of mechanical contrivance. The Arts of Italy were the offspring of her freedom, and with its death they languished and decayed. And let us again advert for a

moment to the case of France. In the particular department of industrial art, France, perhaps, of all modern nations, has achieved the greatest distinction: and at the same time there is no country which has displayed, through a long course of ages, a more varied activity, or acquired a greater number of the most conspicuous titles to renown.

19. It would be easy to show that the reputation, which England has long enjoyed with the trading world, has been a reputation for cheap, and not for beautiful, production. In some great branches of manufacture, we were, until lately, dependent upon patterns imported from abroad: in others, our works presented to the eye nothing but a dreary waste of capricious ugliness. Some of us remember with what avidity, thirty or forty years back, the ladies of England, by themselves and by their friends, smuggled, when they had a chance, every article of dress and ornament from France. That practice has now ceased. No doubt the cessation is to be accounted for by the simple and unquestionable fact that there are no longer any duties to evade: but also the preference itself has in some degree been modified, and that modification is referable to the great progress that has been made in the taste and discernment, which this country applies to industry. I have understood that, for some of the textile fabrics, patterns are now not imported only, but also exported to France in exchange.

20. Nor let us treat this as if it were a matter only of blame to our immediate forefathers, and of commendation to ourselves. It has not, I think, been sufficiently considered, what immense disadvantages were brought upon the country, as respects the application of Fine Art to Industry, by the great Revolutionary War. Not only was the engrossing character of a deadly struggle un-

favourable to all such purposes, but our communion with the civilized world was placed under very serious restraint; and we were in great measure excluded from resort to those cities and countries, which possessed in the greatest abundance the examples bequeathed by former excellence. Nor could it be expected, that Kings and Governments, absorbed in a conflict of life and death, and dependent for the means of sustaining it on enormous and constant loans, could spare either thought or money from war and its imperious demands, for these, the most pacific among all the purposes of peace. At any rate, I take it to be nearly certain, that the period of the war was a period of general, and of progressive, depression, and even degradation, in almost every branch of industrial art. Nor is this the less true in substance, because Beauty may have had witnesses here and there, prophesying, as it were, in sackcloth on her behalf. I apprehend that, for example, the fabrics of your own manufacture were, in point of taste and grace, much inferior to what they had been at a former time; that the older factories had in some cases died out, in others, such as Worcester, for instance, they had declined: and that, whereas Wedgwood is said to have exported five-sixths of what he made, we not only had lost, forty or fifty years ago, any hold such as he had obtained upon the foreign market, but we owed the loss, in part at least, and in great part, to our marked declension in excellence and taste.

21. I submit, however, that, considering all which England has done in the sphere of pure Beauty on the one side, and in the sphere of cheap and useful manufacture on the other, it not only is needless, but would be irrational, to suppose that she lies under any radical or incurable incapacity for excelling also in that intermediate sphere,

where the two join hands, and where Wedgwood gained the distinctions which have made him, in the language of Mr. Smiles, the "illustrious" Wedgwood. I do not think that Wedgwood should be regarded as a strange phenomenon, no more native to us and ours than a meteoric stone from heaven; as a happy accident, without example, and without return. Rare indeed is the appearance of such men in the history of industry: single perhaps it may have been among ourselves, for whatever the merits of others, such in particular as Mr. Minton, yet I for one should scruple to place any of them in the same class with Wedgwood; no one is like him, no one, it may almost be said, is even second to him;

"Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum;"

but the line on which he moved is a line, on which every one, engaged in manufacture of whatever branch, may move after him, and like him.

22. And, as it is the wisdom of man universally to watch against his besetting errors, and to strengthen himself in his weakest points, so it is the study and following of Wedgwood, and of Wedgwood's principles, which may confidently be recommended to our producers as the specific cure for the specific weakness of the ordinary products of English industry.* Of imagination, fancy, taste, of the

* A friend has pointed out to me, since this Address was delivered, the following comparison between Goethe and Wedgwood, by a countryman of the former. As a countryman of Wedgwood, I should hardly have dared it: but I accept it, as most apt and just, from the competent and dispassionate witness who tenders it. Novalis (*Fragmente, Aesthetik und Literatur*) thus writes: "Goethe ist ganz praktischer Dichter. Er ist in seinen Werken, was der Engländer in seinen Waaren ist: höchst einfach, nett, bequem und dauerhaft. Er hat in der deutschen Literatur das gethan, was Wedgwood in der englischen Kunstwelt gethan hat."

highest cultivation in all its forms, this great nation has abundance. Of industry, skill, perseverance, mechanical contrivance, it has a yet larger stock, which overtops our narrow fence, and floods the world. The one great want is, to bring these two groups of qualities harmoniously together; and this was the peculiar excellence of Wedgwood; his excellence, peculiar in such a degree, as to give his name a place above every other, so far as I know, in the history of British industry; and remarkable, and entitled to fame, even in the history of the industry of the world.

23. We make our first introduction to Wedgwood about the year 1741, as the youngest of a family of thirteen children, and as put to earn his bread, at eleven years of age, in the trade of his father, and in the branch of a thrower. Then comes the well-known small-pox: the settling of the dregs of the disease in the lower part of the leg: and the amputation of the limb, rendering him lame for life. It is not often that we have such palpable occasion to record our obligations to the small-pox. But, in the wonderful ways of Providence, that disease, which came to him as a two-fold scourge, was probably the occasion of his subsequent excellence.* It prevented him from growing up to be the active vigorous English workman, possessed of all his limbs, and knowing right well the use of them; but it put him upon considering whether, as he could not be that, he might not be something else, and something greater. It sent his mind inwards; it drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of his art. The result was, that he arrived at a perception and a grasp of them which might, perhaps, have been envied; certainly have

* A very similar anecdote is told of Joseph Bramah by Mr. Smiles; *Industrial Biography*, p. 184.

been owned, by an Athenian potter. Relentless criticism has long since torn to pieces the old legend of King Numa, receiving in a cavern, from the Nymph Egeria, the laws that were to govern Rome. But no criticism can shake the record of that illness, and that mutilation of the boy Josiah Wedgwood, which made for him a cavern of his bedroom, and an oracle of his own inquiring, searching, meditative, fruitful mind.

24. From those early days of suffering, weary perhaps to him as they went by, but bright surely in the retrospect both to him and us, a mark seems at once to have been set upon his career. But those, who would dwell upon his history, have still to deplore that many of the materials are wanting. It is not creditable to his country or his art, that the Life of Wedgwood should still remain unwritten.* Here is a man, who, in the well-chosen words of his epitaph, "converted a rude and inconsiderable manufacture into an elegant art, and an important branch of national commerce." Here is a man, who, beginning as it were from zero, and unaided by the national or the royal gifts which were found necessary to uphold the glories of Sèvres, of Chelsea, and of Dresden, produced works truer, perhaps, to the inexorable laws of art, than the fine fabrics that proceeded from those establishments, and scarcely less attractive to the public taste of not England only, but the world.

25. Here, again, is a man, who found his business cooped up within a narrow valley by the want of even tolerable communications, and who, while he devoted his mind to the lifting that business from meanness, ugliness, and

* [It has since been written at large by Mrs. Meteyard; and in a more contracted form by Mr. Tewitt.—W. E. G., 1878.]

weakness, to the highest excellence of material and form, had surplus energy enough to take a leading part in great engineering works like the Grand Trunk Canal from the Mersey to the Trent. These works made the raw material of his industry abundant and cheap, supplied a vent for the manufactured article, and opened for it materially a way to what we may term its conquest of the outer world.

26. Lastly, here is a man who found his country dependent upon others for its supplies of all the finer earthenware, but who, by his single strength, reversed the inclination of the scales, and scattered thickly the productions of his factory over all the breadth of the continent of Europe. There has been placed in my hands, this very morning, a testimony to the extraordinary performance of Wedgwood in this respect, which is couched in such terms, that I might have scrupled to accept or quote them, had they been due to the partial pen of a countryman. But the witness is a contemporary Frenchman, M. Faujas Saint Fond; who, in his *Travels in England*, writes as follows respecting Wedgwood's ware :—

"Its excellent workmanship; its solidity; the advantage which it possesses of standing the action of the fire; its fine glaze, impenetrable to acids; the beauty, convenience, and variety of its forms, and its moderate price, have created a commerce so active, and so universal, that in travelling from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Amsterdam to the furthest point of Sweden, from Dunkirk to the southern extremity of France, one is served at every inn from English earthenware. The same fine article adorns the tables of Spain, Portugal, and Italy; it provides the cargoes of ships to the East Indies, the West Indies, and America."

27. Surely it is strange that the life of such a man

should, in this "nation of shopkeepers," yet at this date remain unwritten; and I have heard with much pleasure a rumour, which I trust is true, that such a gap in our literature is about to be filled up.

28. All that we know, however, of the life of Wedgwood seems to be eminently characteristic. We find the works of his earliest youth already beginning to impress a new character upon his trade: a character of what may be called precision and efficiency, combined with taste, and with the best basis of taste, a loving and docile following of nature.* We find him beginning his partnerships when manhood was but just attained, first with Harrison, a fellow-workman, secondly with Whieldon; and the latter business, I believe, was carried on at the exact place where we are now assembled. But, as we might naturally expect in a case of a spirit so energetic and expansive, we learn that, in each of these cases, the bed did not give him room enough to lie on or to turn in; and in 1759, as soon as his articles with Whieldon expire, he escapes from this unequal yoking, and enters into business by himself. This, however, though a natural, was not a final stage. It was necessary that he, who was the soul, should also be the centre and the head: but it was further necessary that he should surround himself at all points with an efficient staff for a great, varied, and not merely reforming but creative work. Hence he associated himself with Mr. Richard Bentley as a partner; who is stated to have chiefly superintended the London business, but who has

* I learned at Burslem, after delivering this Address, with pleasure but without surprise, that Mr. Wedgwood either was the founder, or at the least took a leading part in the foundation, of the Horticultural Society of London.

credit for having supplied the information, necessary to enable the firm to enter so largely on the handling of classical designs. Hence he employed Mr. Chisholm as an experimental chemist, and other scientific men in the several departments of the business. Hence his connexion with Flaxman, which has redounded alike to the honour of the one and of the other.

29. It was once the fashion to say that Queen Elizabeth had by no means been proved to be a woman of extraordinary powers, but that she certainly had ministers of vast ability. And in like manner some might be tempted to suspect, when they have seen Wedgwood thus surrounded, that his merit lay chiefly in the choice of instruments and coadjutors, and that to them the main part of the praise is due.

30. What were the respective shares of Bentley and others in the great work of Wedgwood, is a question of interest, on which it may be hoped that we shall soon be more largely informed. It is plain that, in an enterprise so extended and diversified, there not only may, but must, have been, besides the head, various assistants, perhaps also various workmen, of merit sufficient to claim the honour of separate commemoration. As to the part which belongs to Flaxman, there is little difficulty: notwithstanding the distorting influence of fire, the works of that incomparable designer still in great part speak for themselves. To imitate Homer, Æschylus, or Dante, is scarcely a more arduous task than to imitate the artist by whom they were illustrated. Yet I, for one, cannot accept the doctrine of those, who would have us ascribe to Flaxman the whole merit of the character of Wedgwood's productions, considered as works of art.

31. And this for various reasons. First, from what we

already learn of his earliest efforts, of the labours of his own hands, which evidently indicate an elevated aim, and a force bearing upwards mere handicraft into the region of true plastic Art: as, again, from that remarkable incident, recorded in the history of the Borough of Stoke, when he himself threw the first specimens of the black Etruscan vases, while Bentley turned the lathe. Secondly, because the very same spirit, which presided in the production of the Portland or Barberini vase, or of the finest of the purely ornamental *plaques*, presided also, as the eye still assures us, in the production not only of *déjeuners*, and other articles of luxury, intended for the rich, but even of the cheap and common wares of the firm. The forms of development were varied, but the whole circle of the manufacture was pervaded by a principle one and the same. Thirdly, because it is plain that Wedgwood was not only an active, careful, clear-headed, liberal-minded, enterprising man of business,—not only, that is to say, a great manufacturer, but also a great man. He had in him that turn and fashion of true genius, which we may not unfrequently recognise in our Engineers, but which the immediate heads of industry, whether in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, and whether in this or in other countries, have more rarely exhibited.

32. It would be quite unnecessary to dwell on the excellences of such of the works of Wedgwood, as belong to the region of Fine Art strictly so called, and are not, in the common sense, commodities for use. To these, all the world does justice. Suffice it to say, in general terms, that they may be considered partly as imitations, partly as reproductions, of Greek art. As imitations, they carry us back to the purest source. As reproductions, they are not limited to the province of their originals, but are con-

ceived in the genuine, free, and soaring spirit of that with which they claim relationship.

33. But it is not in happy imitation, it is not in the successful presentation of works of Fine Art, that, as I conceive, the specialty of Wedgwood really lies. It is in the resuscitation of a principle; of the principle of Greek art: it is in the perception and grasp of the unity and comprehensiveness of that principle. That principle, I submit, lies, after all, in a severe and perfect propriety; in the uncompromising adaptation of every material object to its proper end. If that proper end be the presentation of Beauty only, then the production of Beauty is alone regarded; and none but the highest models of it are accepted. If the proper end be the production of a commodity for use and perishable, then a plural aim is before the designer and producer. The object must first and foremost be adapted to its use as closely as possible: it must be of material as durable as possible; and while it must be of the most moderate cost compatible with the essential aims, it must receive all the beauty which can be made conducive to, or concordant with, the use. And because this business of harmonising use and beauty, so easy in the works of nature, is arduous to the frailty of man, it is a business which must be made the object of special and persevering care. To these principles the works of Wedgwood habitually conformed.

34. He did not in his pursuit of Beauty overlook exchangeable value, or practical usefulness. The first he could not overlook, for he had to live by his trade; and it was by the profit, derived from the extended sale of his humbler productions, that he was enabled to bear the risks and charges of his higher works. Commerce did for him, what the King of France did for Sèvres, and the

Duke of Cumberland for Chelsea; it found him in funds. And I would venture to say, that the lower works of Wedgwood are every whit as much distinguished by the fineness and accuracy of their adaptation to their uses, as his higher ones by their successful exhibition of the finest art.

35. Take, for instance, his common plates, of the value of I know not how few, but certainly a very few, pence each. They fit one another as closely as the cards in a pack. At least I, for one, have never seen plates that fit like the plates of Wedgwood, and become one solid mass. Such accuracy of form must, I apprehend, render them much more safe in carriage. Of the excellence of these plates we may take it for a proof that they were largely exported to France, if not elsewhere, that they were there printed or painted with buildings or scenes belonging to the country, and then sent out again as national manufactures. Again, take such a jug as he would construct for the washhand-table of a garret. I have seen these, made apparently of the commonest material used in the trade. But, instead of being built up, like the usual, and much more fashionable, jugs of modern manufacture, in such a shape that a crane could not easily get his neck to bend into them, and that the water can hardly be poured out without risk of spraining the wrist to lift over the weight, they are constructed in a simple capacious form of flowing curves, broad at the top, and so well poised that a slight and easy movement of the hand discharges the water.

36. A round cheese-holder, or dish, again, generally presents in its upper part a flat space, surrounded by a curved rim: but a cheese-holder of Wedgwood's will make itself known by this, that the flat is so dead a flat,

and its curve so marked and bold a curve: thus at once furnishing the eye with a line agreeable and well-defined, and affording the utmost available space for the cheese. I feel persuaded that a Wiltshire cheese, if it could speak, would declare itself more comfortable in a dish of Wedgwood's, than in any other dish.

37. Again, there are certain circular inkstands by Wedgwood, which are described in the twenty-first section of the Catalogue. It sets forth the great care which had been bestowed upon the mechanical arrangement, with a view to the preservation of the pen, and the economical and cleanly use of the ink. The prices are stated at from sixpence to eight shillings, according to size and finish. I have one of these; not however black, like those mentioned in the Catalogue, but of his creamy white ware. I should guess that it must have been published at the price of a shilling, or possibly even less. It carries a slightly recessed upright rectilinear ornament, which agreeably relieves a form otherwise somewhat monotonous. But the ornament does not push this inkstand out of its own homely order. It is so tasteful that it would not disgrace a cabinet, but so plain that it would suit a counting-house. It has no pretension: all Wedgwood's works, from the lowest upwards, abhor pretension.

38. While he always seems to have in view a standard of excellence indefinitely high, he never falls into extravagance or excess. I do not mean to say that all the wares, which proceeded from his furnaces, are alike satisfactory; but I am confident that it is easy, even from his cheaper and lower productions, without any reference to the higher, to prove him to have been a man of real genius, thoroughly penetrated with the best principles of art.

39. I have spoken of Wedgwood's cheapest, and also of

his costliest, productions. Let me now say a word on those which are intermediate. Of these, some appear to me to be absolutely faultless in their kind: and to exhibit, as happily as the remains of the best Greek art, both the mode and the degree in which beauty and convenience may be made to coalesce in articles of manufacture. I have a *déjeuner*, nearly slate-coloured, of the ware which I believe is called jasper ware. This seems to me a perfect model of workmanship and taste. The tray is a short oval, extremely light, with a surface soft as an infant's flesh to the touch, and having for ornament a scroll of white riband, very graceful in its folds, and shaded with partial transparency. The detached pieces have a ribbed surface, and a similar scroll reappears, while for their principal ornament they are dotted with white quatrefoils. These quatrefoils are delicately adjusted in size to the varying circumferences: and are executed both with a true feeling of nature, and with a precision that would scarcely do discredit to a jeweller.

40. Enough, however, of observations on particular specimens of your great master's work. But let me hazard yet a few words on the general qualities of his business and his productions.

41. It seems plain that, though uneducated in youth for any purpose of art, he contrived to educate himself amidst the busy scenes of life. His treatise on the pyrometer shows that he had studied, or at any rate acquired, all the science applicable to his business: his account of the Barberini vase proves, that he had qualified himself to deal personally, and not only through artists or partners or assistants, with the subjects of classical antiquity. But nothing can be more characteristic

of his mind, than the boldness with which, at the close of the Catalogue, the intentions of the firm respecting cheapness of production are declared. He has before explained, as I have already mentioned, that the utmost cheapness can hardly be had along with the highest beauty. He goes on to vindicate his prices, as compared with those of others: and concludes his apology, in terms which do the firm the highest honour, by declaring plainly, "they are determined to give over manufacturing any article, whatsoever it may be, rather than to degrade it." A clear proof, I think, that something, which resembles heroism, has its place in trade. With this bold announcement to the world was combined, within the walls of his factory, that unsparing sacrifice of defective articles, and confinement of his sales to such as were perfect, which down to this day supply the collector, in a multitude of cases, with the test he needs in order to ascertain the genuine work of the master.

42. The lightness of Josiah Wedgwood's ware, which is an element not merely of elegance but of safety; the hardness and durability of the bodies; the extraordinary smoothness, and softness to the touch, of the surfaces; their powers of resisting heat and acids; the immense breadth of the field he covered, with the number and variety of his works in point of form, subject, size, and colour—this last particularly as to his vases; his title almost to the paternity* of the art of relief in modern

* It seems to have been practised before Wedgwood, but in an inferior manner. Mr. Digby Wyatt ('Journal of Society of Arts,' May 28, 1858) informs us of its introduction by two Germans named Elers, in the end of the seventeenth century. And it partially appears in porcelain manufactures, which seem to be older than Wedgwood. But in his hands it assumed a character altogether new.

earthenware; all these are characteristics, which I am satisfied only to name. There are, however, two other points still on my mind; one the prevailing character of his colours; the other his extraordinary merit as a restorer of form in fictile products.

43. The general character of his colours may perhaps be justly described as a strict sobriety imbibed from, and closely following, the antique. He did not affect to cover the entire field of porcelain manufacture. That which is perhaps the noblest and most arduous part of all its work, I mean modelling the human figure in the solid, he rarely attempted.* And we must not look to him for the gay diversity of its colouring and subjects; for its gilding, sometimes so gorgeous and sometimes so delicate; or for the splendid effects yielded (in particular) by its deep blue grounds. In no instance, known to me, does he indulge in showy colour. He has indeed highly glazed vases in admirable taste and of great effect, but usually, I think, the ground is some variety of green or grey. His eye could not, however, have been insensible to the attractions of such colouring, as was produced at Sèvres or at Chelsea. When we find a general characteristic, running through the works of a man like Wedgwood, we may safely assume there was a reason for it. Probably or possibly, the reason for the restraint and sobriety of the colouring which he used is to be found not in mere imitation, but in the classical and strict severity of his forms.

44. I hope it will not be thought presumptuous to give utterance to an opinion, that the forms of many among the most costly and splendid vases which were produced

* The Flaxman chessmen may be quoted as an instance; but they are, of course, on a very small scale.

at Chelsea, and even at Sèvres, in the last century, were unsatisfactory: sometimes fantastic, often heavy and ungainly, rarely quite successful in harmonising the handles with the vessel, and upon the whole neither conformable to any strict law of Art, nor worthy of the material, or of the fine colouring, drawing, composition, and gilding, there and elsewhere so often exhibited in the decoration. On comparing the forms of vases produced at those factories with vases of Wedgwood, although his, doubtless, have also suffered as to their finer proportions from shrinking in the fire, I have felt it for myself impossible to avoid being struck with his superiority, and arriving at an opinion that his lifetime constitutes in modern fictile manufacture little less than a new era as to form. It is hard to avoid conjecturing that his eye must have noticed, and must in this respect have condemned, the prevailing fashion, and that he must have formed a deliberate resolution to do what I think unquestionably he did; namely, to exhibit to the world, in this vital particular, a much higher standard of excellence than he found actually in vogue.

45. Of the personal character of Wedgwood, in its inner sense, the world has not yet been informed: but none can presume otherwise than well of one, who, in all those aspects which offer themselves to the view of the world, appears to have been admirable. For our present purpose, let us consider him only as a master. And this is a matter of more than common interest, at a time when so many of the most eminent firms in the district have, in a manner the most laudable, themselves called the attention of public authority to the condition of their younger labourers, with a view to obtaining the friendly aid of legislative interference for their adequate instruction and

protection.* Indeed we may say, respecting this all-important question of the condition of the people, what we said of the element of beauty in manufacture. The demand for cheapness presses hard upon it: yet nothing, which depresses the moral or physical condition of the people below the standards of Christianity, of sufficiency, and of health, can in the end be cheap.

46. In the year 1769, when Wedgwood was promoting the Grand Trunk Canal, and building his works and settling his colony at Etruria, Goldsmith published the beautiful poem of the 'Deserted Village,' which he chose with strange caprice to found upon the idle notion that it was the tendency of trade to depopulate the country. "Ill," says he,

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Nor does he only mean, that trades ill-regulated may be injurious to health. After describing rural happiness, he begins his lament by the following lines:—

> "But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
> Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain."

And what is most of all singular is, that he associates this substitution of towns for villages with a decrease in the numbers of the people:—

> "If to the city sped, what waits him there?
> To see profusion that he must not share;
> To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
> To pamper luxury, and thin mankind."

* See the Appendix to the *Report of the Commission on the Employment of Children*, &c., laid before Parliament, 1863.

At any rate, Wedgwood's does not appear to have been one of those baneful arts. Listen to the account, given by Mr. Smiles, of the mode in which Wedgwood thinned mankind.

"From a half-savage, thinly peopled district of some 7000 persons in 1760, partially employed and ill-remunerated, we find them increased, in the course of some twenty-five years, to about treble the population, abundantly employed, prosperous, and comfortable."*

47. Nor was this multiplication only, without improvement; for he goes on to quote from John Wesley, who had been pelted at Burslem in 1760, the following remarkable words.

"I returned to Burslem. How is the whole face of the country changed in about twenty years! Since which, inhabitants have continually flowed in from every side. Hence, the wilderness is literally become a fruitful field. Houses, villages, towns, have sprung up; and the country is not more improved than the people."*

It is impossible to conceive a testimony more honourable to Wedgwood; nor can I better conclude these remarks than by uttering the cordial hope that you, his successors, who have during late years earned so much honour for the taste and industry of the country, may profit in all respects more and more effectually by the lessons which your great forerunner has bequeathed you, and may find at least one substantial part of your reward in witnessing around you a thriving and contented, a healthy and a happy population.

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* 'Lives of the Engineers,' vol. i. p. 448.

V.

BISHOP PATTESON.*

1. THIS is a large, but not a bulky, Biography. For the word bulky insinuates the idea of size in excess of pith and meaning. But if there be a class of human lives deserving a copious record, to that class unquestionably belongs the life of Bishop Patteson. Indeed, the only complaint we have to make with reference to the first aspect of the work is, that it conveys the idea of a Biography properly so called, whereas by far the greater part, probably four-fifths of the whole, presents to us the Bishop's life in the Bishop's own most living words; and the work might perhaps be more accurately entitled 'The Letters and Life of Bishop Patteson.' If we are to find a fault with the distinguished authoress, it is not that she observes, as might have been anticipated, a graceful modesty with respect to the munificence with which it is known that she devoted to holy purposes these fruits of her mental power, but that she might with advantage have been more copious on some heads of information respecting either the Bishop himself or the scene of his labours, which she sometimes presupposes rather than supplies.

2. Biographies, like painted portraits, range over an im-

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* Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* for Oct. 1874. Art. VI.—*Life of John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of the Melanesian Islands.* By Charlotte Mary Yonge. In two volumes. London, 1874.

mense scale of value: the highest stand at a very elevated point indeed; and the lowest, in which this age has been beyond all others fertile, descend far below zero. Human nature is in itself a thing so wonderful, so greatly paramount among all the objects offered to our knowledge, that there are few pieces or specimens of it which do not deserve and reward observation. But then they must be true, and must breathe the breath of life; they must give us, not the mere clothes, or graveclothes, of the man, but the man himself. For this reason it is that autobiographies (unless when a distinguished man is unfortunately tempted, as appears to have been the case with Lord Brougham, to write his own life from old newspapers) are commonly of real interest; for every man does his best to make his own portrait a likeness.

3. And for this reason also it may be that, in so many cases, the personal memoirs of men of religious celebrity are flat, stale, and unprofitable to a degree, because they are, beyond all others, unreal and got up. Sometimes, with a good deal of excuse, feelings of natural piety, and sometimes, with no excuse at all, the supposed interest of sect or clique, withhold altogether from view the faults, errors, or inequalities, through some or all of which it was that the man was indeed a man, a being of mixed character, to be remembered usefully for warning, and for caution, as well as for imitation, or for pious unreasoning wonder. In the case especially of missionaries we fear there is a special danger of this want of reality and truth. For here the begging box is continually in the mind of the writer; and probably there is, on the whole, no description of running story which is told with so much risk of unconscious or half-conscious falsification as theirs. For, were the whole

truth to be given, what would be the effect on the collection after this or that sermon, or on the subscription list after this or that meeting, where the Rev. Blank Blank appeared specially as a deputation on the part of "the parent society"? Of these, and of all falsifications, studious or careless, the transparent man, whose Biography we are commending to notice, had a perfect horror.

4. More than this; he had a horror of the pretentious and theatrical, nay of the merely public, exhibition even of the truth. His pastoral work among the Melanesian Islanders was too intensely spiritual in its detail to bear presentation periodically to the common eye, without a reflected influence of self-consciousness on the principal agent, which would have marred its delicacy, its purity, its simplicity. A passage of the volumes casts upon this subject a casual ray of light, which reveals much of the Bishop's inner nature. His friend and coadjutor, Mr. Codrington, says:

"It is characteristic of Bishop Patteson that I never heard him say a word, that I remember, of religion to one of the sick. On such things he would not, unless he was obliged, speak except with the patient alone." (Vol. ii. p. 320.)

And again, in September 1868:

"The Bishop then began a custom] of preaching to his black scholars alone after the midday service, dismissing his five or six white companions after prayers, because he felt he could speak more freely, and go more straight to the hearts of his converts and catechumens, if he had no other audience." (Vol. ii. p. 322.)

To some this may sound little less than shocking. He ought, it would perhaps be said, in the spirit of modern religionism, to have "let his light shine" more fully "before men," and to have sought the edification not only

of the coloured islander but of the literary European bystander. Such was not Patteson's conception of his very arduous work. He had at once to open the minds, to mould the ideas, and to enter into the inmost souls of beings just extricated from a singularly inartificial and child-like barbarism; in the case of the sick, to deliver them over, or prepare for so delivering them, into the unveiled presence of the Eternal. This was ever for him an absolutely absorbing task; and no particle of himself, no jot or tittle of energies which he knew to be when undivided still insufficient, would he suffer to be diverted by any side issue, or regard to thing or person other than the human soul he was endeavouring to rear to its maturity.

5. How, it may well be asked, how, under such circumstances, can we attain to any full, real, inward knowledge of this great Missionary Bishop, and of his work? The answer is that, with that wonderful multiplying force which is the gift of affectionate natures, while he carried his heart to the zone of the South Pacific, he left it also in England. The singular warmth of his domestic affections stands, as to certain points, in a touching strife with his devotion to his duty. He does not encourage, he even refuses, the visit of his sisters after their father's death, lest they should at once suffer hardship, and draw him off from his daily, hourly, prosecution of his work (vol. ii. p. 18). But to the beloved members of his family he was able to make an effusion of himself, in constant letters by every mail, which, for its warmth and its completeness, as to all except the absolutely inward sphere of his religious life, has, perhaps, never been excelled, and to which we are indebted for a record worthy, in our judgment, of the Apostolic office, and of the Christian religion, even in

the bloom and glow of their prime. But, as to all he wrote to them, he was most jealous lest it should be unveiled.

"I *can't* write brotherly letters, if they are to be treated as public property. I would not trust my own brother to make extracts from my letters. No one in England can be a judge of the mischief that the letters occasion printed contrary to my wish by friends." (Vol. ii. p. 175.)

"I like," he writes at Easter 1869, "to tell you what I think, and I know you will keep it to yourselves." Thus it is that we come to have before us the fervent outpourings of a singularly reflective and introspective, as well as active, mind; like flowers caught in their freshness, and perfectly preserved in colour and in form.

6. No mere review can do justice to this book; but we hope to supply what may incite some readers to obtain for themselves an acquaintance with its contents.

The name he bore, John Coleridge Patteson, indicated the combination in his blood of two honoured families, second, perhaps, to none in the contributions they have made to the intellectual and moral wealth of the nation.

He was born on the 1st of April 1827; and he was incomparably happy in his parents, both of whom so stamped themselves upon his mind and heart that, down to the very last, when they had been long called to their rest, he is ever reverting to the mention of them. His mother appears to have been as excellent in the rearing of her children, as his father was distinguished among the sages of the law. But Judge Patteson, a lawyer unsurpassed in his day (which was a great day), was also no common Churchman; in feeling and opinion a thorough and loyal child of the Church of England; in knowledge far from a mean theologian, and one whose direct guiding influence

is constantly acknowledged by his son during his lifetime, and longed for after his death.

7. We will not dwell on the incidents of his childhood, beyond observing that he was (i. 7) deeply and warmly affectionate, but not free from occasional outbreaks of will and temper, the fiery material of future activity and energy kept under holy discipline. But his religious history is without crisis, shock, or start: there seems to have been from the first a central principle of life, which gradually brought under its sway every part and faculty of the man. "Consideration for others, kindness, and sweetness of nature, were always his leading characteristics": and when a foundation is thus broadly laid in a radical unselfishness there is little to fear for the final result.

8. He went through the normal course of an Eton and Oxford education. At twelve years old, his powers of self-reproach were already active: and it is to be observed that throughout life, when blaming himself, he never attenuates the blame, or shifts any portion of responsibility upon others. He was profoundly impressed by a farewell sermon which Bishop Selwyn preached in October 1841, at Windsor, where the Bishop had acted as curate; and when calling on his mother to bid farewell, that eminent Prelate and great Missionary said, with a kind of prophetic anticipation, "Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?" (i. 29). The youth also told her it was his greatest wish to go with the Bishop. Meantime the whole tone of his life seems to have been thoroughly healthy. In the prime article of Eton school-work, his verses, he was—like Bishop Selwyn—highly distinguished: he was among the Select for the Newcastle Scholarship in 1844: he spoke remarkably well in the Debating Society; and at cricket he attained to the highest honours of the

Eleven. Even in these early days, he combined the widest popularity with an uncompromising adherence to what was right (i. 40). Success did not beget conceit: and failure, which was the exception, only roused his energies (i. 46).

9. At Oxford, where he entered with deep interest into the religious movement of the day, he obtained, in 1849, a classical second-class, and subsequently a Fellowship of Merton. His examination for his degree was followed by a tour in Germany and Italy, which served to develop alike his strong love of Art, and his extraordinary turn for languages. He was in due time presented to the Pope: but what a contrast between the two episcopal careers! In 1852, he studied Hebrew at Dresden; and he made himself a thorough German scholar. In questions connected with the administration and government of his College, he was a decided reformer (i. 135). His mind had undergone rapid development, and he had largely surveyed the religious dissensions of the day, when he was ordained in 1853, and took the curacy of Alfington. In this village, where a church, with a parsonage and school, had been built by his distinguished uncle, Sir John Coleridge, he had already served an apprenticeship while he was preparing for holy orders. His course here was a short one, but he prosecuted it as the work of his life: and the sweet smile and musical voice, which were afterwards to win their way in the far islands of the south, powerfully helped to open his access to the hearts of the people of Alfington. Nearly all the items of the varied experience of daily life, at all times, he took most kindly. But general society he never loved: small talk, he declares, he could not manufacture; and morning callers were the plague of his life.

10. Ordained on the 14th of September 1853, he joined, on the 19th of August 1854, in welcoming the Bishop of New Zealand, who came to visit England after twelve years of work, during which he had founded his church, organised its government, and planned his system of missionary aggression on the five groups of islands, which he combined under the collective name of Melanesia: the Solomon Islands in the north-west, the Banks and Santa Cruz clusters in the midst, and the New Hebrides and Loyalty Islands to the south-west and south. After greeting him, Patteson retired to seek relief for his emotion in a "great burst of tears." Bishop Selwyn was in all ways qualified to become the hero of his imagination, and to impart the main impulse of his life. Of a commanding presence, of frank and manly character, distinguished both in mental and bodily pursuits, and universally beloved, he was, as it were, reflected in his young friend as to all these points: and, in quitting a career of prosperity and promise, already well begun at home, for the charge of an unformed church in an unformed colony at the Antipodes, it had been the Bishop's happy lot to lift the standard of self-sacrifice to a more conspicuous and a more generally felt and acknowledged elevation, than it had heretofore reached among us. But we feel confident that even a Selwyn claims, and can claim, no higher honour than to have had a Patteson for his pupil.

11. The Bishop now followed up the thought of 1841, "Will you give me Coley?" His words fell upon a mind, in the young man himself, already charged with the subject. Sir John Patteson, who had become a widower in the interval, determined to offer freely his large share of the sacrifice. And his son, in accepting the invitation, acted

upon a feeling which had been "continually present with him and constantly exercising an increasing influence over him" (i. 173). He left all his villagers deploring his departure, and on March 29, 1855, he sailed from Gravesend, with the Bishop, for New Zealand.

12. As early as 1848 and 1849, Bishop Selwyn had visited the Islands. His resolution was never to preach in a place already occupied by missions: and Melanesia was almost entirely open ground. He rapidly perceived that it was vain to think of dealing with this host of islands by planting a resident English clergyman in each of them. He likewise believed that no church could take effectual root without a native clergy, and he accordingly determined upon his plan; which was, to bring boys from the Islands to New Zealand, to educate them there in St. John's College, near Auckland, which he had founded for the colonists, and so to return them home to be the teachers of their countrymen. This plan, which bears so clearly the stamp of an organising mind, has been in action ever since: with only some change in its form. For the climate, first of St. John's College and then, as experience taught, of New Zealand in even its most suitable spots, was found too cold for the constitutions of the islanders. So it came about that the headquarters of the Mission were in course of time removed, on that account, to Norfolk Island, which is half-way between the colony and the nearest points of Melanesia. Still later, and in correspondence with the progress of the work, a permanent establishment was founded on the Island of Mota, a central point for the whole of Melanesia. From the time of its beginning, Bishop Selwyn had never intermitted the prosecution of his enterprise. Thus the field, into which he carried Mr. Patteson, was one now made ready for

extended cultivation. In that field he wrought earnestly, until December 1859, with and under the senior Bishop himself, who led the way in all responsibility, effort, and exposure; and cast, and exhibited to his younger eye, the mould wherein his work was to be shaped.

13. In 1860, when the Melanesian company was transported to the more genial site of Kohimarama, near Auckland, he took charge of it; and here he lays down the proposition which was the guide of his missionary life to the last. "The school is the real work." Only by patient, searching, personal, and sole persuasion did he think it possible to perform that double operation, which has now come into the place of the single one confided to the Apostles: that is to say, the conversion of savages into civilised men, and at the same time, in the same persons, of heathens into Christians. There is no labour more intense than that of teaching, when the instructor throws his whole heart into it. Here, it was enhanced by an endless variety of languages and dialects; and this, as it was in quantity the greatest, was also in quality the most exhausting of Mr. Patteson's occupations.

14. He was, however, to be Mr. Patteson but little longer. In despite of his modest reluctance, he obeyed the urgent requisition of Bishop Selwyn, and agreed to undertake the Episcopal office. In this year, 1860, he assumed the direction of the Melanesian voyage, and founded a Mission House at Mota, "the first station of the Church's tabernacle planted in all Melanesia" (i. 459). In February 1861 came the time of his consecration. On the eve of it, there was a special and private meeting for worship, ending with the *Gloria in excelsis*.

"Then the dear Bishop (of New Zealand) walked across to me, and taking my hand in both of his, looking at me with that smile

of love and deep, deep thought so seldom seen, and so highly prized, 'I can't tell you what I feel,' he said, with a low and broken voice. 'You know it; my heart is so full.'" (Vol. i. p. 488.)

He was consecrated on the 24th of February, the Feast of St. Matthias; and from this time, for ten and a half years, remained in sole charge of the missions of the Church in the islands. Lady Martin supplies the following brief notice of the service:

"I shall never forget the expression of his face as he knelt in the quaint rochet. It was meek, and holy, and calm, as though all conflict was over, and he was resting in the Divine strength. It was altogether a wonderful scene; the three consecrating Bishops, all such noble-looking men, the goodly company of clergy, and Hohua's fine intelligent brown face among them, and then the long line of island boys, and of St. Stephen's native teachers and their wives, were living testimonies of mission work." (Vol. i. p. 492.)

15. He was now formally installed, in the Chapel of St. Andrew, as Head of the College; and from this time he directed and conducted the annual voyages, and all the missionary operations; though, of course, with the full counsel and support of Bishop Selwyn, both as his Primate, and as the original pioneer. His domestic life, continually exercised in the most affectionate correspondence; his intellectual life, maintained by eager reading at those spare times which he contrived to find; his scientific life, in the study and construction of the languages; his pastoral life, in the varied functions of teaching, training, and public ministrations; and his life of external energy in organising, and in manual work—all proceeded in equable and harmonious activity, interrupted only by the sad crises of dysentery and fever, when day and night were alike absorbed, and by the great grief of a murderous

attack on his party at Santa Cruz in 1864. During all this time, he seems never to have had a thought for himself, but only for his people, and for his office with a view to his people. One force he largely employed to draw and win men, and to bind them to himself; it was the force of love:

"It was in those private classes that he exercised such wonderful influence; his musical voice, his holy face, his gentle manner, all helping doubtless to impress and draw even the dullest." (Vol. i. p. 398.)

Putting down his natural fastidiousness, not avoiding the very humblest of duties, he gave dignity to those duties, instead of disparaging his office in his own person by performing them; and his authority over white and black alike, which was never compromised, maintained itself by a gentle tact, even as the most complete control over spirited horses is achieved by the most delicate hand.

16. But now we will try to let him speak a little for himself. Some idea of his many-sidedness may be conveyed by the following passage:—

"I can hardly tell you how much I regret not knowing something about the treatment of simple surgical cases. If when with W—— I had studied the practical—bled, drawn teeth, mixed medicines, rolled legs perpetually, it would have been worth something. Surely I might have foreseen all this! I really don't know how to find the time or the opportunity for learning. How true it is, that men require to be trained for their particular work! I am now just in a position to know what to learn, were I once more in England. Spend one day with old Fry (mason), another with John Venn (carpenter), and two every week at the Exeter Hospital, and not look on and see others work—there's the mischief, do it oneself. Make a chair, a table, a box, fit everything, help in every part of making and furnishing a house, that is, a cottage. Do enough of every part to be able to do the whole. Begin by

felling a tree, saw it into planks, mix the lime, see the right proportion of sand, &c., know how to choose a good lot of timber fit handles for tools, &c.

"Many trades need not be attempted, but every missionary ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook." (Vol. i. pp. 378-9.)

17. In a letter to his brother and sister he describes the dysentery at the New Zealand College in 1863 :—

"Hospital, St. Andrew's:
"Saturday night, 9 P.M., March 22, 1863.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER AND SISTER,—I write from the dining-hall (now our hospital), with eleven Melanesians lying round in extremity of peril. I buried two to-day in one grave, and I baptised another now dying by my side.

"God has been pleased, in His wisdom and mercy to send upon us a terrible visitation, a most virulent form of dysentery. Since this day fortnight I have scarce slept night or day, but by snatching an hour here and there; others are working quite as hard, and all the good points of our Melanesian staff are brought out, as you may suppose.

"The best medical men cannot suggest any remedy. All remedies have been tried and failed. Every conceivable kind of treatment has been tried in vain.

"There are in the hall (the hospital now) at this moment eleven; eleven more in the little quadrangle, better, but in as anxious a state as can be; and two more not at all well.

"I have sent all the rest on board to be out of the way of contagion. How we go on, I scarce know. . . . My good friend, Mr. Lloyd, is here, giving great help; he is well acquainted with sickness, and a capital nurse.

"I have felt all along that it would be good for us to be in trouble; we could not always sail with a fair wind; I have often said so, and God has sent the trial in the most merciful way. What is this to the falling away of our baptised scholars!

"But it is a pitiful sight! How wonderfully they bear the agony of it. No groaning.

"When I buried those two children to-day, my heart was full, I

durst not think, but could only pray and believe and trust in Him. God bless you. "Your loving Brother,

"J. C. P.

"O Lord, correct me, but with judgment!" (Vol. ii. pp. 42–3.)

18. His day in Mota was thus partitioned:—

"At daylight I turn off my table and dress, *not elaborately*,—a flannel shirt, old trousers, and shoes; then a yam or two is roasted on the embers, and the coffee made, and (fancy the luxury here in Mota!) delicious goat's milk with it. Then the morning passes in reading, writing, and somewhat desultory talking with people, but you can't expect punctuality and great attention. Then at one, a bit of biscuit and cheese (as long as the latter lasts). Mr. Palmer made some bread yesterday. Then generally a walk to meet people at different villages, and talk to them, trying to get them to ask me questions, and I try to question them. Then at 6 P.M., a tea-ation, viz., yam and coffee, and perhaps a crab or two, or a bit of bacon, or some good thing or other. But I forgot! This morning we ate a bit of our first full-grown and fully ripe Mota pine-apple (I brought some two years ago), as large and fine as any specimens I remember in hot-houses. If you mention all these luxuries, we shall have no more subscriptions, but you may add that there is as yet no other pine-apple, though our oranges, lemons, citrons, guavas, &c., are coming on. . . .

"Then after tea—a large party always witnessing that ceremony—there is an hour or so spent in speaking again to the people, and then I read a little with Wadrokala and Carry. Then Mr. Palmer and I read a chapter of Vaughan on the Revelation, then prayers, and so to bed." (Vol. ii. pp. 142–3.)

19. His day in New Zealand is described in a letter to Professor Max Müller, intended to excuse him for not making more rapid progress in his philological labours:—

"I get, in the full summer months, an hour for reading by being dressed at 5·30 A.M. At 5·30 I see the lads washing, &c., 7 A.M. breakfast all together in hall, 7·30 chapel, 8–9·30 school, 9·30–12·30 industrial work. During this time I have generally half-an-hour

with Mr. Pritt about business matters, and proof sheets are brought me, yet I get a little time for preparing lessons. 12·45 short service in chapel, 1 dinner, 2–3 Greek Testament with English young men, 3–4 classics with ditto, 5 tea, 6·30 evening chapel, 7–8·30 evening school with divers classes in rotation, or with candidates for Baptism or Confirmation, 8·30–9 special instruction to more advanced scholars, only a few, 9–10 school with two other English lay assistants. Add to all this, visitors interrupting me from 4–5, correspondence, accounts, trustee business, sermons, nursing sick boys, and all the many daily unexpected little troubles that must be smoothed down, and questions enquired into, and boys' conduct investigated, and what becomes of linguistics? So much for my excuse for my small progress in languages! Don't think all this egotistical; it is necessary to make you understand my position." (Vol. ii. p. 186.)

20. It is the same tenor of life in Norfolk Island:—

"I am just finishing a translation of St. John, and have written many Psalms, &c., besides some four and a half or five hours teaching daily; not much, yet more than I did at Kohimarama, where I had a good deal of English Sunday work, and many interruptions. Here I can write from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M., and have really no distractions to speak of. Chapel at 7 A.M., breakfast (all together, of course) 7·30, school 8–9·30, work 9·30–1, dinner over in twenty minutes or so (not very elaborate), school 2–3, tea 6, school 7–8, chapel 8, when I catechise, and to my delight, at last, the Melanesians freely, *as a regular thing*, ask me all kinds of questions. I leave them about 9, but my room opens into the chapel, and they sit there, many of them, till 10 talking over points; sometimes come into me, &c., and so the day ends. Codrington and I don't pledge ourselves to out-door work from 9·30–1; and I have lessons to prepare for candidates for Baptism, Holy Communion and Orders (three Englishmen). You would like to be with us for a day; and I think you would be touched by the reverence of young men and lads and boys in chapel, of whom I could tell strange stories indeed, and by hearing the *Venite* chanted to 'Jacob' in a strange tongue, and other music. There are times when my heart feels very full." (Vol. ii. pp. 287–8.)

21. The incessant labours, and occasional dangers, of his life were relieved by his vivid interest in the work; by his giving and taking the pleasures of domestic affection; and by his enjoyment of a climate, which was to him highly genial. But the most marked characteristic of his existence in its passive part was, without doubt, this, that even when grief was absent, and care was at its highest, it was a daily enduring of hardness. Quite casually he mentions his expenses for six months at about 20*l.* (ii. 333). But it is this very feature of hardness that he is ever endeavouring to throw into the shade. We have seen the use he makes of the solitary pine-apple in Mota. From Norfolk Island he describes and dwells upon the comforts of his room; a print, a photograph, books, and flowers, though no carpet or curtains, which "only hold dust and make the room fusty" (ii. 397). "Such are missionary comforts; where the hardships are, I have not yet discovered." The "perfect cup of coffee," or "a four-pound tin of Bloxam's preserved meat from Queensland," half of which had lasted him for twelve days, and which served to season his "yam deliciously cooked" (ii. 258), is ever carefully recorded against himself, and to satisfy his loving correspondents.

22. But never except once, so far as we are able to discover, did his mode of living, in bed or board or clothing, rise even to the modest standard of clerical life at home; then, indeed, he found himself amid the comforts and even luxuries of a European gentleman. The occasion was a voyage to Australia, for an active and laborious circuit there, with the purpose of giving information and obtaining aid. He records his condition on board the steamer from New Zealand to Sydney on February 6, 1864, with a child-like wonder and freshness:—

"Fancy me on board a screw steamer, 252 feet long, with the best double cabin on board for my own single use, the manager of the Company being anxious to show me every attention, eating away at all sorts of made dishes, puddings, &c., and lounging about just as I please on soft red velvet sofas and cushions." (Vol. ii. p. 82.)

And his biographer thankfully mentions the benefit he derived from this one involuntary backsliding into comfort and fairly good living; such, at least, as they could be to one who, with all his cheerful acceptance of sea-life, never loved the sea:

"Generally, he shrank into himself, and became reserved at once if pressed to tell of his own doings. He spoke one evening quite openly about his dislike to ship life. We were laughing at some remembrance of the Bishop of Lichfield's satisfaction when once afloat, and he burst into an expression of wonder, how any one could go to sea for pleasure. I asked him what he disliked in particular, and he answered, everything. That he always felt dizzy, head aching, and unable to read with comfort; the food was greasy, and there was a general sense of dirt and discomfort." (Vol. ii. pp. 447–8.)

This habitual reserve about himself was based upon his profound humility, the proof of which bristles, or to speak more appropriately softly plays, upon every page of the volumes.

23. The spirit of fun, which had had free play in his boyhood, did not depart from him during his episcopate; and it found most fit openings in the innocent festivities (ii. 328) with which, after the religious office, he celebrated those marriages between his Melanesian converts, which were among the social first-fruits of his work. Nothing conveys a higher idea of his moral force, than the way in which he brought these people to a life of strictness in the

point, in which the customs and tradition of the islands were most relaxed. Once we hear of a lapse from purity, in which he commuted the wrath, that a harsher man would have felt, into a sympathetic pain. He treated the case, however, according to the rules of a sound and considerate Church discipline. The following detail will give an idea of his tenderness of hand:—

"His own words (not suggested by me) were, 'I tempted God often, and He let me fall: I don't mean He was the cause of it, it is, of course, only my fault; but I think I see that I might have gone on getting more and more careless, and wandering further and further from Him unless I had been startled and frightened.' And then he burst out, 'Oh! don't send me away for ever. I know I have made the young ones stumble, and destroyed the happiness of our settlement here. I know I must not be with you all in chapel and school and hall. I know I can't teach any more, I know that, and I am miserable, miserable. But don't tell me I must go away for ever. I can't bear it!'

"I did manage to answer almost coldly, for I felt that if I once let loose my longing desire to let him see my real feeling, I could not restrain myself at all. 'Who wishes to send you away, U——? It is not *me* whom you have displeased and injured.'

"'I know. It is terrible! But I think of the Prodigal Son. Oh! I do long to go back! Oh! do tell me that He loves me still.'

"Poor dear fellow! I thought I must leave him to bear his burthen for a time. We prayed together, and I left him, or rather sent him away from my room, but he could neither eat nor sleep.

"The next day his whole manner, look, everything made one sure (humanly speaking) that he was indeed truly penitent; and then when I began to speak words of comfort, of God's tender love and compassion, and told him how to think of the Lord's gentle pity when he appeared first to the Magdalene and Peter, and when I took his hand in the old loving way, poor fellow, he broke down more than ever, and cried like a child." (Vol. ii. pp. 347–8.)

By degrees, restoration to full Christian standing was granted.

24. Considerate in such matters, we might be sure he was not less considerate in regard to the sometimes difficult questions arising in heathen lands out of the divisions of sect. He set up, as we have seen, no rival missions. He corresponded with a Wesleyan missionary on a subject of common interest to both. He declined applications for pastoral care from the people of Lifú, where the agency of the London Missionary Society had existed, but had for some time been suspended, on learning that two missionaries were on the way from Sydney (i. 419–20). In that same island he had (in 1858) attended the service conducted by a native teacher acting under the Society, and only officiated himself when he had found, from good authority, that there would be no objection. His costume on this occasion was no other than a black coat and white tie, and he pursued the manner of service common among Presbyterians and Dissenters, though employing freely the language of the Prayer Book in his extemporary prayer (i. 363–6). "I felt," he says, "quite at my ease while preaching, and John told me it was all very clear; but the prayers—oh! I did long for one of our Common Prayer Books."

25. His early promise as a speaker would seem to have been amply fulfilled in his preaching and speaking faculty. But without doubt what preponderated in his sermons and addresses was the intensity of their ethical character. Listen to the description of Lady Martin. At the critical period when he was about finally to part from Bishop Selwyn in 1868, he said the prayers in the private chapel.

"After these were ended" (Lady Martin says), "he spoke a few words to us. He spoke of our Lord standing on the shore of the lake after His resurrection; and he carried us, and I think himself too, out of the heaviness of sorrow into a region of peace

and joy, where all conflict and partings and sin shall cease for ever. It was not only what he said, but the tones of his musical voice, and expression of peace on his own face, that hushed us into a great calm. One clergyman, who was present, told Sir William Martin that he had never known anything so wonderful. The words were like those of an inspired man." (Vol. ii. pp. 338-9.)

26. It is, however, also plain that perhaps his most notable pastoral gifts lay in the closeness, clearness, and affectionateness, of his addresses in personal conference with the Melanesians; his rare faculty of language enabling him to combat the difficulties of so many foreign tongues, and his deep reverence preserving him from the great risk of caricaturing sacred things by an inapt use of his instrument. And observe how skilfully, with the one great idea of converting islanders through islanders ever in his mind, he conducts the instruction of a class on the 9th chapter of the Acts, and leads his scholars up to the act of self-dedication.

"'Did our Lord tell Saul all that he was to do?'

'No.'

'What! not even when He appeared to him in that wonderful way from Heaven?'

'No.'

'What did the Lord say to him?'

'That he was to go into Damascus, and there it would be told him what he was to do.'

'What means did the Lord use to tell Saul what he was to do?'

'He sent a man to tell him.'

'Who was he?'

'Ananias.'

'Do we know much about him?'

'No, only that he was sent with a message to Saul to tell him the Lord's will concerning him, and to baptise him.'

'What means did the Lord employ to make His will known to Saul?'

'He sent a disciple to tell him.'

'Did He tell him Himself immediately?'

'No, he sent a man to tell him.'

'Mention another instance of God's working in the same way, recorded in the Acts.'

'The case of Cornelius, who was told by the angel to send for Peter.'

'The angel then was not sent to tell Cornelius the way of salvation?'

'No, God sent Peter to do that.'

'Jesus Christ began to do the same thing when He was on earth, did He not, even while He was Himself teaching and working miracles?'

'Yes; He sent the twelve Apostles and the seventy disciples.'

'But what is the greatest instance of all; the greatest proof to us that God chooses to declare His will through man to man?'

'God sent His own Son to become man.'

'Could He not have converted the whole world in a moment to the obedience of faith by some other way?'

'Yes.'

'But what did He in His wisdom choose to do?'

'He sent His Son to be born of the Virgin Mary, to become man, and to walk on this earth as a real man, and to teach men, and to die for men.'

'What does Jesus Christ call us men?'

'His brethren.'

'Who is our Mediator?'

'The *Man*, Christ Jesus.'

'What means does God employ to make His will known to us?'

'He uses men to teach men.'

'Can they do this by themselves?'

'No, but God makes them able.'

'How have *you* heard the Gospel?'

'Because God sent you to us.'

'And now, listen. How are all your people still in ignorance to hear it? What have I often told you about that?'

Whereupon the scholars looked shy, and some said softly, 'We must teach them.'

'Yes, indeed you must.'" (Vol. ii. pp. 178–80.)

27. Among the many remarkable points in this very eminent life, not the least noteworthy of all is its many-sidedness. There seems to have been no office or function, however high or however humble, to which Bishop Patteson could not turn, and turn effectively, his mind or hand. There is one characteristic of the old-fashioned public school and college education of England, in cases where it has been heartily and genially received, for which, in our judgment, it has never yet had sufficient credit: its tendency to give suppleness and elasticity of mind; to produce the readiest and surest learners of the various occupations of life in all their shapes. In the case of Bishop Patteson, the difficulty really is to point out not all the things he did, but any things which he was not able and wont to do. An adept in early life at games, exercises, and amusements, he turned his gift of corporal versatility, thus acquired, to handicraft and labour of all kinds. Saint Paul, the tent-maker, lived in a civilised age and in civilised countries, and never could have been put under the straining tests of this class, which were constantly applied to Bishop Patteson. Almost amphibious as between land and water, he became, while disliking the physical conditions of sea-life, a hardy seaman and an accomplished navigator. When ashore he was farmer, gardener, woodman, porter, carpenter, tailor, cook, or anything else that necessity demanded, and his large experience taught. In higher regions of exertion he was, amidst the severest trials of epidemic dysentery or typhus, or in the crisis of some dangerous visit to an untried island, physician, surgeon, and the tenderest of nurses, all in one. But he never intermitted his sleepless activity in the most personal offices of a pastor, or the regular maintenance of the more public offices of religion. Nor did he relax his readiness

to turn to that which was evidently the most laborious and exacting of all his duties, the duty of the schoolmaster, engaged upon the double work of opening the understanding of his pupils, and of applying the mental instrument, thus improved, to the perception, and reception, of Christian truth.

28. Of his purely intellectual gifts, there can be little doubt that one was pre-eminent. He possessed, in a degree that must have placed at his command the highest distinction had he remained in Europe, the gift of languages, both in its practical and in its scientific sense. In the first eighteen months, or thereabouts (ii. 581), as he reports to his friend Professor Max Müller, he had become acquainted in various degrees with five of the Oceanic languages; but in his closing years, we are assured on the high authority of Sir W. Martin, himself no mean philologist, he spoke no less a number of them than twenty-three (ii. 590). He had prepared and printed, it appears (ii. 529), elementary grammars of thirteen, and general vocabularies of three; had executed considerable translations from portions of the Scripture, and had rendered hymns in the tongue of Mota, which, remarks Sir W. Martin, "are described to me by competent judges as of singular excellence" (ii. 590). Also Psalms; of which Mr. Codrington observes that they are "as lofty in their diction, and as harmonious in their rhythm, in my judgment, as anything, almost, I read in any language" (ii. 416). And he had comprehensively considered, as appears from many passages in his letters, the principles, on which the numerous tongues of that region might be placed in mutual relation. Mr. Max Müller has himself borne warm testimony to the great attainments and capacities of his friend. It is, we fear, too true, that

much knowledge not to be reclaimed, and much hope for the progress of the important science of comparative philology, lie buried with him in the silent depths of the Pacific.

29. But "onward" and "upward" were the inseparable laws of his life; and through his great gift of tongues his mind passed onwards to consider the general relations of thought and language, the law of growth in power of expression to which language itself is subject, and its necessary imperfection as the medium through which the highest truth is presented to the human understanding. This tendency of his mind gives an additional interest to the views which he took of current ecclesiastical affairs, and of the controversies of the day beyond his own immediate sphere. In approaching this part of our subject, it may be right to begin with an endeavour to apprehend his exact standing-point.

30. Bishop Patteson was eminently, and entirely, an English Churchman. He believed in the historical Church of Christ, in the foundation by the Redeemer of a society of men, which was to endure throughout all time, and was to be, and to be known as, the grand depositary of religious truth and grace, and the main instrument for their communication to mankind. The Church is "a Divine institution, the mystical Body of the Lord, on which all graces are bestowed, and through whose ministrations men are trained in holiness and truth" (ii. 387). Not less firmly did he believe that the English Reformation was a reform and not a revolution, lying within the proper competency of the local Church, and aiming, in the matters wherein it departed from current usage and opinion, at an honest recurrence to the principles and practice of the primitive, and not yet disunited, Christian

Church. In this important respect Bishop Patteson precisely corresponded with another great Bishop of the English Church, Bishop Wilberforce, whose character and services we* recently endeavoured to portray, and whose name never can grow pale upon the page of our Church History.

31. But while he was thus, in the best and truest sense of the word, an Anglican, like his distinguished father the Judge, and while he must rank among the prime ornaments of the name, the ductile and thoughtful character of his mind preserved him from all rigidity and narrowness. His indulgence in judgment of men would, we have no doubt, have overleapt all boundaries of opinion. With books and thoughts his sympathies, as was right, had their limits: but in his appreciation of our living writers on Scripture, we find him combining the names of Pusey, Ellicott, Lightfoot, Vaughan, Trench, Wordsworth, Alford, and others, as men from whom he drew copious and varied instruction in the main subject of his theological studies, the text of Holy Scripture.

32. But further, on the performances of what is called modern thought in matter of religion he looked with a wise circumspection and jealousy, yet also with a considerate sympathy, and while he deplored the precipitancy and levity of the age, he recognised, and even could enjoy and commend, its earnestness. The following passage is extracted from a letter to his brother:—

"I read very little indeed, except books on theology, and critical books on the Bible and on languages. Of course I am following, with more and more interest, the theological questions of the day. I quite see that much good may (D.V.) result from the spirit of enquiry. It is recklessly and irreverently conducted by many.

* [This is the impersonation of the *Review*.—W. E. G., 1878.]

But no one can deny that great misconceptions prevail as to the Bible—the object, I mean, with which it was given, the true use of much of it, the necessity of considering the circumstances (political, social, &c.) of the people to whom at different periods of their national life portions of it were given.

"The proportion and analogy of the Divine revelation are often overlooked. A passage applicable to the old state of rude Jewish society is transferred *totidem verbis, and in the same application*, to the needs of Christian men; whereas, the principle is, indeed, the same, because God is ever the same, and the spiritual needs of man and the constitution of man's nature the same, but the application of the principle must needs vary.

"It requires constant prayer and guidance from above to bring out of one's treasure things new and old. And it is most difficult, because men rashly solve the difficulty by introducing the notion of a 'verifying faculty' in each man, by which he is supposed to be competent to discriminate between what is of universal and what is of partial value in the Bible.

"All these questions have, naturally, an exceeding interest for me, and I read with eagerness all such books as I can get hold of which bear on such matters.

"The movement is not one which ought to be, if it could be, suppressed. There is an element of good in it; and on this the true Churchman ought to fasten, thankfully recognising and welcoming it, and drawing the true inference. We can't suppose that men in the nineteenth century will view the questions as they did in the sixteenth or seventeenth. No one century exactly resembles another. We must not seek simply to reproduce what to any of us may appear to be a golden age of theological literature and thought. Men must be dealt with as they are."—Vol. ii. pp. 147–8.

33. As the Colonial Church, since the movement commenced by Archbishop Howley in 1840, has on one side done so much to exhibit true vitality in the English Church, so it has, on the other, given occasion to perhaps its greatest pain and scandal in the publications and proceedings of Bishop Colenso; whose case stands in such a startling contrast with that of his neighbour, Bishop Mackenzie,

a too early victim of fondly devoted zeal. We do not presume to weigh each of Bishop Colenso's particular opinions; but it is difficult to judge from his writings otherwise than that he has unconsciously passed under the dominion of what may be termed the destructive spirit. Most unhappily, he only discovered in conference with a Zulu what he ought, as a Christian teacher and a Bishop, to have known long before; and, fluttered and surprised, he thought it his duty to deliver to the world, in all their crudity, those notions of a neophyte in criticism which a trained and instructed theologian would have been able to purge, limit, and reduce, and then to find their proper place for. With himself, it is probable that the unseemly schism he has created will pass away. But to Bishop Patteson his works, and the notoriety they had attained through his Episcopal title and office, were a sore and standing affliction. "Sadder, far sadder than aught else, is the case of Bishop Colenso" (ii. 22). This was in 1862. He frequently recurs to the subject:* and he forms a very mean estimate of Bishop Colenso's critical acumen and fidelity. But even here he derives thoughts of solace from the reason of the case:—

"Of course it will do great harm. At the same time the Church of the last century, in a state of lethargy, could not have produced the men of active thought, energy, and boldness, which must sometimes, alas! develop themselves in a wrong direction."—Vol. ii. p. 32.

34. Nor can there be a better example of considerate handling in these delicate matters than the following passage, drawn from him by the unfortunate volume known as 'Essays and Reviews':—

* Vol. ii. pp. 31, 69, 78, 117, 171, 192-3.

"I hope that men, especially Bishops, who don't know and can't understand Jowett, won't attempt to write against him. A man must know Jowett, be behind the curtain, know what he means by the phraseology he uses. He is answerable, perhaps, for not being intelligible to the world at large; but I am sure that not above one out of fifty readers will have much notion of what he really means to say, and only that one can do any good by entering into a discussion. I confess it strikes me that, grievous as are many opinions that I fear he undoubtedly holds, his essays are eminently suggestive—the essays appended to and intermixed with his Commentaries; and that it needs delicate handling to eliminate what is true and useful from the error with which it is associated. Anyhow he deals with questions openly and boldly, which men wiser or less honest have ignored, consciously ignored before. And I pray God some one may be found to show wisely and temperately to the intellectual portion of the community the true way to solve these difficulties and answer these questions. Simple denunciation, or the reassertion of our own side of the question, or the assigning our meaning and ideas to his words, will not do it."—Vol. i. p. 542.*

35. But he was as fearless, as he was considerate: and that he was no slave to merely popular modes of statement, may be shown by a very interesting passage on the Atonement. It was one written within that last period of his life, during which he seems to have attained to a yet clearer insight into the world he was so soon to enter. It is dated July 31, 1871:—

"There is no doubt that Matthew Arnold says much that is true of the narrowness, bigotry, and jealous unchristian temper of Puritanism; and I suppose no one doubts that they do misrepresent the true doctrine of Christianity, both by their exclusive devotion to one side only of the teaching of the Bible, and by their misconception of their own favourite portions of Scripture. The doctrine of the Atonement was never in ancient times, I believe, drawn out in the form, in which Luther, Calvin, Wesley, and others have lately stated it.

* Compare vol. ii. p. 297.

"The fact of the Atonement through the Death of Christ was always clearly stated; the manner, the '*why*,' the '*how*' man's Redemption and Reconciliation to God is thus brought about, was not taught, if at all, after the Protestant fashion.

"Oxenham's 'History of the Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement' is a fairly written statement of what was formerly held and taught. Such words as 'substitution,' 'satisfaction,' with all the ideas introduced into the subject from the use of illustrations, *e.g.*, of criminals acquitted, debts discharged, have perplexed, perhaps, rather than explained, what must be beyond explanation.

"The ultra-Calvinistic view becomes in the mind and language of the hot-headed ignorant fanatic a denial of God's Unity. 'The merciful Son appeasing the wrath of the angry Father,' is language which implies two Wills, two Counsels in the Divine Mind (compare with this John iii. 16)."—Vol. ii. pp. 535-6.

36. The opinions and feelings of such a man with reference to the particular contentions at home, of which the din is ever in our ears, cannot but be full of interest. His gentle voice, which never sounded in the tones of wrath or bitterness, cannot but soothe and soften us when whispering from his grave. Unfortunately, with the methods of partial investigation and extravagant interpretation, which are in vogue, it would not be impossible to convict Bishop Patteson, from isolated passages, either of Ritualism or its direct reverse. One of the commonest of all vulgar errors is to mistake warmth of heart and feeling, and that directness of impression which is allied with sincerity of character, for violence of opinion. All that Bishop Patteson loved, he loved fervently. And he loved the old Cathedral service (ii. 200). He loved Church-ornamentation, such as he could practise it.

"Our chapel is beautifully decorated. A star at the east end, over the word Emmanuel, all in golden everlasting flame, with

lilies and oleanders; in front, of young Norfolk Island pines and evergreens."—Vol. ii. p. 436 (*compare* pp. 200, 291, 345).

37. It is to be borne in mind that the structural baldness of the rude edifices, in which he had to officiate, rather urgently demanded the use of embellishment to establish that severance of character which most would admit to be requisite in a religious edifice. His aspirations, however, went farther than his practice.

"Sometimes I have a vision—but I must live twenty years to see more than a vision—of a small but exceedingly beautiful Gothic chapel, rich inside with marbles and stained glass and carved stalls and encaustic tiles and brass screen work. I have a feeling that a certain use of really good ornaments may be desirable, and being on a very small scale, it might be possible to make a very perfect thing some day. There is no notion of my indulging such a thought. It may come some day, and most probably long after I am dead and gone. It would be very foolish to spend money upon more necessary things than a beautiful chapel at present, when in fact I barely pay my way at all. And yet a really noble church is a wonderful instrument of education, if we think only of the lower way of regarding it."—Vol. ii. p. 79.

38. But besides his having, as is plain, a very true and strong æsthetic faculty, Bishop Patteson was a man whose intensely devotional spirit entitled him, so to speak, to desire beauties both of edifice and ritual, which to common men might be dead forms, but which for him would only be well-proportioned appendages and real aids. "I see and love the beauty of the outward form, when it is known and felt to be no more than the shrine of the inward spiritual power" (ii. 373). At the same time it is undeniable, that of what is known in England by the name of Ritualism he distinctly disapproved. In 1866, he writes to a sister as follows:—

"It is all wrong, Fan. Functions don't promote the Catholic spirit of the Church, nor aid the Eastern and Western Churches to regard us as Catholic. Oh! how we need to pray for the spirit of wisdom, and understanding, and counsel, and knowledge! And even if these things are right, why must men be so impatient? Fifty years hence it may be that to resist some such movement might be evidently "to fight against God." But that a vestment, or incense, or genuflections, albeit once in use, are of the essence of Christianity, no one ventures to say. . . . .

"There is a symbolism about the vestments, I admit, possibly of some value to about one in every thousand of our Church people, but not in such vestments as men now are using, which, to 999 in every 1000, symbolise only Rome. The next is Mediævalism: and if the Church of England accepts Mediæval rather than Primitive usage, I, for one, don't know how she is to answer the Romanists." —Vol. ii. p. 214.*

39. Neither indeed, in the high matter of Eucharistic doctrine, did he completely accompany the man for whom, of all living men, he seems to have had the deepest and most affectionate reverence. We do not wish to enter into the theological details of this lofty subject. As far as we are able to understand and harmonise the numerous references to it, he appears to have detected a decided tendency to materialism in the idea of a localised presence (ii. 409), and thinks he finds in Mr. Keble's 'Eucharistical Adoration,' a foreign rather than an English tone (ii. 472). He hesitates, even at the idea and phrase of the "continuation" of the sacrifice of the Cross: not less, on the other hand, does he regret that the "sacrificial aspect of the rite has for a length of time been almost wholly lost sight of" (ii. 430). He speaks favourably of the teaching of Dr. Waterland. But what is most touching to observe

* Compare pp. 234, 244, 298.

is the strife in his mind between the desire, on the one hand, to walk in the tradition of his fathers, and maintain a healthy tone together with the balanced order of the truth; and, on the other hand, his constantly recurring reluctance to believe that such a man as John Keble could be wrong (ii. 265, 299), and the strong action of his habitual self-mistrust.

40. To the position of the Colonial Church in its independence of the State, and its dependence on voluntary alms, he had thoroughly wedded and fitted himself, and this not as matter of necessity, but apparently with full contentment of heart and understanding. He saw in its actual play the machinery of Church government, such as it had been organised by Bishop Selwyn: he nowhere charges it with insufficiency or inconvenience. Indeed he looks with what may be described as a generous compassion upon the difficulties of the Church in England. "I can well see how we in New Zealand should deal with such difficulties, as are presented by Ritualism, *e.g.*; but in England the Church seems powerless" (ii. 233). He speaks with as much severity, as his kindly nature would allow, of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council under the guidance of Lord Westbury. "We have no desire to send appeals to Lord Westbury and Co." "We accept the Supremacy, as Wesleyans, Baptists, &c., accept it. I don't see in what other sense we can accept it" (ii. 235). Excesses in the Church at home he thinks are due to the want of a government, which in the Colonies they have. The Privy Council, in his opinion, exercises no moral influence. But if we had Diocesan Synods, including lay and clerical representatives in equal numbers, he thinks a mere fraction would be found to vote in the sense of Ritualism (ii. 245), so that free self-government would

heal the sore.* The experience of the Colonial Churches may, he thinks, be supplying precedents for the authorities at home in the great change that must come (ii. 236).

41. Thus strong in faith and love, happy in a balanced mind, and armed at all points against evil, did this manly and truly English Bishop exercise his mind continually on the problems of the day, during those hours which were not appropriated to some of the multifarious duties of his own sphere; and signally prove himself to be "the man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

42. Even of common affairs he would appear to have been a shrewd and gifted observer. In January 1867, when nothing had occurred to give token of any great coming change, he boldly prophesies "Ireland," *i.e.* the Irish Church, "will soon be disestablished" (*ibid.*). So, speaking of France. "The Empire seems almost systematically to have completed the demoralisation of the people" (ii. 498). And of all important events reported to him from home, however morally remote from his own sphere of action, he never fails to take a truly human and sympathetic notice.

Again, but shortly after the agonising distress of the Santa-Cruz massacre, he learns from a sister that she is

* It is certainly remarkable, and is very little to our credit, that while Parliament and the country have been so much excited during the present year on the subject of clergy discipline, and we are told that this excitement has been but a sample and foretaste of what is to follow in future years, the Anglican Church in New Brunswick, under the excellent Bishop Medley, has been able quietly and with general satisfaction to adjust a method for trying all complaints and causes against clergymen; and has even added provisions for repelling from the Holy Communion lay-people of notoriously evil life. See the very interesting 'Journal of the Third Session of the Diocesan Synod of Fredericton.' Fredericton, New Brunswick, 1873.

going to Germany, and is at once touched in his domestic sympathies. "So, old Fan, you are again in Germany, at Aix, at Dresden. Oh, how I should like to be with you there" (ii. 113).

43. We shall now pass to the last division of the work, and the last period of the Bishop's life. It is marked, as regards himself, by severe pain and protracted uneasiness, with depression of vital force; and it is lightened up by previsions of some coming crisis, and by permitted glimpses into the Future that awaited him beyond the grave. It also presents to us in a marked manner the real growth of his missionary work, the increasing ripeness of his coadjutors, the larger numbers and greater vitality of scholars and of converts. But along with this is now opened to us more fully another and a hideous picture, on the features of which it is no less necessary, than it is painful, for us to dwell.

44. Scarcely had the West African slave-trade been suppressed, and the death-knell of slavery itself sounded in America and the West Indies (it having there now no legal existence except in Cuba), when a fresh call was made upon the philanthropic energies of Great Britain, in order to deal with a like evil on the coast of Eastern Africa. That call has not been unheeded; and both diplomacy and force have been employed with some success in the prosecution of the work of repression. In this instance, the Empire of the Queen has provided many or most of the guilty carriers; but the demand at least, which has called forth the supply, has not been British.

45. The last few years have developed a new mischief, to which we are more nearly related. The climate of the young colony of Queensland has created a demand for coloured labour, in order to develop the great capacities

of that region for raising tropical or semi-tropical productions. And the reckless cupidity, or dashing enterprise, or both, of our countrymen, has poured British settlers, now some thousands in number, into the Fiji Islands; not less than seventy of which (out of a total number which has been stated at 200), are inhabited by a race who were, until a few years ago, reputed to be fiercely cannibal, but of whom a very large number have been brought within the pale of a Christian profession by the efforts of Wesleyan missionaries. But here also, with a view to the production of sugar and coffee, a desire for coloured labour has arisen far beyond what the islands can supply. And this circumstance opens to us the darkest part of the whole prospect. In Queensland, the Colonial Government (ii. 425) has made local laws for the purpose of checking that portion of the grievous evils engendered by the labour traffic, which have their seat within the colony. In Fiji we much fear the prevailing tone is lower, the settlers of an inferior stamp: there is no Government which can be held really responsible; and what is worse perhaps of all, the nature of the territory, the abundance of secluded sites (ii. 445), and of waters difficult or impossible of access to Queen's ships, will probably offer insurmountable obstacles to the enforcement of stringent regulations with respect to the admission of imported labour. It may be recollected that, in the island of Mauritius, the introduction of slaves was practised for years and years after the legal abolition of the slave-trade; as was virtually admitted by Mr. Irvine, the representative of the Mauritian planters, at a later date, in his place in Parliament.

46. To make provision for good government, and for the purposes of philanthropy, in the Fiji Islands, it has been

seriously proposed by Mr. Macarthur, M.P., a fervid Wesleyan, that the British people shall, from the other extremity of the globe, undertake their government and police; and the Administration are engaged, with no light responsibility, in considering whether there are conditions on which this can be done. In the time of the late Ministry, the Australian Colonies recommended the measure. But when it was pointed out that this was rather a duty for them than for us, under the circumstances, to undertake, that they had greatly superior facilities for its performance, and that the full countenance and moral support of the Home Government would be afforded them, the suggestion was rather warmly repudiated. So the political problem remains, awaiting its solution.

47. And a very arduous problem it is. But its difficulties are light as air, compared with those which this mischievous traffic is, we fear, certain to create beyond the borders both of Queensland and of the Fiji Islands. From this point of view, indeed, the case is not merely serious but, possibly or even probably, hopeless. And its constantly disturbing incidents both clouded the last years of Bishop Patteson, and extinguished the bright light of his presence among the Melanesian Islands.

48. Should the islands become part of the British Empire, settlers will multiply, new capital will be invested, and more labourers will be required. The labour traffic will be extended; the police of those seas will also be enlarged, perhaps at great cost to the people of this country; but it will be for the regulation, not the extinction, of the enlarged traffic, and of that enlargement no improved police can possibly neutralise the mischief. From the tragical connection of this subject with Bishop Patteson, it comes about that the concluding portion of Miss

Yonge's work is largely occupied with the painful topic. It is also the subject of two able papers in the Appendix by the Bishop's valued friend and able coadjutor, Mr. Codrington. We proceed to collect from the work before us a general statement of the case.

49. A traffic of this kind does not begin in an abstract love of violence and cruelty; but in designs of gain, prosecuted under circumstances which present incessant and strong temptation, with feeble and rare restraint. Thus, full of lubricity at the best, it is nearly certain to deviate and degenerate into the most fearful mischiefs; and the very efforts of police made for its regulation, and requiring rough and summary methods, often tend at once to drive the trade into the worst and most reckless hands. The Bishop, whose practical turn is as remarkable as the elevation of his ideas on every subject, proposed that only licensed vessels, with proper agents on board, should be allowed to convey labourers at all, and that every vessel not so licensed and provided should at once be confiscated (ii. 439, *et alibi*). Why no such measure has been adopted, we are unable to say.

50. As the matter stands, we are first encountered by the fact that the Melanesian Islander does not pass his days in an organised political society, but in what is termed the savage life. He is thus deprived of the natural protection, which anything like a government would afford him, in making an agreement which is to narrow his liberty, and pledge his labour. Then it is admitted that no labourer should go except under contract; but can the term contract be other than an impenetrable mystery to such a man, invited to leave his country and enter into what is for him an unknown existence in an unknown land, and to bind himself there during a term of years, when his thoughts

have scarcely gone beyond the passing day? There are no interpreters; that is, no persons comprehending the two languages, from which and into which they interpret. No European, who has studied the languages of the islands, is ever employed in the trade (ii. 443). The native interpreters are "invariably untrustworthy," "ready with any lying story to induce natives to leave their homes." The vast majority know neither where they are going, nor among whom, nor for what (ii. 438). The very best that can happen is that they should go willingly, and return at the end of their term. But what then? What experience have they had in the interval? Hear Mr. Codrington (ii. 596):—

"These Melanesian labourers have in very many cases been taken away from direct missionary teaching; are still heathen, because carried into a Christian land! Very many others would now be approached by the Gospel, which is ready to spread among their former homes, but does not reach them, because they are living among a Christian people."

And we see the consequences, described by the Bishop:—

"Any of these natives that may be taken back to his island will be sure to do harm. Under such circumstances, the South Sea Islander acquires all the low vulgar vices of the worst class of white men, and becomes of course demoralised, and the source of demoralisation to his people. Any respectable traveller among ignorant or wild races will tell you the same thing."—Vol. ii. p. 501.

51. Probably, no greater number will thus return; even a few, however, will be so many centres of mischief. What, then, is the other alternative? The depopulation of the islands. In this instance, very large drafts are

made, from a very large field of demand, upon an extremely narrow field of supply. Mr. Codrington points out (ii. 600) that the population is (there appear to be some rare exceptions) already insufficient to keep up the field-labour; that from the withdrawal of the able-bodied, follows the contraction of the cultivated area, and then, through an insufficient supply of food, the death of the aged, the weak, and the children. "From this cause, as your Excellency has been informed, large tracts in Melanesia have already returned to the primitive wilderness."

52. All this is apart from the outrages and abuses, by which this traffic, and the names of England and of Christendom, have been and are disgraced. When the limited number of those really willing to go is exhausted, others must be had. When, in some of the islands, the people gradually come to an inkling of what they are about, and begin to raise their terms, the ship-masters go "further north" (ii. 599). Now comes the turn of fraud and force. The natives are inveigled on board, to look at axes or tobacco; the hatches are then fastened down upon them: or they are told with an incredible baseness, by these wretches and pests of their kind, in quest of their loathsome gains, that the Bishop, unable to come himself, has sent them to bring natives to him.

"His ship had been wrecked, he had broken his leg, he had gone to England, and sent them to fetch natives to him."—Vol. ii. p. 368.

"In the Banks Islands, in every case, they took people away under false pretences, asserting that the Bishop is ill and can't come, he has sent us to bring you to him."—Vol. ii. p. 380.

"Sometimes even a figure was placed on deck, dressed in a black coat, with a book in his hand, according to the sailor's notion of a missionary, to induce the natives to come on deck; and then they were clapped under hatches and carried off."—Vol. ii. p. 426.

53. Over and above this base decoying, there was violence outright and *ab initio:*

"But decoying without violence began to fail; the natives were becoming too cautious, so the canoes were upset, and the men picked up while struggling in the water. If they tried to resist, they were shot at, and all endeavours at a rescue were met with the use of firearms.

"They were thus swept off in such numbers, that small islands lost almost all their able-bodied inhabitants, and were in danger of famine for want of their workers. Also, the Fiji planters, thinking to make the men happier by bringing their wives, desired that this might be done, but it was not easy to make out the married couples, nor did the crews trouble themselves to do so, but took any woman they could lay hands on. Husbands pursued to save the wives, and were shot down, and a deadly spirit of hatred and terror against all that was white was aroused."—Vol. ii. p. 427.

A ship of this description is known among the islanders as a "snatch-snatch," or "thief ship" (ii. 517). But, strange to say, the tortoise-shell trade appears to be blackened with a yet deeper guilt, as it is believed (ii. 427) that some of the traders, to please their customers, carry them in pursuit of enemies, whose skulls are a common trophy in the more savage islands. We cannot wonder that in such a state of things the service of the Missionary Bishop should be a service of more than occasional danger. But what we much fear is lest, in the final issue, gain should be too much both for humanity and for the British Navy; and that, under its fearful power to depopulate and demoralise, the race itself will pass away, and the tradition of Bishop Patteson will soon belong to a past having no link with the present. Apart, however, from this mournful speculation, let us trace the actual effects as they appear in the volumes before us.

54. The death of Mr. Williams at Erromango was,

according to the account in this work (i. 328), due to his having unawares interfered with a solemnity which the natives were celebrating upon the beach. But it appears that, from the first, Bishop Selwyn, a spirit no less heroic than his successor whom he chose and trained, found it necessary, in and before going ashore, to watch the signs of the prevailing temper of the natives, as he passed in circuit from island to island. The regular practice of both Prelates seems to have been, in all doubtful cases, to land, or rather, in most cases, to take the water for the shore alone. As early as in 1861, we have this record :—

"As we left the little pool where I had jumped ashore, leaving, for prudence sake, the rest behind me in the boat, one man raised his bow and drew it, then unbent it, then bent it again; but apparently others were dissuading him from letting fly the arrow. The boat was not ten yards off; I don't know why he did so."

And the conclusion drawn is:

"But we must try to effect more frequent landings." (Vol. i. p. 524.)

55. Again, about the same time :—

"Humanly speaking, there are not many places that as yet I am able to visit, where I realise the fact of any danger being run.

"Yet it may happen that some poor fellow, who has a good cause to think ill of white men, or some mischievous badly disposed man, *may* let fly a random arrow or spear some day.

"If so, you will not so very much wonder, nor be so very greatly grieved. Every clergyman runs at least as great a risk among the small-pox and fevers of town parishes. Think of Uncle James, in the cholera at Thorverton."—Vol. i. p. 526.

It was thoroughly characteristic of his chivalrous and unselfish character thus to minimise the perils of his own sphere, to put in the foreground the palliation of any act

of violence, and to magnify, for the sake of self-depreciation, the risks which the faithful pastor sometimes encounters at home. Nothing else could account for a comparison so ill fitted to the facts. Out of the eight or nine men other than Melanesians, who appear to have been engaged in the work of his itinerating apostolate, two, Young and Nobbs, fell victims (and the Bishop had the narrowest possible escape) in 1864 on the fatal island of Santa Cruz. The Bishop himself, with Joseph Atkin, in 1871, raised the number to four.

56. But in truth, excellent as he seems to have been in his powers of business and organisation for any ordinary purpose, he was, in his island work, driven on by an intensity of love to his Saviour, and to those for whom his Saviour died, such as left him little power to take into his reckoning anything that stood outside the one absorbing issue. On one occasion, when a large number of natives were assembled, and the Bishop, as usual, went ashore alone and conversed with them, Mr. Tilly, R.N., who had charge of the vessel (and who has given us an account of the Bishop, which will be read with deep interest), watched his countenance carefully in the boat, and saw it charged only with an intense expression of yearning love.

"After a while we took him into the boat again, and lay off the beach a few yards to be clear of the throng, and be able to get at the things he wanted to give them, they coming about the boat in canoes; and this is the fact I wished to notice, viz., *the look on his face* while the intercourse with them lasted. I was so struck with it, quite involuntarily, for I had no idea of watching for anything of the sort; but it was one of such extreme gentleness, and of yearning towards them."—Vol. ii. p. 65.

But it is time for us to accompany this devoted man through the stages of the closing period.

57. While he had been ever trying to make little of his labours, and much of his scanty comforts, it is evident that unremitted exertion was carrying him through all the best years of his prime with great rapidity into an early old age. The incipient signs are found in playful allusions to the first grey hairs. But, early in 1870, he was struck down by a severe and dangerous attack of internal inflammation. "There was a time when I felt drawing near the dark valley" (ii. 430); and his thoughts ran upon the dearest among the spirits who had already passed it. With darkened countenance, and frame prematurely bowed, he went to Auckland for advice; and seemed, says Lady Martin, quite a wreck, while he was striving cheerfully to describe his improvement on the voyage. The personal record of his thoughts during his illness (ii. 432) becomes even too solemn for quotation here. His ailment was declared to be chronic; not necessarily fatal, but one that, without careful treatment, might at any moment bring on a crisis. He began to be aware, that there must be a change in the amount and character of his work:

"I think I shall have to forego some of the more risky and adventurous part of the work in the islands. This is all right. It is a sign that the time is come for me to delegate it to others. I don't mean that I shall not take the voyages and stop about on the islands (D.V.) as before. But I must do it all more carefully, and avoid much that of old I never thought about." (May 9, 1870.) - Vol. ii. p. 433.

58. At this period Lady Martin describes him—

"His face, always beautiful from the unworldly purity of its expression, was really as the face of an angel, while he spoke of these things, and of the love and kindness he had received. He seemed to have been standing on the very brink of the river, and

it was yet doubtful whether he was to abide with us. Now, looking back, we can see how mercifully God was dealing with His servant. A time of quiet, and of preparation for death, given to him apart from the hurry of his daily life, then a few months of active service; and then the crown."—Vol. ii. p. 434.

He mended very slowly; but he determined to sail. The anxieties of the wretched labour-traffic weighed heavily upon him at this time. He went to Norfolk Island, and from thence to Melanesia. In September he approaches Santa Cruz, where the horizon still was charged with doom. No door had yet been opened there; but he hopes the time will come. He completed his circuit in October, and, arriving at Norfolk Island, resumed the old mapping of his day for teaching, study, and devotion, never forgetting correspondence in its turn; but with a lower level of spirits and of energy, and in the language of his loved and loving biographer, with "already the shadow, as it were, of death upon him." But

"From before 5 A.M. till soon after 9 P.M., when I go off to bed quite tired, I am very seldom alone.

"I may do a good deal of work yet, rather in a quieter way than of old; but then I need not have any more adventures, except at one or two places perhaps, like Santa Cruz."—Vol. ii. p. 468.

59. His mind continues, however, to act with unabated interest upon all the portions of his work; and also upon Hebrew philologically viewed; upon the events of the year, at Rome and on the French frontier; upon theology. But he confesses, as usual, his faults.

"I think that I read too exclusively one class of books. I am not drawn out of this particular kind of reading, which is alone really pleasant and delightful to me, by meeting with persons who discuss other matters. I make dutiful efforts to read a bit of history or

poetry, but it won't do. My relaxation is in reading some old favourite—Jackson, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, &c."—Vol. ii. p. 475.

An ordination approaches. That the whole Melanesian party may be present, the enfeebled man walks three miles up to the larger chapel at the so-called town, for a three hours' service. As he writes to his sister before setting out, he describes the heart-searching which such an occasion brings, and deplores the selfishness! "of many long years."

60. On April 27, 1871, he set out for the closing voyage. At Mota, the missionary headquarters, he recognised a great progress. Christianity had so far become a power and habit of life, that he felt warranted, notwithstanding all his strictness about the administration of baptism, in giving that sacrament to the young children. He contemplates a visit, or more than a visit, to Fiji. On a Sunday evening, a former scholar, who seemed in the interval to have forgotten all his lessons, comes to him in the dark like Nicodemus, and says:

"'I have for days been watching for a chance of speaking to you alone! Always so many people about you. My heart is so full, so hot every word goes into it, deep, deep. The old life seems a dream. Everything seems to be new. When a month ago I followed you out of the *Sala Goro*, you said that if I wanted to know the meaning and power of this teaching, I must pray! And I tried to pray, and it becomes easier as every day I pray as I go about, and in the morning and evening; and I don't know how to pray as I ought, but my heart is light, and I know it's all true, and my mind is made up, and I have been wanting to tell you, and so is Sogoivnowut, and we four talk together, and all want to be baptised.'" (Vol. ii. pp. 523–4.)

In July he leaves this island, where so deep a root had been struck, after baptising 289 persons, and goes among

the islands. His experience is generally pleasant; but it is chequered by rumours of crime, and of retaliation for crime, in connection with the labour-traffic. Returning to Mota, he records a concourse of people flocking to be taught. "I sleep on a table ... people under and around it" (ii. 533, 541). Such was the nightly preparation of the invalid for his long, laborious, uncomplaining days. Here, on the 6th of August, we have several most thoughtful pages on difficulties of theology. "How thankful I am that I am far away from the noise and worry of this sceptical yet earnest age" (ii. 542). Sailing on the 20th, he sends to Bishop Abraham (ii. 546) a most interesting summary of the state of things at Mota. The Bishops, his brethren in New Zealand, jointly urged him to go to England, but he declined. The labour-traffic still casts a dark shadow across his path. "I hear that a vessel has gone to Santa Cruz, and I must be very cautious there, for there has been some disturbance almost to a certainty" (ii. 557).

61. And now, on September 16th, he finds himself off the Santa-Cruz group.

"I pray God that if *it be His will*, and if *it be the appointed time* He may enable us in His own way to begin some little work among these very wild but vigorous energetic islanders. I am fully alive to the probability that some outrage has been committed here by one or more vessels. The master of the vessel that Atkin saw did not deny his intention of taking away from these, or from any other island, any men or boys he could induce to come on board. I am quite aware that we *may* be exposed to considerable risk on this account. I trust that all may be well; that, if it be His will that any trouble should come upon us, dear Joseph Atkin, his father and mother's only son, may be spared. But I don't think there is very much cause for fear; first, because at these small reef islands they know me pretty well, though they don't understand as yet our object in coming to them, and they may very easily connect us white people with the other white people who have been ill-

using them; second, last year I was on shore at Nukapu and Piteni for some time, and I can talk somewhat with the people; third, I think that if any violence has been used to the natives of the north face of the large island, Santa Cruz, I shall hear of it from these inhabitants of the small islets to the north, Nukapu and Piteni, and so be forewarned."—Vol. ii. p. 560.

62. Accordingly, to Nukapu he went on the 20th. Four canoes were seen, hovering about the coral reef which surrounded the island. The vessel had to feel her way; so, lest the men in the canoes should be perplexed, he ordered the boat to be lowered, and when asked to go into one of the native boats, as this was always found a good mode of disarming suspicion,* he did it, and was carried off towards the shore. The boat from the schooner could not get over the reef. The Bishop was seen to land on the beach, and was seen no more alive. But after a while, the islanders in the canoes began to discharge arrows at the crew of the schooner's boat, and Mr. Atkin was struck, with two others. The arrow-head of human bone was extracted from him; and, the tide now rising, in spite of suffering and weakness, he crossed the reef to seek the Bishop.

63. A canoe drifted towards them; the body of a man was seen as if crouching in it.

"As they came up with it, and lifted the bundle wrapped in matting into the boat, a shout or yell arose from the shore. Wate says four canoes put off in pursuit; but the others think their only object was to secure the now empty canoe as it drifted away. The boat came alongside, and two words past, 'The body!' Then it was lifted up, and laid across the skylight, rolled in the native mat, which was secured at the head and feet. The placid smile was still on the face; there was a palm leaf fastened over the breast, and when the mat was opened there were five wounds, no more.

* See vol. ii. p. 78.

"The wounds were, one evidently given with a club, which had shattered the right side of the skull at the back, and probably was the first, and had destroyed life instantly, and almost painlessly: another stroke of some sharp weapon had cloven the top of the head; the body was also pierced in one place; and there were two arrow wounds in the legs, but apparently not shot at the living man, but stuck in after his fall, and after he had been stripped, for the clothing was gone, all but the boots and socks. In the front of the cocoa-nut palm, there were five knots made in the long leaflets. All this is an almost certain indication that his death was the vengeance for five of the natives. 'Blood for blood' is a sacred law, almost of nature, wherever Christianity has not prevailed, and a whole tribe is held responsible for the crime of one. Five men in Fiji are known to have been stolen from Nukapu; and probably their families believed them to have been killed, and believed themselves to be performing a sacred duty when they dipped their weapons in the blood of the Bisopè, whom they did not know well enough to understand that he was their protector. Nay, it is likely that there had been some such discussion, as had saved him before at Mai from suffering for Peterè's death; and, indeed, one party seem to have wished to keep him from landing, and to have thus solemnly and reverently treated his body.

"Even when the tidings came in the brief uncircumstantial telegram, there were none of those who loved and revered him, who did not feel that such was the death he always looked for, and that he had willingly given his life. There was peace in the thought, even while hearts trembled with dread of hearing of accompanying horrors; and when the full story arrived, showing how far more painless his death had been than had he lived on to suffer from his broken health, and how wonderfully the unconscious heathen had marked him with emblems so sacred in our eyes, there was thankfulness and joy even to the bereaved at home.

"The sweet calm smile preached peace to the mourners who had lost his guiding spirit; but they could not look on it long. The next morning, St. Matthew's Day, the body of John Coleridge Patteson was committed to the waters of the Pacific; his 'son after the faith,' Joseph Atkin, reading the Burial Service." (Vol. ii. pp. 569–71.)

64. We have not space to dwell on the slaughter of Stephen Taroaniara, a native companion of the Bishop, faithful like him unto death; but we must devote a few lines to following the fate of Mr. Atkin, his well-beloved son in the ministry, and alas! the only son of his own mourning parents. He read the Funeral Office over the Bishop. On the 24th he celebrated the Holy Communion. During the celebration, his tongue faltered over some of the words. He at once recognised the sign of doom. He met it on the morning of the 29th, with a mind contented in death, as it had been gallant, wise, and good in life, but with a body racked and stiffened by the horrors of tetanus.

65. The tearful history of so much nobleness now draws to its close; and we have to bid farewell to a life which was one of the few lives, in our time, ascending up to the ideal. We will cite the touching words of a native convert, which the biographer has chosen to mark the conclusion of her work.

"As he taught, he confirmed his word with his good life among us, as we all know; and also that he perfectly well helped any one who might be unhappy about anything, and spoke comfort to him about it; and about his character and conduct, they are consistent with the law of God. He gave the evidence of it in his practice, for he did nothing carelessly, lest he should make any one stumble and turn from the good way; and again he did nothing to gain anything for himself alone, but he sought what he might keep others with, and then he worked with it; and the reason was his pitifulness, and his love. And again, he did not despise any one, nor reject any one with scorn, whether it were a white or a black person: he thought them all as one, and he loved them all alike." (Vol. ii. p. 579.)

66. We are fully conscious that no summary can do justice to the character and career of Bishop Patteson, as they are exhibited in a work like this. But we trust that

enough of its contents have been given to set forth an outline of the man, and to prompt our readers to learn for themselves how it was filled in. We shall endeavour to sum up what he was in a few words; sensible, nevertheless, that to those who have studied the picture, they will convey no lights unexpected or new, and that, to those who have not, they must savour of exaggeration. In him were singularly combined the spirit of chivalry, the glorious ornament of a bygone time; the spirit of charity, rare in every age; and the spirit of reverence, which the favourite children of this generation appear to have combined to ban. It is hardly possible to read the significant, but modest, record of his sacrifices, his labours, his perils, and his cares, without being vividly reminded of St. Paul, the prince and model of all missionary labourers; without feeling that the Apostolic pattern is not even now without its imitators, and that the copy in this case well and truly, and not remotely, recalls the original.

67. Miss Yonge, in touching words, has observed that his wounds, like those of One greater than he, were five; probably in revenge for five murdered natives: and who in the records of the Church has more nobly won his *stigmata*? With a commendable reserve, she refrains from calling his death a martyrdom; yet, though the manslayer may have only been committing an act of revenge open to much palliation, it was in the strictest and most literal sense a death for Christ and for His Gospel; suffered once, courted a hundred times, by a man, who for years had borne his life in his hand, as he went upon his errand of true "sweetness and light," of mercy and of peace. The three highest titles that can be given to man are those of martyr, hero, saint; and which of the three is there that in substance it would be irrational to attach to the name of John

Coleridge Patteson? To the country which owned him he was an honour; for the Church which formed him he was a token of high powers, and a pledge of noble destinies. Thankfully indeed might she commend him to his rest:

"Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella."*

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* 'Orlando Furioso,' xxix. 27.

A wayside cross has been erected to the memory of the Bishop, near Alfington, by Lord Coleridge, as we are informed, with the following beautiful inscription:—

In Memory of
JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, D.D., MISSIONARY BISHOP,
Born in London, 1 April, 1827,
Killed at Nukapu, near the Island of Santa Cruz,
20 September, 1871,
Together with two fellow-workers for our Lord,
The Reverend JOSEPH ATKIN and STEPHEN TAROANIARA
(In vengeance for wrongs suffered at the hands of Europeans),
By savage men whom he loved,
And for whose sake he gave up,
Home and country,
And friends dearer than his life.

Lord Jesus
Grant that we may live to Thee like him,
And stand in our lot with him
Before Thy Throne
At the end of the days.—Amen.

A kinsman desires
Thus to keep alive for aftertime
The memory of a wise, a holy,
And a humble man.

VI.

MACAULAY.*

1. A PECULIAR faculty, and one approaching to the dramatic order, belongs to the successful painter of historical portraits, and belongs also to the true biographer. It is that of representing personality. In the picture, what we want is not merely a collection of unexceptionable lines and colours so presented as readily to identify their original. Such a work is not the man, but is only a duly attested certificate of the man. What we require, however, is the man and not merely the certificate. In the same way, what we want in a biography, and what, despite the etymology of the title, we very seldom find, is *life*. The very best transcript is a failure, if it be a transcript only. To fulfil its idea, it must have in it the essential quality of movement; must realise the lofty fiction of the divine Shield of Achilles, where the upturning earth, though wrought in metal, darkened as the plough went on; and the figures of the battle-piece dealt their strokes and parried them, and dragged out from the turmoil the bodies of their dead.

2. To write the biography of Lord Macaulay was a most arduous task. Such seems to have been the conception, with which it was approached; nor is it belied by the

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* Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* for July 1876. Art. I.—*The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*. By his Nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. In Two Volumes. London, 1876.

happy faculty with which it has been accomplished. Mr. Trevelyan had already achieved a reputation for conspicuous ability; and the honour of near relationship was in this case at least a guarantee for reverent and devoted love. But neither love, which is indeed a danger as well as an ally, nor intelligence, nor assiduity, nor forgetfulness of self, will make a thoroughly good biography, without this subtle gift of imparting life. By this it was that Boswell established himself as the prince of all biographers; by this Mr. Trevelyan has, we believe, earned for himself a place on what is still a somewhat scanty roll.

3. Beyond doubt, his subject has supplied him with great, and, to the general reader, unexpected advantages. The world was familiar in a high degree with the name of Lord Macaulay, and thought it knew the man, as one transcendent in much, and greatly eminent in all, that he undertook. With the essayist, the orator, the historian, the poet, the great social star, and even the legist, we were all prepared, in our anticipations of this biography, to renew an admiring acquaintance. But there lay behind all these what was in truth richer and better than them all, a marked and noble human character; and it has not been the well-known aspects, and the better-known works, of the man which Mr. Trevelyan has made it his main purpose to exhibit. He has executed a more congenial and delightful office in exhibiting *ad vivum* this personality, of which the world knew little, and of which its estimate, though never low, was, as has now been shown, very far beneath the mark of truth. This is the pledge which he gives to his readers at the outset (vol. i. p. 3):

"For every one who sat with him in private company, or at the transaction of public business, for every ten who have listened to

his oratory in Parliament, or on the hustings, there must be tens of thousands whose interest in history and literature he has awakened and informed by his pen, and who would gladly know what *manner of man it was* that has done them so great a service. To gratify that most legitimate wish is the duty of those, who have the means at their command . . . . . His own letters will supply the deficiencies of the biographer."

And the promise thus conveyed he redeems in some nine hundred and fifty pages, which are too few rather than too many. In the greater part of the work, he causes Lord Macaulay to speak for himself. In the rest he is, probably for the reason that it was Lord Macaulay's custom to destroy the letters of his correspondents, nearly the sole interlocutor; and the setting will not disappoint those who admired, and are jealous for, the stones.

4. Lord Macaulay lived a life of no more than fifty-nine years and three months. But it was an extraordinarily full life, of sustained exertion; a high table-land, without depressions. If in its outer aspect there be anything wearisome, it is only the wearisomeness of reiterated splendours, and of success so uniform as to be almost monotonous. He speaks of himself as idle; but his idleness was more active, and carried with it hour by hour a greater expenditure of brain-power, than what most men regard as their serious employments. He might well have been, in his mental career, the spoiled child of fortune; for all he tried succeeded, all he touched turned into gems and gold. In a happy childhood he evinced extreme precocity. His academical career gave sufficient, though not redundant, promise of after celebrity. The new golden age he imparted to the 'Edinburgh Review,' and his first and most important, if not best, parliamentary speeches in the grand crisis of the first Reform Bill, achieved for him, years before he had

reached the middle point of life, what may justly be termed an immense distinction.

5. For a century and more, perhaps no man in this country, with the exceptions of Mr. Pitt and of Lord Byron, had attained at thirty-two the fame of Macaulay. His parliamentary success, and his literary eminence, were each of them enough, as they stood at this date, to intoxicate any brain and heart of a meaner order. But to these was added, in his case, an amount and quality of social attentions such as invariably partake of adulation and idolatry, and as perhaps the high circles of London never before or since have lavished on a man whose claims lay only in himself, and not in his descent, his rank, or his possessions. Perhaps it was good for his mental and moral health; that the enervating action of this process was suspended for four years. Although after his return from India in 1839 it could not but revive, he was of an age to bear it with less peril to his manhood. He seems at all times to have held his head high above the stir and the fascination, which excite and enslave the weak. His masculine intelligence, and his ardent and single-minded devotion to literature probably derived in this respect essential aid from that depth and warmth of domestic affections, which lay nearer yet to the centre of his being.

6. Mr. Trevelyan has further promised us (i. 4) that he "will suppress no trait in his disposition, or incident in his career, which might provoke blame or question. . . . Those who best love him do not fear the consequences of freely submitting his character and his actions to the public verdict." The pledge is one which it was safe to give. It is with Macaulay the man that the biographer undertakes to deal, and not with Macaulay the author.

Upon the structure of his mind, upon its extraordinary endowments and its besetting dangers, there is much that must or may be said, in tones of question and of warning, as well as of admiration and applause. But as regards the character and life of the man, small indeed is the space for animadversion; and the world must be more censorious than we take it to be if, after reading these volumes, it does not conclude with thankfulness and pleasure that the writer, who had so long ranked among its marvels, has also earned a high place among its worthies.

7. He was, indeed, prosperous and brilliant; a prodigy, a meteor, almost a portent, in literary history. But his course was laborious, truthful, simple, independent, noble; and all these in an eminent degree. Of the inward battle of life he seems to have known nothing: his mind was (so to speak) self-contained, coherent, and harmonious. His experience of the outward battle, which had reference to money, was not inconsiderable, but it was confined to his earlier manhood. The general outline of his career has long been familiar, and offers neither need nor scope for detail. After four years of high parliamentary distinction, and his first assumption of office, he accepted a lucrative appointment in India, with a wise view to his own pecuniary independence, and a generous regard to what might be, as they had been, the demands of his nearest relations upon his affectionate bounty. Another term of four years brought him back, the least Indian, despite of his active labours upon the legislative code, of all the civilians who had ever served the Company. He soon re-entered Parliament; but his zest for the political arena seems never to have regained the temperature of his virgin love at the time of the Reform Bill. He had offered his resignation of office during the

debates on the Emancipation Act, at a time when salary was of the utmost importance to him, and for a cause which was far more his father's than his own. This he did with a promptitude, and a manly unconsciousness of effect or merit in the act, which were truly noble.

8. Similar was his dignified attitude, when his constituents of Edinburgh committed their first and last fault, in rejecting him on account of his vote for Maynooth. This was in 1847. At the general election in 1852, they were again at his feet; as though the final cause of the indignity had been only to enhance the triumph of his re-election. Twice at least in the House of Commons he arrested the successful progress of legislative measures, and slew them at a moment's notice and by his single arm. The first of these occasions was the Copyright Bill of Serjeant Talfourd in 1841; the second, the Bill of 1853 for excluding the Master of the Rolls from the House of Commons. But, whenever he rose to speak, it was a summons like a trumpet-call to fill the benches. He retired from the House of Commons in 1856. At length, when in 1857 he was elevated by Lord Palmerston to the Peerage, all the world of letters felt honoured in his person. The claims of that, which he felt to be indeed his profession, acquired an increasing command on him, as the interests of political action grew less and less. Neither was social life allowed greatly to interfere with literary work, although here, too, his triumphs were almost unrivalled. Only one other attraction had power over him, and it was a life-long power—the love of his sisters; which, about the mid-point of life, came to mean of his sister, Lady Trevelyan. As there is nothing equally touching, so there is really nothing more wonderful in the memoirs, than the large, the immeasurable

abundance of this gushing stream. It is not surprising that the full reservoir overflowed upon her children. Indeed he seems to have had a store of this love, that could not be exhausted (ii. 209), for little children generally; his simplicity and tenderness vying all along in graceful rivalry with the manly qualities, which in no one were more pronounced. After some forewarnings, a period of palpable decline, which was brief as well as tranquil, brought him to his end on the 28th of December 1859.

9. With these few words we part from the general account of Macaulay's life. It is not the intention of this article to serve for lazy readers, instead of the book which it reviews. In the pages of Mr. Trevelyan they will find that which ought to be studied, and can hardly be abridged. They will find, moreover, let us say in passing, at no small number of points, the nearest approach within our knowledge, not to the imitation but to the reproduction of an inimitable style. What remains for critics and observers is to interpret the picture which the biography presents. For it offers to us much matter of wide human interest, even beyond and apart from the numerous questions, which Macaulay's works would of themselves suggest.

10. One of the very first things that must strike the observer of this man is, that he was very unlike to any other man. And yet this unlikeness, this monopoly of the model in which he was made, did not spring from violent or eccentric features of originality, for eccentricity he had none whatever, but from the peculiar mode in which the ingredients were put together to make up the composition. In one sense, beyond doubt, such powers as his famous memory, his rare power of illustration, his command of language, separated him broadly from others;

but gifts like these do not make the man; and we now for the first time know that he possessed, in a far larger sense, the stamp of a real and strong individuality. The most splendid and complete assemblage of intellectual endowments does not of itself suffice to create an interest of the kind that is, and will be, now felt in Macaulay. It is from ethical gifts alone that such an interest can spring.

11. These existed in him not only in abundance, but in forms distinct from, and even contrasted with, the fashion of his intellectual faculties, and in conjunctions which come near to paradox. Behind the mask of splendour lay a singular simplicity; behind a literary severity which sometimes approached to vengeance, an extreme tenderness; behind a rigid repudiation of the sentimental, a sensibility at all times quick, and in the latest times almost threatening to sap, though never sapping, his manhood. He, who as speaker and writer seemed above all others to represent the age and the world, had the real centre of his being in the simplest domestic tastes and joys. He, for whom the mysteries of human life, thought, and destiny appear to have neither charm nor terror, and whose writings seem audibly to boast in every page of being bounded by the visible horizon of the practical and work-day sphere, yet in his virtues and in the combination of them, in his freshness, bounty, bravery, in his unshrinking devotion both to causes and to persons, and most of all, perhaps, in the thoroughly inborn and spontaneous character of all these gifts, really recalls the age of chivalry and the lineaments of the ideal. The peculiarity, the *differentia* (so to speak), of Macaulay seems to us to lie in this, that while, as we frankly think, there is much to question—nay, much here and there to regret or even censure in his writings—the

excess or defect, or whatever it may be, is never really ethical, but is in all cases due to something in the structure and habits of his intellect. And again it is pretty plain that the faults of that intellect were immediately associated with its excellences: it was in some sense, to use the language of his own Milton, "dark with excessive bright." *

12. Macaulay was singularly free of vices, and not in the sense in which, according to Swift's note on Burnet, William III. held such a freedom; that is to say, "as a man is free of a corporation." One point only we reserve; an occasional tinge of at least literary vindictiveness. Was he envious? Never. Was he servile? No. Was he insolent? No. Was he prodigal? No. Was he avaricious? No. Was he selfish? No. Was he idle? The question is ridiculous. Was he false? No; but true as steel, and transparent as crystal. Was he vain? We hold that he was not. At every point in the ugly list he stands the trial; and though in his history he judges mildly some sins of appetite or passion, there is no sign in his life, or his remembered character, that he was compounding for what he was inclined to.

The most disputable of the negatives we have pronounced is that which relates to vanity; a defect rather than a vice; never admitted into the septenary catalogue of the mortal sins of Dante and the Church; often lodged by the side of high and strict virtue, often allied with an amiable and playful innocence; a token of imperfection, a deduction from greatness; and no more. For this imputation on Macaulay there are apparent, but, as we think, only apparent, grounds.

* 'Paradise Lost,' iii. 380.

13. His moderation in luxuries and pleasures is the more notable and praiseworthy because he was a man who, with extreme healthiness of faculty, enjoyed keenly what he enjoyed at all. Take in proof the following hearty notice of a dinner *a quattr' occhi* to his friend: "Ellis came to dinner at seven. I gave him a lobster-curry, woodcock, and maccaroni.* I think that I will note dinners, as honest Pepys did" (ii. 243; compare ii. 281).

14. His love of books was intense, and was curiously developed. In a walk he would devour a play or a volume (ii. 287, 299, 282). Once, indeed, his performance embraced no less than fourteen Books of the 'Odyssey' (vol. ii. 295). "His way of life," says Mr. Trevelyan, "would have been deemed solitary by others; but it was not solitary to him" (ii. 465). This development blossomed into a peculiar specialism (ii. 466). Henderson's 'Iceland' was "a favourite breakfast-book" with him. "Some books, which I would never dream of opening at dinner, please me at breakfast, and *vice versâ!*" There is more subtlety in this distinction, than could easily be found in any passage of his writings. But how quietly both meals are handed over to the dominion of the master-propensity! This devotion, however, was not without its drawbacks. Thought, apart from books and from composition, perhaps he disliked, certainly he eschewed. Crossing that evil-minded sea, the Irish Channel, at night in rough weather, he is disabled from reading: he wraps himself in a pea-jacket and sits upon the deck. What is his employment? He cannot sleep, or does not. What an opportunity for moving onwards in the processes of thought, which ought to weigh on the historian. The

* On this word *vide* note, p. 276.

wild yet soothing music of the waves would have helped him to watch the verging this way or that of the judicial scales, or to dive into the problems of human life and action which history continually is called upon to sound. No, he cared for none of this. He set about the marvellous feat of going over 'Paradise Lost' from memory; when he found he could still repeat half of it (ii. 263). In a word, he was always conversing, or recollecting, or reading, or composing; but reflecting, never.

15. The laboriousness of Macaulay as an author demands our gratitude; all the more because his natural speech was in sentences of set and ordered structure, well-nigh ready for the press. It is delightful to find, that the most successful prose-writer of the day was also the most painstaking. Here is indeed a literary conscience. The very same gratification may be expressed with reference to our most successful poet, Mr. Tennyson. Great is the praise due to the poet: still greater, from the nature of the case, that share which falls to the lot of Macaulay. For a poet's diligence is, all along, a honeyed work. He is ever travelling in flowery meads. Macaulay, on the other hand, unshrinkingly went through an immense mass of inquiry, which even he sometimes felt to be irksome, and which to most men would have been intolerable. He was perpetually picking the grain of corn out of the bushel of chaff. He freely chose to undergo the dust, and heat, and strain of battle, before he would challenge from the public the crown of victory. And in every way it was remarkable that he should maintain his lofty standard of conception and performance. Mediocrity is now, as formerly, dangerous, commonly fatal, to the poet: but among even the successful writers of prose, those who rise sensibly above it are the very rarest exceptions. The tests

of excellence in prose are as much less palpable, as the public appetite is less fastidious. Moreover, we are moving downwards in this respect. The proportion of middling to good writing constantly and rapidly increases. With the average of performance, the standard of judgment progressively declines. The inexorable conscientiousness of Macaulay, his determination to put out nothing from his hand which his hand was still capable of improving, was a perfect godsend to the best hopes of our slipshod generation.

16. It was naturally consequent upon this habit of treating composition in the spirit of art, that he should extend to the body of his books much of the regard and care, which he so profusely bestowed upon their soul. We have accordingly had in him, at the time when the need was greatest, a most vigilant guardian of the language. We seem to detect rare and slight evidences of carelessness in his Journal: of which we can only say that, in a production of the moment, written for himself alone, we are surprised that they are not more numerous and considerable. In general society, carelessness of usage is almost universal, and it is exceedingly difficult for an individual, however vigilant, to avoid catching some of the trashy or faulty usages which are continually in his ear. But in his published works his grammar,* his orthography, nay,

* In an unpublished paper on 'Appointment by Competition,' we find (at ii. 342) the following sentence: "*Instead of purity resulting from that arrangement to India*, England itself would soon be tainted." Can the construction, of which the words we have italicised are an example, be found anywhere in the published works of Macaulay? Or in any writer of fair repute before the present century? Or even before the present day? Let any one, who desires to test its accuracy, try to translate it into a foreign language. Fonblanque, who was laudably jealous for our noble mother tongue, protested against this

his punctuation (too often surrendered to the printer), are faultless. On these questions, and on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of a word, he may even be called an authority without appeal; and we cannot doubt that we owe it to his works, and to their boundless circulation, that we have not in this age witnessed a more rapid corruption and degeneration of the language.

17. To the literary success of Macaulay it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of recent authorship. For this, and probably for all future, centuries, we are to regard the public as the patron of literary men; and as a patron abler than any that went before to heap both fame and fortune on its favourites. Setting aside works of which the primary purpose was entertainment, Tennyson alone among the writers of our age, in point of public

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usage. His editor records the protest; and in the next page himself commits the crime. We find another example in Macaulay's letter to his father at p. 150 of vol. i. "All minds seem to be perfectly made up as to the certainty *of Catholic Emancipation having come at last.*" This very slovenly form of speech is now coming in upon us like a flood, through the influence of newspapers, official correspondence, and we know not what beside. As to errors of printing not obviously due to the operative department, during our searches in preparation for this article we have only chanced to stumble upon one; in the Essay on Bacon, the word *ἀποπρογγμένα* is twice printed with the accent on the *antepenultima*. Mr. Trevelyan records the rigour with which Macaulay proscribed "Bosphorus" instead of Bosporus (a partial reform only), and Syren instead of Siren. In the interests of extreme accuracy, we raise the question whether Macaulay himself is correct in writing *macaroni* (ii. 243) instead of *maccaroni*. *Macaroni* is according to the French usage, and is referred by Webster to *μάκαρ*, a derivation which we utterly reject. But the original word is Italian, and is derived from *macca*, signifying abundance or heap (see the admirable 'Tramater' Dictionary, Naples, 1831). [The usage questioned in this note, which may be termed a *false genitive*, has lately met my eye in Goldsmith. He had great natural graces of style, but was too hasty and careless to carry great authority. Can it be found in the Bible or Prayer Book, in Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Swift, Johnson, or Burke?—W. E. G., 1878.]

favour, and of emolument following upon it, comes near to Macaulay. But Tennyson was laboriously cultivating his gifts for many years, before he acquired a position in the eye of the nation. Macaulay fresh from college, in 1825, astonished the world by his brilliant and most imposing essay on Milton. Full-orbed he was seen above the horizon; and full-orbed, after thirty-five years of constantly-emitted splendour, he sank beneath it.

18. His gains from literature were extraordinary. The cheque for 20,000*l.* is known to all. But his accumulation was reduced by his bounty; and his profits would, it is evident, have been far larger still, had he dealt with the products of his mind on the principles of economic science (which, however, he heartily professed), and sold his wares in the dearest market, as he undoubtedly acquired them in the cheapest. No one can measure the elevation of Macaulay's character above the mercenary level, without bearing in mind, that for ten years after 1825 he was a poor and a contented man, though ministering to the wants of a father and a family reduced in circumstances; though in the blaze of literary and political success; and though he must have been conscious from the first of the possession of a gift which, by a less congenial and more compulsory use, would have rapidly led him to opulence. Yet of the comforts and advantages, both social and physical, from which he thus forebore, it is so plain that he at all times formed no misanthropic or ascetic, but on the contrary a very liberal and genial, estimate. It is truly touching to find that never, except as a Minister, until 1851 (ii. 291, 292), when he had already lived fifty years of his fifty-nine, did this favourite of fortune, this idol of society, allow himself the luxury of a carriage.

19. It has been observed, that neither in art nor letters did Macaulay display that faculty of the higher criticism,

which depends upon certain refined perceptions and the power of subtle analysis. His analysis was always rough, hasty, and sweeping, and his perceptions robust. By these properties it was that he was so eminently φορτικὸς, not in the vulgar sense of an appeal to spurious sentiment, but as one bearing his reader along by violence, as the River Scamander tried to bear Achilles. Yet he was never pretentious; and he said frankly of himself, that a criticism like that of Lessing in his Laocoon, or of Goethe on Hamlet, filled him with wonder and despair. His intense devotion to the great work of Dante (ii. 22) is not, perhaps, in keeping with the genial tenour of his tastes and attachments; but is in itself a circumstance of much interest.

We remember, however, at least one observation of Macaulay's, in regard to art, which is worth preserving. He observed that the mixture of gold with ivory in great works of ancient art—for example, in the Jupiter of Phidias—was probably a condescension to the tastes of the people who were to be the worshippers of the statue; and he noticed that in Christian times it has most rarely happened that productions great in art have also been the objects of warm popular veneration.

20. Neither again had he patience for the accurate collection of minute particulars of evidence, to disentangle an intricate controversy, and by the recovery of the thread to bring out the truth. He neither could, nor would have done, for example, what Mr. Elwin has done in that masterly Preface to the Letters of Pope, which throws so much light upon the character.* All such questions he

* 'The Works of Alexander Pope. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. Whitwell Elwin.' London, 1871.

either passed by unnoticed, or else carried by storm. He left them to the Germans, of whose labours he possessed little knowledge, and formed a very insufficient estimate. His collection of particulars was indeed most minute, but he was the master, not the servant, of his subject matter. When once his rapid eye was struck with some powerful effect, he could not wait to ascertain whether his idea, formed at a first view, really agreed with the ultimate presentation of the facts. If, however, he wrote many a line that was untrue, never did he write one that he did not believe to be true. He very rarely submitted to correct or to retract; and yet not because he disliked it, but simply because, from the habits of his mind, he could not see the need of it. Nothing can be more ingenuous, for example, than the following passage, written when he was at the very zenith of his fame (ii. 442), in 1858:

"To-day I got a letter from ——, pointing out what I must admit to be a gross impropriety of language in my book; an impropriety of a sort rare, I hope, with me. It shall be corrected; and I am obliged to the fellow, little as I like him."

21. If then Macaulay failed beyond many men inferior to himself in the faculty (as to his works) of self-correction, what was the cause of this defect? It certainly did not lie in any coarse, outward, vulgar view of his calling.

It was not in such a spirit that Macaulay wooed the Muses. In whatever garb he wooed them, it was always in the noble worship of the Georgics, as the divinities—

"Quarum sacra fero ingenti perculsus amore."

Though, relatively to the common standard of literary production, his very worst would have been good, his taste and his principle alike forbade him to be satisfied with

anything less than his best. His conception of the vocation was lofty to the uttermost; his execution was in the like degree scrupulous and careful. Nowhere, perhaps, can we find a more true description of the motive which impels a great writer, than in the fine thought and lines of Filicaja:

"Fama non cerco o mercenaria lode."

No, that poet was content to sing for love of singing;

"Purch' io cantando del bell' Arno in riva
Sfoghi l' alto desio che 'l cor mi rode."

22. He could not, indeed, have accepted that portion of the Italian minstrel's "self-denying ordinance" which dispensed with Fame. With the entire and peculiar force of his fancy, he projected in his mental vision the renown which the future was to bring him; and, having thus given body to his abstraction, allowed himself to dwell on it with rich enjoyment, as on some fair and boundless landscape. On the publication of his History, he felt as in all its fulness, so in all its forms,.

"La procellosa e trepida
Gioia d' un gran disegno." *

"The sale has surpassed expectation; but that proves only that people have formed a high idea of what they are to have. The disappointment, if there is disappointment, will be great. All that I hear is laudatory. But who can trust to praise that is poured into his own ear? At all events, I have aimed high. I have tried to do something that may be remembered. I have had the year 2000, and even the year 3000, often in my mind. I have sacrificed nothing to temporary fashions of thought and style; and, if I fail, my failure will be more honourable than nine-tenths of the successes that I have witnessed" (ii. 246).

* Manzoni's 'Cinque Maggio.'

Most true. Yet we infer from the general strain of his Journals and Letters, that even had there been no such thing as fame in his view, he still would have written for the sake of writing; that for him reputation was to work, what pleasure properly is to virtue; the normal sequel, the grace and complement of the full-formed figure, but not its centre, nor its heart.

23. We have spoken of some contrast between Macaulay himself and his works. It cannot be more fairly illustrated than an instance in which Mr. Trevelyan, true to his pledge, has not shrunk from exhibiting. Macaulay used the lash with merciless severity against the poems of Robert Montgomery; and it entered deeply into the flesh of the man. Like "poor Yorick," there are those who remember Montgomery, and who can say of him this, that if he was not, as he was not, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," he was a man of pure and high character, and of natural gifts much above the common. If his style was affected, his life was humble. He committed the fault of publishing, as hundreds do, indifferent verses; and the popular press of the day, with the public at its back, offered an absurd worship before the idol. But he was an idol; and Macaulay, as the minister of justice for the welfare of the republic of letters, hurled him from the pedestal into the abyss. It was, we have not a doubt, without a shadow of ill-feeling towards the culprit that the judge, in this instance, put on the black cap of doom. We very much regret, that when Montgomery subsequently appealed for mercy, although it seems he had the folly to intermix some kind of menace with his prayer, Macaulay (ii. 276) refused to withdraw his article, which had more than served its purpose, from the published collection of his Essays; so that this bad poet, but

respectable and respected man, is not allowed the sad privilege of oblivion, and the public are still invited to look on and see the immortal terrier worrying the mortal mouse.

24. We have here an example of the inability of Macaulay to judge according to measure. But this is not the point we seek to illustrate. What was the fault of Robert Montgomery? It certainly did not lie in the adulation he received; that was the fault of those who paid it. It lay simply and wholly in the publication of bad poems. And chiefly of the first bad poem; for when public praise told him his lines were good, and enabled him to go to Oxford for education with the proceeds, it was surely a most venial act on his part to give way to the soft illusion, and again and again to repeat the operation. His sin, then, was in giving a bad poem to the world. For this sin he was, as Scott says, "sair mashackered and misguggled" by the reviewer. But the very offence, so mercilessly punished by Macaulay the author, was habitually favoured and promoted by Macaulay the man. See his Journal (in or about 1856, ii. 413).

"I sent some money to Miss ——, a middling writer, whom I relieved some time ago. . . . . Mrs. —— again. I will send her five pounds more. This will make fifty pounds in a few months to a bad writer whom I never saw . . . . If the author of —— is really in distress I would gladly assist him, though I am no admirer of his poetry."

There is no way of promoting the publication of bad books so effectual, as that of giving subsidies to persons who mistake their vocation in becoming and continuing bad authors.

25. There is, indeed, one patent, and we might almost say

lamentable void in the generally engaging picture which the 'Life of Macaulay' has presented to us. We see his many virtues, his deep affections, his sound principles of civil, social, and domestic action in full play; nor is there anywhere found, or even suggested, a negation of those great principles of belief, which establish a direct personal relation between the human soul and its Creator, and an harmonious continuity between our present stage of destiny, and that which is to succeed it in the world to come. Mr. Trevelyan has noticed his habitual reserve on subjects of religion; a habit perhaps first contracted in self-defence against the rather worrying methods of his excellent, but not sympathetic, nor always judicious, father. He speaks of Bacon's belief of Revelation, in words which appear to imply that the want of it would have been a reproach or a calamity; and, when challenged as to his own convictions before the constituency of Leeds, he went as far, in simply declaring himself to be a Christian, as the self-respect and delicacy of an honourable and independent mind could on such an occasion permit. He nowhere retracts what is thus stated or suggested. Much may be set down to the reserve, which he commonly maintained on this class of subjects; but there are passages which suggest a doubt whether he had completely wrought the Christian dogma, with all its lessons and all its consolations, into the texture of his mind, and whether he had opened for himself the springs of improvement and of delight which so many have found, and will ever find, in it. At the same time, with a sigh for what we have not, we must be thankful for what we have, and leave to One, wiser than ourselves, the deeper problems of the human soul and of its discipline.

26. We are free, however, to challenge outright the decla-

ration of Mr. Trevelyan, that his uncle had a decided and strong taste for theology. "He had a strong and enduring predilection for religious speculation and controversy, and was widely and profoundly read in ecclesiastical history" (ii. 462). For all controversy, and for all speculation which partook of controversy, he manifestly had not a sour or querulous, but a genial and hearty love. And again, as respects ecclesiastical history; in many of its phases it constitutes a part, and a leading part, of the history of the world. What records the origin of the wars of the Investitures, the League, and the Thirty Years, could not be foreign to the mind and eye of Macaulay. But very large tracts of Church History lie outside the currents of contemporary events, though they involve profoundly the thoughts and feelings, the training and the destiny of individual men. Of all these it would be hard to show that he had taken any serious account at all. It must be admitted, indeed, that no department of human records has on the whole profited so little as Church History by the charms, perhaps even by the methods, of literary art; but Macaulay, if he had desired to get at the kernel, was not the man to be repelled by the uncouth rudeness of the shell. As respects theology, the ten volumes of his published works do nothing to bear out the assertion of Mr. Trevelyan. We have ourselves heard him assert a paradox which common sense and established opinion alike reject, that the theology of the Seventeenth Article was the same as that of the portentous code framed at Lambeth about the close of the sixteenth century. A proof yet more conclusive of a mind, in which the theological sense had never been trained or developed, is supplied by his own contemptuous language respecting a treatise which has ever been regarded as among the

gems of Christian literature. "I have read Augustine's 'Confessions.' The book is not without interest. But he expresses himself in the style of a field preacher" (i. 465).

27. And again, he rather contemptuously classes the great Father with the common herd of those who record their confessions, or, in the cant phrase, their experience. He had indeed no admiration, and but little indulgence, for any of these introspective productions. They lay in a region which he did not frequent; and yet they are among not only the realities, but the deepest and most determining realities, of our nature. We reckon his low estimate of this inward work as betokening the insufficient development of his own powerful mind in that direction.

28. It has been felt and pointed out in many quarters that Macaulay, as a writer, was the child, and became the type, of his country and his age. As, fifty years ago, the inscription "Bath" used to be carried on our letter-paper, so the word "English" is as it were in the water-mark of every leaf of Macaulay's writing. His country was not the Empire, nor was it the United Kingdom. It was not even Great Britain. Though he was descended in the higher, that is the paternal, half from Scottish ancestry, and was linked specially with that country through the signal virtues, the victorious labours, and the considerable reputation of his father Zachary, his country was England. On this little spot he concentrated a force of admiration and of worship, which might have covered all the world. But as in space, so in time, it was limited. It was the England of his own age.

29. The higher energies of his life were as completely summed up in the present, as those of Walter Scott were projected upon the past. He would not have filled an Abbotsford with armour and relics of the middle

ages. He judges the men and institutions and events of other times by the instruments and measures of the present. The characters whom he admires are those who would have conformed to the type that was before his eyes, who would have moved with effect in the court, the camp, the senate, the drawing-room of to-day. He contemplates the past with no *desiderium*, no regretful longing, no sense of things admirable, which are also lost and irrecoverable. Upon this limitation of his retrospects it follows in natural sequence that of the future he has no glowing anticipations, and even the present he is not apt to contemplate on its mysterious and ideal side. As in respect to his personal capacity of loving, so in regard to the corresponding literary power. The faculty was singularly intense, and yet it was spent within a narrow circle. There is a marked sign of this narrowness in his disinclination even to look at the works of contemporaries, whose tone or manner he disliked.

30. It appears that this dislike, and the ignorance consequent upon it, applied to the works of Carlyle. Now we may have much or little faith in Carlyle as a philosopher or as an historian. Half-lights and half-truths may be the utmost which, in these departments, his works will be found to yield. But the total want of sympathy is the more noteworthy, because the resemblances, though partial, are both numerous and substantial between these two remarkable men and powerful writers, as well in their strength as in their weakness. Both are honest; and both, notwithstanding honesty, are partisans. Each is vastly, though diversely, powerful in expression; and each is more powerful in expression than in thought. Both are, though variously, poets using the vehicle of prose. Both have the power of portraitures, extraordinary for vividness and strength.

For comprehensive disquisition, for balanced and impartial judgments, the world will probably resort to neither; and if Carlyle gains on the comparison in his strong sense of the inward and the ideal, he loses in the absolute and violent character of his onesidedness. Without doubt, Carlyle's licentious, though striking, peculiarities of style have been of a nature allowably to repel, so far as they go, one who was so rigid as Macaulay in his literary orthodoxy, and who so highly appreciated, and with such expenditure of labour, all that relates to the exterior or body of a book. Still if there be resemblances so strong, the want of appreciation, which has possibly been reciprocal, seems to be partly of that nature which Aristotle would have explained by his favourite proverb: κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ. The discrepancy is like the discrepancy of colours that are too near. Carlyle is at least a great fact in the literature of his time; and has contributed largely, in some respects too largely, towards forming its characteristic habits of thought. But on these very grounds he should not have been excluded from the horizon of a mind like Macaulay's, with all its large, and varied, and most active interests.

31. His early training, and consequently the cast of his early opinions, was Conservative. But these views did not survive his career at Cambridge as an undergraduate. No details are given, but we hear that, during that period, Mr. Charles Austin effected, it would seem with facility, the work of his conversion (i. 76). He supplied an example rather rare of one who, not having been a Whig by birth, became one, and thereafter constantly presented the aspect of that well-marked class of politicians. *Poeta nascitur, orator fit;* and so as a rule a man not born a Liberal, may become a Liberal; but to be a

Whig, he must be a born Whig. At any rate, Macaulay offers to our view one of the most enviable qualities characteristic of that "variety" of the Liberal "species"; a singularly large measure of consistency. In this he will bear comparison with Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grey; but in proportion as the pressure of events is sharper on a Commoner than on a Peer, so the phenomenon of consistency is more remarkable. And the feature belongs to his mental character at large. It would be difficult to point out any great and signal change of views on any important subject between the beginning of his full manhood, and the close of his career. His life is like a great volume; the sheets are of one size, type, and paper.

32. Here again Macaulay becomes for us a typical man, and suggests the question whether the conditions of our nature will permit so close and sustained an unity to be had without some sacrifice of expansion? The feature is rendered in his case more noteworthy by the fact that all his life long, with an insatiable avidity, he was taking in whole cargoes of knowledge, and that nothing which he imported into his mind remained there barren and inert. On the other hand, he was perhaps assisted, or, as a censor might call it, manacled, by the perpetual and always living presence in his consciousness, through the enormous tenacity of his memory, of whatever he had himself thought, said, or written, at an earlier time. It may even be, as he himself said, that of the whole of this huge mass he had forgotten nothing. It cannot be doubted that he remembered a far larger proportion, than did other men who had ten or twenty times less to remember. And there was this peculiarity in his recollections; they were not, like those of ordinary men, attended at times with difficulty, elicited from the recesses

of the brain by effort. He was alike favoured in the quantity of what he possessed, and in the free and immediate command of his possessions.

33. The effect was most singular. He was (as has been variously shown) often inaccurate: he was seldom, perhaps never, inconsistent. He remembered his own knowledge, in the modern phrase, his own concepts, better than he retained, if indeed he ever had embraced, the true sense of the authorities on which these "concepts" were originally framed. In the initial work of collection, he was often misled by fancy or by prejudice; but in the after work of recollection, he kept faithfully, and never failed to grasp at a moment's notice, the images which the tablets of his brain, so susceptible and so tenacious, had once received. *Diù servavit odorem.* Among Macaulay's mental gifts and habits, it was perhaps this vast memory by which he was most conspicuously known. There was here even a waste of power. His mind, like a dredging-net at the bottom of the sea, took up all that it encountered, both bad and good, nor even seemed to feel the burden. Peerless treasures lay there, mixed, yet never confounded, with worthless trash. This was not the only peculiarity of the wondrous organ.

34. There have been other men of our own generation, though very few, who, if they have not equalled, have approached Macaulay in power of memory, and who have certainly exceeded him in the unfailing accuracy of their recollections. And yet not in accuracy as to dates, or names, or quotations, or other matters of hard fact, when the question was one simply between aye and no. In these he may have been without a rival. In a list of Kings, or Popes, or Senior Wranglers, or Prime Ministers, or battles, or palaces, or as to the houses in Pall Mall,

or about Leicester Square, he might be followed with implicit confidence. But a large and important class of human recollections are not of this order; recollections for example of characters, of feelings, of opinions; of the intrinsic nature, details, and bearings of occurrences. And here it was that Macaulay's wealth "was unto him an occasion of falling." And that in two ways. First, the possessor of such a vehicle as his memory could not but have something of an overweening confidence in what it told him; and, quite apart from any tendency to be vain or overbearing, he could hardly enjoy the benefits of that caution which arises from self-interest, and the sad experience of frequent falls. But what is more, the possessor of so powerful a fancy could not but illuminate with the colours it supplied the matters which he gathered into his great magazine, wherever the definiteness of their outline was not so rigid as to defy or disarm the action of the intruding and falsifying faculty. Imagination could not alter the date of the battle of Marathon, of the Council of Nice, or the crowning of Pepin. But it might seriously or even fundamentally disturb the balance of light and dark in his account of the opinions of Milton or of Laud, or his estimate of the effects of the Protectorate or the Restoration, or of the character, and even the adulteries, of William III. He could detect justly this want of dry light in others: he probably suspected it in himself: but it was hardly possible for him to be enough upon his guard against the distracting action of a faculty at once so vigorous, so crafty, and so pleasurable in its intense activity.

35. Hence arose, it seems reasonable to believe, that charge of partisanship against Macaulay as an historian, on which much has been, and probably much more will be, said. He may not have possessed that scrupulously tender

sense of obligation, that nice tact of exact justice, which is among the very rarest, as well as the most precious, of human virtues. But there never was a writer less capable of intentional unfairness. This during his lifetime was the belief of his friends, but was hardly admitted by opponents. His biographer has really lifted the question out of the range of controversy. He wrote for truth; but, of course, for truth such as he saw it; and his sight was coloured from within. This colour, once attached, was what in manufacture is called a mordent; it was a fast colour; he could not distinguish between what his mind had received, and what his mind had imparted. Hence, when he was wrong, he could not see that he was wrong; and of those calamities which are due to the intellect only, and not the heart, there can hardly be a greater. The hope of amending is, after all, our very best and brightest hope; of amending our works as well as ourselves. Without it, we are forbidden *revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras*, when we have accidentally, as is the way with men, slipped into Avernus.

36. While, as to his forms of authorship, Macaulay was incessantly labouring to improve, in the substance of what he had written he could neither himself detect his errors, nor could he perceive them when they were pointed out. There was a strange contrast between his own confidence in what he said, and his misgivings about his manner of saying it. Woe to him, he says of his History, if some one should review him as he could review another man. He had, and could not but have, the sense of his own scarifying and tomahawking power, and would, we firmly believe, not have resented its use against himself. "I see every day more and more clearly how far my performance is below excellence" (ii.

232). "When I compare my book with what I imagine history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed." It was only on comparing it with concrete examples that he felt reassured (*ibid.*). He never so conclusively proved himself to be a true artist, as in this dissatisfaction with the products of his art because they fell below his ideal; that Will-o'-the-wisp who, like the fabled sprite, ever stirs pursuit, and ever baffles it, but who, unlike that imp, rewards with large, even if unsatisfying, results every step of real progress. But it is quite plain that all this dissatisfaction had reference to the form, not the matter, of his works. Unhappily, he never so much as glances at any general or serious fear lest he should have mistaken the nature or proportions of events, or, what is, perhaps, still more serious, lest he should have done injustice to characters; although he must have well known that injustice from his χεὶρ πάχεια, his weighty, massive hand, was a thing so crushing and so terrible.

37. Hence what is at first sight a strange contrast—his insensibility to the censure of the forum, his uneasiness in the study; his constant repulsion of the censure of others; his not less constant misgiving, nay censure on himself. In a debased form this phenomenon is, indeed, common, nay, the commonest of all. But he was no Sir Fretful Plagiary, to press for criticism, and then, in wrath and agony, to damn the critic. The explanation is simple. He criticised what men approved; he approved what they criticised. His style, unless when in some rare cases it was wrought up to palpable excess,* no one attempted to criticise. It was

* We may take the liberty, after the lapse of more than eight years, of pointing to a successful parody in the number of this 'Review' for April 1868, p. 290. [This effective morsel of parody is by Mr. Hayward.—W. E. G., 1878.]

felt to be a thing above the heads of common mortals. But this it was which he watched with an incessant, a passionate, and a jealous care, the care of a fond parent, if not of a lover; of a parent fond, but not doting, who never spared the rod, that he might not spoil the child. Of his matter, his mode of dealing with the substance of men and things, by the constitution of his mind he was blind to the defects. As other men do in yet higher and more inward regions of their being, he missed the view of his own besetting sin.

38. However true it may be that Macaulay was a far more consummate workman in the manner than in the matter of his works, we do not doubt that the works contain, in multitudes, passages of high emotion and ennobling sentiment, just awards of praise and blame, and solid expositions of principle, social, moral, and constitutional. They are pervaded by a generous love of liberty; and their atmosphere is pure and bracing, their general aim and basis morally sound. Of the qualifications of this eulogy we have spoken, and have yet to speak. But we can speak of the style of the works with little qualification. We do not, indeed, venture to assert that his style ought to be imitated. Yet this is not because it was vicious, but because it was individual and incommunicable. It was one of those gifts, of which, when it had been conferred, Nature broke the mould. That it is the head of all literary styles we do not allege; but it is different from them all, and perhaps more different from them all than they are usually different from one another. We speak only of natural styles, of styles where the manner waits upon the matter, and not where an artificial structure has been reared either to hide or to make up for poverty of substance.

39. It is paramount in the union of ease in movement

with perspicuity of matter, of both with real splendour, and of all with immense rapidity, and striking force. From any other pen, such masses of ornament would be tawdry; with him they are only rich. As a model of art concealing art, the finest cabinet pictures of Holland are almost his only rivals. Like Pascal, he makes the heaviest subject light; like Burke, he embellishes the barrenest. When he walks over arid plains, the springs of milk and honey, as in a march of Bacchus, seem to rise beneath his tread. The repast he serves is always sumptuous, but it seems to create an appetite proportioned to its abundance; for who has ever heard of the reader that was cloyed with Macaulay? In none, perhaps, of our prose writers are lessons, such as he gives, of truth and beauty, of virtue and of freedom, so vividly associated with delight. Could some magician but do for the career of life what he has done for the arm-chair and the study, what a change would pass on the face (at least) of the world we live in; what an accession of recruits would there be to the professing followers of virtue.

40. As the serious flaw in Macaulay's mind was want of depth, so the central defect, with which his productions appear to be chargeable, is a pervading strain of more or less exaggeration. He belonged to that class of minds, whose views of single objects are singularly and almost preternaturally luminous. But Nature sows her bounty wide; and those, who possess this precious and fascinating gift as to things in themselves, are very commonly deficient beyond ordinary men in discerning and measuring their relations to one another. For them all things are either absolutely transparent, or else unapproachable from dense and utter darkness. Hence, amidst a blaze of glory, there is a want of perspective, of balance, and of breadth. Themselves knowing nothing of difficulty, or of

obscurity, or of mental struggle to work out of it, they are liable to be intolerant of other men who stumble at the impediments they have overleapt; and even the kindest hearts may be led not merely by the abundance, but by the peculiarities, of their powers, into the most precipitate and partial judgments. From this result Macaulay has not been preserved; and we are convinced that the charges against him would have been multiplied tenfold, had not the exuberant kindness of his disposition oftentimes done for him the office of a cautious and self-denying intellect.

41. Minds of the class to which we refer are like the bodies in the outer world fashioned without gaps or flaws or angles; the whole outline of their formation is continuous, the whole surface is smooth. They are, in this sense, complete men, and they do not readily comprehend those who are incomplete. They do not readily understand either the inferiority, or the superiority, of opponents; the inferiority of their slower sight, or the superiority of their deeper insight; their at once seeing less, and seeing more. In Macaulay's case this defect could not but be enhanced by his living habitually with men of congenial mind, and his comparatively limited acquaintance with that contentious world of practical politics which, like the heaviest wrestling-match for the body, exhibits the unlimited diversities in the attitudes of the human mind, and helps to show how subtle and manifold a thing is the nature that we bear. Parliament could not but have opened out in one direction a new avenue of knowledge for Macaulay; but we do not agree with Mr. Trevelyan in thinking that the comparatively few hours he spent there, most commonly with his thoughts ranging far abroad, could have largely entered into, or perceptibly modified, the habits of his mind.

42. The very common association between seeing clearly and seeing narrowly is a law or a frailty of our nature not enough understood. Paley was perhaps the most notable instance of it among our writers. Among living politicians, it would be easy to point to very conspicuous instances. This habit of mind is extremely attractive, in that it makes incisive speakers and pellucid writers, who respectively save their hearers and their readers trouble. Its natural tendency is towards hopeless intolerance; it makes all hesitation, all misgiving, all suspense, an infirmity, or a treachery to truth; it generates an appetite for intellectual butchery. There was no man in whom the fault would have been more excusable, than in Macaulay; for while with him the clearness was almost preterhuman, the narrowness was, after all, but qualified and relative. The tendency was almost uniformly controlled by the kindly nature and genuine chivalry of the man; so that even, in some of his scathing criticisms, he seems to have a real delight in such countervailing compliments as he bestows: while in conversation, where he was always copious, sometimes redundant, never overbearing, the mischief was effectually neutralised by the strength and abundance of his social sympathies.

43. Yet he exhibited on some occasions a more than ordinary defect in the mental faculty of appreciating opponents. He did not fully take the measure of those from whom he differed, in the things wherein he differed. There is, for example, a parliamentary tradition sufficiently well established* that Croker assailed, and assailed

* In the valuable Biography of Lord Althorp which has just appeared, it is said that Croker attempted a reply to Macaulay, on the second reading of the second Bill, in a speech of two hours and a half, which utterly failed (p. 383). It is not common to make (apparently

on the instant, some of Macaulay's celebrated speeches on Reform with signal talent, and with no inconsiderable effect. But he never mentions Croker except with an aversion which may be partially understood, and also with a contempt which it is not so easy to account for. It is common to misunderstand the acts of an adversary, and even to depreciate his motives; but Macaulay cannot even acknowledge the strength of his arm. It is yet more to be lamented that, in this instance, he carried the passions of politics into the Elysian fields of literature; and that the scales in which he tried the merits of Croker's edition of 'Boswell' seem to have been weighted, on the descending side, with his recollections of parliamentary collision. But the controversy relating to this work is too important to be dismissed with a passing notice;* for what touches Boswell touches Johnson, and what touches Johnson touches a large and an immortal chapter of our English tradition.

44. This is the most glaring instance. There are many others. His estimate of Lord Derby is absurdly low. He hardly mentions Peel during his lifetime except with an extreme severity; and even on the sad occasion of his death, although he speaks kindly of the "poor fellow" (ii. 278), and cries for his death, he does not supply a single touch of appreciation of his great qualities.† Yet Sir Robert

off-hand) a reply of two hours and a half upon historical details without the possession of rather remarkable faculties. But this volume, though from the opposite camp, bears witness to Croker's powers: it mentions at p. 400 "a most able and argumentative speech of Croker," and other living witnesses, of Liberal opinions, might be cited to a like effect. This subject is discussed more fully on pages 83–126 of the present Number.

* See *Quarterly Review* for July 1876, Art. III. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

† [*But* see Speech at Edinburgh in 1852 (Speeches, pp. 503, 4); also

Peel, if on rare occasions he possibly fell short in considerateness to friends, was eagerly generous to an opponent like Macaulay, during the struggle on Reform (i. 172), and again in 1841 (ii. 135). Peel moreover had for four years before his decease, from his dread of a possible struggle for the revival of protective duties, been the main prop of the Government which had all the sympathies of Macaulay. There is something yet more marked in the case of Brougham, who is said to have shown towards him in early life a jealousy not generous or worthy. In 1858, at a period when Brougham's character was greatly mellowed and softened, and he had discharged almost all his antipathies, Macaulay writes of him, "Strange fellow! His powers gone. His spite immortal. A dead nettle." At this point only, in the wide circuit of Macaulay's recorded words or acts, do we seem to find evidence of a moral defect. Under the semblance of a homage to justice, he seems to have been occasionally seduced into the indulgence of a measure of vindictive feeling.

45. The combination of great knowledge, great diligence, great powers of appreciation, and great uprightness and kindliness of mind with a constant tendency to exaggerate, with unjust and hasty judgments, and with a nearly uniform refusal to accept correction, offers a riddle not unknown on a smaller scale in smaller men, but here of peculiar interest, because, though Macaulay's kind may

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Preface to Speeches, p. vii., bearing the date of 1854. From these passages, which were not in my mind at the time when I wrote the Review, it is pleasant to find that reflection, aided perhaps by political approximation, led Macaulay to a kindlier estimate of one than whom no man among our great statesmen has more profoundly revered or more closely followed Duty.—W. E. G., 1878.]

not have been the greatest, he was, in his kind, so singularly great. The solution of it seems to lie in this: that, with a breathless rapidity, he filled in his picture before his outline was complete, and then with an extreme of confidence he supplied the colour from his own mind and prepossessions, instead of submitting to take them from his theme. Thus each subject that he treated of became, as has been observed, a mirror which reflected the image of himself. The worshipping estimate, which Mr. John Stuart Mill formed of his wife's powers, was unintelligible to those who had known her, until it was remembered that she was simply the echo of his own voice. She repeated to him his own thoughts and his own conclusions; and he took them, when they proceeded from her lips, for the independent oracles of truth. The echo of himself, which Mill found in his wife, was provided for Macaulay in his own literary creations; and what he thought was loyal adhesion to the true and right was only the more and more close embrace of the image he himself had fashioned and adorned. All this, however, is not to be taken for granted. We shall support it by reference to the works of those who we think have supplied the proof, and shall likewise proceed to add some illustrations in detail.

46. For his own eye, the ornaments of his Essay on Milton were so soon as in 1843 gaudy and ungraceful, while for the world they were only rich, dazzling, or at most profuse. As he writes in that year, it contains "scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves" ('Essays,' Preface). But there is no misgiving as to the substance of the Essay; and even with regard to his articles on James Mill, which he had dropped on special grounds, he was not "disposed to retract a single doctrine

which they contain."* If it be thought unfair or misleading to scrutinise closely a production which, while so wonderful, is likewise so youthful as the Essay on Milton, we reply that we examine it for the following reason; because it was the work over which he cast the longest retrospect, and yet this retrospect did not suggest even so much as a qualification, however general, of the opinions it conveyed. We must observe, however, that, in the case of Macaulay, general qualification would be nearly useless. The least we could have craved of his repentance, had he repented, would have been that the peccant passages should be *obelized*. For in all his works, the sound and the unsound parts are closely dovetailed; his *series junctura*, his arrangement and his transitions, are perfect; the assertions are everywhere alike fearless, the illustrations alike happy; and the vision of the ordinary reader has scarcely a chance of distinguishing between truth and error, where all is bathed, and lost, in one overpowering blaze and flood of light. We might as well attempt to detect, with the naked eye, the spots in the sun.

47. The Essay combines in one view the works, the opinions, and the character of Milton; and it may perhaps be pronounced at once the most gorgeous and the most high-flown panegyric to be found anywhere in print. It describes Milton ('Essays,' i. 4) as the martyr of English liberty; seemingly for no other reason than that, in later life, the course of public affairs was not to his mind. Deeply dyed with regicide, he was justly and wisely spared; and he suffered no molestation from those whom, the first day he had got the power, he would not have lost a moment in molesting. Macaulay scoffs at the idea that

* Preface to 'Essays,' republished in 1843.

Charles I. was a martyr to religion; but religion had manifestly something to do with his end, and his title to the name is sounder than Milton's at least in this, that his head was actually cut off.

48. Milton took (says the great Reviewer, p. 30) in politics the part to be expected from his high spirit and his great intellect; for he lived "at the very crisis of the conflict between Oromasdes and Ahrimanes," when the mighty principles of liberty were exhibited in the form of a battle between the principle of good and the principle of evil. Such is Macaulay's trenchant view of the character and merits of the great and mixed conflict known by the name of the Great Rebellion. In what strange contrast does it stand with that of another writer, his contemporary and his friend, and one not less truly, nor less heartily, a lover of freedom than himself. Let those, who prefer a temperate to a torrid zone, pass from these burning utterances to Mr. Hallam's discussion, in his Eleventh Chapter, of the respective claims and merits of the two parties to the war. In a statement, than which perhaps the whole compass of history does not contain a finer example of searching scrutiny together with judicial temper, he arrives at the conclusion that the war was opened in 1642 "with evil auspices; with much peril of despotism on the one hand, with more of anarchy on the other."*

49. Referring to the (then) recently published work of Milton on 'Christian Doctrine,' Macaulay observes "some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism, and his theory on the subject of polygamy." At this amazement he is himself amazed; and with a cursory

* 'Constitutional History' (4to.), i. 615.

remark he passes lightly on. As regards his Arianism, we could not reasonably have expected more. That, after all, touches only dogma; and though dogma be the foundation stone of Christianity, still, like other foundation stones, it is usually out of sight. But the "theory of polygamy" which, as the Essayist observes, Milton did something to illustrate in his life, ought surely to have made him "think thrice" before he proceeded to assure us that Milton's conception of love had not only "all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem," and not only "all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament," but "all pure and the quiet affection of our English fireside" (p. 29).

50. It is especially to be borne in mind that Milton's advocacy of this (for us) detestable and degrading institution is not either casual or half-hearted. "So far," he says himself, "is the question respecting the lawfulness of polygamy from being a trivial, that it is of the highest importance it should be decided."* He then discusses it at such length, and with such care, that it may fairly be termed a treatise within a treatise. It is not necessary to cite more than a few short references. "With regard to the passage, they twain . . . 'shall be one flesh' . . . if a man has many wives, the relation which he bears to each will not be less perfect in itself, nor will the husband be less one flesh with each of them, than if he had only one wife."† "He who puts away his wife, and marries another, is not said to commit adultery because he marries another, but because, in consequence of his marriage with another, he does not retain his former wife."‡ "If, then, polygamy be marriage properly so

* Milton on 'Christian Doctrine' (Summer's translation), p. 232.
† *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.* p. 237.

called, it is also lawful and honourable, according to the same apostle: marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled."* Nor was his system incomplete. The liberty of plurality, with which it begins, is capped at the other end by an equally large liberty of divorce. The *porneia*, for which (he says) a wife may be put away, includes (according to him) "any notable disobedience or intractable carriage of the wife to the husband," "any point of will worship," "any withdrawing from that nearness of zeal and confidence which ought to be." "So that there will be no cause to vary from the general consent of exposition, which gives us freely that God permitted divorce, for *whatever was unalterably distasteful, whether in body or mind*."†

51. We must remember also that, when we censure the men of that period for their intolerance with respect to religion, witchcraft,‡ and the like, we censure them for what in substance they had inherited from their fathers through many generations, and that from such ties of hampering tradition the extrication must needs be slow. But in this matter of polygamy, Milton deliberately rejected the authority, not only of Scripture, and not only of all Christian, but of all European civilisation, and strove to bring among us, from out of Asiatic sensuality and corruption, a practice which, more directly than any other social custom, strikes at the heart of our religion as a system designed to reform

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* Milton on 'Christian Doctrine' (Summer's translation), p. 241.

† 'Tetrachordon,' Works (Ed. 1753), i. 279, 304.

‡ [With respect to witchcraft however there seems to have been an exasperation of the sentiment at and after the Reformation period.—W. E. G., 1878.]

the manners of the world. It seems impossible to deny that this is one of the cases in which the debasement of the opinion largely detracts from the elevation of the man. Yet the idolatry of his Reviewer in summing up his character ('Essays,' i. 55) can only see just what he likes to see; and he finds that, from every source and quarter, "his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled."

52. If ever there was an instance, in which close and cautious discrimination is demanded from a critic, it is the case of Milton. For never perhaps so conspicuously as in him were splendid genius, high and varied accomplishment, large appreciation of mankind and life, exquisite refinement, deep affection, and soaring aspiration conjoined, we cannot say united, with a fierceness of opinion and language that belongs to barbarism, with a rejection of the authority of world-wide consent such as only the most irreflective ignorance could palliate, with a violence of prejudice which sometimes drove him to conclusions worthy only of senility, and with conceptions as to the character and office of Christian women, and the laws and institutions affecting them, which descend below historic heathenism, and approximate even to brutality.

53. Twelve years after the Essay on Milton, another and yet more elaborate effort was applied, we can hardly say dedicated, to the character and philosophy of Bacon. The philosophy was set upon a pinnacle, the character trampled in the mire; while the intellectual faculties of that nearly universal genius were highly appreciated and powerfully set forth. We have in this Essay, with an undiminished splendour, also an undiminished tendency to precipitancy and to exaggeration; though they are no longer engaged

in the exercise of a fond idolatry, but work with energy on the side of censure as well as on that of praise.

54. Into the controversies relating to the life and character of Bacon we do not propose to enter in detail. Of all the cases in which there has been a call for champions to confront the powerful rush of the assailant, this perhaps has been the most adequately met. Whewell records his feelings of "indignation at the popular misrepresentations of Bacon's character, and the levity with which each succeeding writer aggravates them."* We may specify Mr. Paget, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and in a peculiar fashion Dr. Abbott, as vindicators of Bacon; but the greatest importance attaches to the life-long labours of Ellis, now deceased, and of Spedding, still happily preserved to English literature. As regards the official impeachment of Bacon, if taken alone, it may establish no more against him than that, amidst the multitude of engrossing calls upon his mind, he did not extricate himself from the meshes of a practice full of danger and of mischief, but in which the dividing lines of absolute right and wrong had not then been sharply marked. Hapless is he on whose head the world discharges the vials of its angry virtue; and such is commonly the case with the last and detected usufructuary of a golden abuse which has outlived its time. In such cases, posterity may safely exercise its royal prerogative of mercy.

55. The graver and sorer question is whether, in a list of instances which Macaulay blazoned on his pages, and most of all in the case of Essex, Bacon did, or did not, exhibit an almost immeasurable weakness, sordidness, and capacity of baseness in his moral character. The question

* Whewell's 'Writings and Letters,' ii. 380.

is one of wide interest to the moralist and psychologist, and to England, and even mankind at large. To our imperfect knowledge the victory seems to lie with the advocates for the defence; the judgments of Macaulay we deem harsh, and his examinations superficial. But we would not tempt the reader to rely upon this opinion, since he has at hand ample and varied materials* for the formation of his judgment. With regard to the speculative life of Bacon, we shall not be quite so abstinent.

56. Macaulay's account of the Baconian philosophy is as follows. After stating that from the day of his death "his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive," the illustrious Essayist proceeds to say that the philosopher "*aimed* at things altogether different from those which his predecessors had proposed to themselves:" at a new "finis scientiarum." "His end was in his own language 'fruit,' the relief of man's estate;"† "commodis humanis inservire;"‡ "dotare vitam humanam novis inventis et copiis."§ Two words form its key, "utility and progress." Seneca had taught the exact reverse. "The object of the lessons of Philosophy is to form the soul." "Non est, inquam, instrumentorum ad usus necessarios opifex." The Baconian philosophy strikes away the *non*. "If we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker, and the author of the three Books on Anger, we pronounce for the shoemaker": so says the Essayist. From this peculiarity of the Baconian philosophy, "all its other peculiarities directly and almost necessarily sprang." And Seneca is a type of what was both before and after. Socrates and

* [I must commend to especial notice the searching investigations of Dr. Abbott.—W. E. G., 1878.]

† 'Adv. of Learning,' book i. ‡ *De Augm.* vii. 1.

§ *Nov. Org.* i. aph. 81. (Also cites *De Augm.* 'Essays,' ii. 373 *seqq.* 9th edit.; ii. 2, and *Cogitata et visa.*)

Plato (but where we would ask is Aristotle?) produced flowers and leaves, not fruits.

57. Accordingly, "we are forced to say with Bacon that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation; that it was neither a vineyard nor an olive ground, but an intricate wood of briars and thistles, from which those, who lost themselves in it, brought back many scratches and no fruit" (p. 378). The powers of these men were "systematically misdirected." The ancient philosophy was a treadmill, not a path. He then enumerates, among the subjects which that philosophy handled, the following heads: "what is the highest good; whether pain be an evil; whether all things be fated; whether we can be certain of anything; whether a wise man can be unhappy." These questions he next compares to the Bigendian and Littlendian controversies in Gulliver; and he gravely pronounces that such disputes "could add nothing to the stock of knowledge," that they accumulated nothing, and transmitted nothing. "There had been plenty of ploughing, harrowing, reaping, and thrashing. But the garners contained only smut and stubble" (p. 380).

58. At this point we must in fairness allow the reader to pause and ask himself two questions: first, whether in what he has read he is to believe the witness of his own eyes, and secondly, after due rubbing, and ruminating, whether Bacon is really responsible for these astounding doctrines? Unfortunately Macaulay has a contempt for Saint Augustine, and therefore we may make an appeal that would in his view be vain, if we observe that that great intellect and heart has left upon record in his works an acknowledgment in terms superlative, if not extravagant, of the value as well as the vast power of the works of Plato; the "godly Plato," as Alexander Barclay

calls him. Something more we may hope to effect, since Macaulay not only admired but almost worshipped Dante, if we plead that the intellect of that extraordinary man was trained under Aristotelian influences, and imbued, nay saturated, with Aristotelian doctrine. But if we plead for the persons, much more must we contend for the subjects. Can it really be that, in this nineteenth century, the writer who, as Mr. Trevelyan truly says, teaches men by millions, has gravely taught them that the study of the nature of good, of the end for which we live, of the discipline of pain, of the mastery to be gained over it by wisdom, of the character and limits of human knowledge, is a systematic misdirection of the mind, a course of effort doomed beforehand to eternal barrenness, a sowing of seed that is to produce only smut and stubble?

59. From this strange bewilderment, and this ganglion of errors, even his own Milton might have saved him, who says of his lost angels, "on a hill retired"—

> "Of good and evil much they argued them,
> Of happiness and final misery,
> Passion and apathy, and glory and shame."

And then, as if from between narrowing defiles of Puritanism which left him but a strip of sky and light, condemns their high themes and thoughts:

> "Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy;"

but yet he cannot help emerging a little; and he adds:

> "Yet with a pleasing sorcery *could charm*
> *Pain for a while or anguish*, and excite
> Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
> *With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.*" *

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* 'Paradise Lost,' ii. 512.

60. Having disposed of the Greek and Roman philosophers, the Essayist finds, as might be expected, still less difficulty in "settling the hash" of the Schoolmen, to whom the more cautious intellects of Mackintosh and Milman have done another kind of justice; and at length we have the summary, p. 383: "Words, and more words, and nothing but words, had been all the fruit of all the toil of all the most renowned sages of sixty generations." But now the new epoch had arrived, and the new system with it.

"Its object was the good of mankind, in the sense in which the mass of mankind always have understood, and always will understand, the word 'good.' '*Meditor*,' said Bacon, '*instaurationem philosophiæ ejusmodi quæ nihil inanis aut abstracti habeat, quæque vitæ humanæ conditiones in melius provehat.*' *

"To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable."

61. As if Bacon had been an upholsterer: or the shoemaker, whom Macaulay says, if driven to choose, he would prefer to the philosopher. So, if driven to choose for food between the moon and the green cheese of which in the popular saying it is supposed to be made, we should unquestionably choose the green cheese. But we could never be so driven; because the objects of choice supposed to compete are not *in pari materiâ*. Nor are the shoemaker and the philosopher: there is no reason why we should not have both—the practitioner in useful arts, and the man meditative of the high subjects of human thought; of mind, destiny, and conduct. The imagined opposition is a pure figment; a case of "words and more words, and nothing but words," if not, indeed, of "smut and stubble."

* 'Redargutio Philosophiarum.'

62. The truth is that Macaulay was not only accustomed, like many more of us, to go out hobby-riding, but, from the portentous vigour of the animal he mounted, was liable, more than most of us, to be run away with. His merit is, that he could keep his seat in the wildest steeplechase: but, as the object in view is arbitrarily chosen, so it is reached by cutting up the fields, spoiling the crops, and spoiling or breaking down the fences needful to secure for labour its profit, and to man at large the full enjoyment of the fruits of the earth. Such is the overpowering glow of colour, such the fascination of the grouping in the first sketches which he draws, that, when he has grown hot upon his work, he seems to lose all sense of the restraints of fact, and the laws of moderation: he vents the strangest paradoxes, sets up the most violent caricatures, and handles the false weight and measure as effectively as if he did it knowingly. A man so able and so upright is never indeed wholly wrong. He never for a moment consciously pursues anything but truth. But truth depends, above all, on proportion and relation. The preter-human vividness with which Macaulay sees his object, absolutely casts a shadow upon what lies around; he loses his perspective; and imagination, impelled headlong by the strong consciousness of honesty in purpose, achieves the work of fraud. All things for him stand in violent contrast to one another. For the shadows, the gradations, the middle and transition touches, which make up the bulk of human life, character, and action, he has neither eye nor taste. They are not taken account of in his practice, and they at length die away from the ranges of his vision.

63. We presume it cannot be doubted that Bacon found philosophy had flown too high; had been too neglectful

both of humble methods, and of what are commonly termed useful aims. What he deemed of himself is one thing: what we are now to deem of him is another. And we believe the true opinion to be that Bacon introduced into philosophy no revolutionary principle or power, either as to aims or as to means; but that he helped to bring about important modifications of degree. To the bow, bent too far in one direction, he gave a strong wrench in the other. He did much to discourage the arbitrary and excessive use of *à priori* and deductive methods, and, though he is thought himself to have effected nothing in physical science, largely contributed to open the road which others have trodden with such excellent effect.

64. But the ideas, imperfectly expressed in these sentences, were far too homely to carry the blaze of colour and of gilding, which Macaulay was required, by the constitution of his mind, to lay on any objects he was to handle with effect. Hence the really outrageous exaggerations (for in this case we cannot call them less), of which we have given the sum. But, after writing in that strain for twenty-five or thirty pages, at length his Hippogriff alights on *terra firma;* and he tells us with perfect *naïveté* (p. 403) that Bacon's philosophy was no less a moral than a natural philosophy, and that, though his illustrations are drawn from physical science, his principles "are just as applicable to ethical and political inquiries, as to inquiries into the nature of heat and vegetation." Very good: but, then, why the long series of spurious, as well as needless, contrasts between the useful and the true, between the world of mind and the world of matter, between the good on which philosophers have speculated and the good which the masses of mankind always have sought, and always will; and why, in order that Lord Macaulay may write a given number of

telling sentences and fascinating pages, is Bacon to be made responsible for a series of extravagances which with his mind, not less rational than powerful, not less balanced than broad, we are persuaded that he would have abhorred?

65. We shall not attempt any more precise appreciation of the philosophy of this extraordinary man. Of all English writers, until Germany cast the eye of patient study upon Shakespeare, he has enjoyed, perhaps, the largest share of European attention, as in his speculations he touched physics with one powerful hand, and the unseen world with the other. There has, however, been much doubt, and much difference of opinion, as to the exact place which is due to him in the history of science and philosophy. So far as we can gather, a sober estimate prevails. De Maistre has, indeed, in a work on the subject of Bacon and his philosophy, degraded him to the rank of something very near a charlatan: and, with reference to his character as a forerunner and torch-bearer on the paths of science, asserts that Newton was not even acquainted with his works. We do not suppose that any more invectives of so inveterate a partisan will sensibly affect the judgment of the world. But writers of a very different stamp have not been wanting to point out that Bacon's own writings partake of prejudice and passion. Mr. Stanley Jevons, for example, in his able work on 'The Principles of Science,'* animadverts on his undue disparagement of philosophic anticipation. Upon the whole, we fear that the coruscations of Lord Macaulay have done but little to assist an impartial inquirer, or to fix the true place of this great man in the historical evolution of modern philosophy.

* London: Macmillan, 1874.

66. Those who may at all concur in our comments on Macaulay's besetting dangers, will observe without surprise that, while his excesses in panegyric gave rise to little criticism, the number and vehemence of his assaults drew upon him a host of adversaries. He received their thrusts upon his target as coolly, as if they had been Falstaff's men in buckram. We do not regret that he should have enjoyed the comforts of equanimity. But there is something absolutely marvellous in his incapacity to acknowledge force either in the reasonings of opponents, or in those arrays of fact, under which, like battering-rams, so many of his towering structures of allegation were laid level with the ground.

> "It surely was his profit, had he known:
> It would have been his pleasure, had he seen."*

67. The corrections made in his works were lamentably rare; the acknowledgments were rarer and feebler still. Nor was this from any want of kindliness of heart, as these volumes would of themselves suffice to demonstrate, or from any taint in his love of truth. It was due, we seriously hold, to something like what the theologians call invincible ignorance. The splendid visions which his fancy shaped had taken possession of his mind; they abode there each of them entire in their majesty or beauty; they could only have been dislodged by some opposing spell, as potent as his own; they were proof against corrections necessarily given piecemeal, and prepossession prevented him from perceiving the aggregate effect, even when it was most conclusive.

68. It would be all well, or at least well in comparison,

* Tennyson's 'Guinevere.'

had we only to contemplate this as a case of psychological curiosity. But the mischief is that wrong has been done, and it remains unredressed. In ordinary cases of literary quarrel, assailants and defendants have something not hopelessly removed from equal chances; although as a rule the greater pungency, and less complexity, of attack makes it decidedly more popular and effective than defence, when the merits do not greatly differ. But in this case the inequality was gross, was measureless. For every single ear that was reached by the reply, the indictment, such was Macaulay's monarchy over the world of readers, had sounded in scores or hundreds, or even thousands. The sling and the stone in the hands of half-a-score of Davids, however doughty, found no way of approach to the forehead of this Goliath, and scarcely whizzed past him in the air.

69. And yet, among the opposers whom he roused, there were men who spoke with care, information, or authority: some of them had experience, some had a relative popularity, some had great weight of metal. We have already referred to the champions in the case of Bacon. In relation to Mr. Croker's 'Boswell,' no less a person than Lockhart—*nomen intra has ædes semper venerandum**—confuted, and even retorted, in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' a number of the charges of inaccuracy, and reduced others to insignificance. So far as this instance was concerned, the fame of Boswell's work supplied a criterion which appears decisive of the controversy; for Mr. Croker's edition has been repeatedly republished, and has become classical, although the mere amount of material,

* See the inscription under the bust of Wolsey in the Quadrangle of Christ Church.

extraneous to the text, which it carries, cannot but be deemed a serious disadvantage. Warren Hastings had not a son; but the heavy charges against Sir Elijah Impey, especially in connection with the condemnation and execution of Nuncomar, brought the son of that Judge into the field. Mr. Impey's 'Memoirs'* of his father may appear sufficiently to repel these accusations; but the defence is lost in the mazes of a ponderous volume, known perhaps to no more than a few scores of readers, and that imperfectly, while the original accusation circulates, with the other Essays, in a Student's Edition, 1 vol.; a People's Edition, 2 vols.; a Cabinet Edition, 4 vols.; a Library Edition, 3 vols.; a Cheap Edition, 1 vol.; and as a separate Essay, at 1*s.*† Who shall rectify, or mitigate, these fearful odds?

70. With greater power and far greater skill, and with more effect, Mr. Hayward, in this Review and elsewhere, cast his shield over Madame Piozzi. Yet the number of persons who have read, without the means of guarding against error, some of the harshest and most gratuitous imputations ever scattered broadcast in the thoughtless wantonness of literary power, must be immensely larger than those who have had the means of estimating the able, and, we apprehend, irrefragable defence.‡ A noteworthy

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* 'Memoirs of Sir Elijah Impey.' Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 1846, pp. ix. *seqq.*; chapters iii. iv. ix. xiii. and elsewhere.

† From the advertising sheet at the close of the Biography.

‡ 'Quarterly Review,' April 1868, p. 316. Hayward's 'Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi.' 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1861. [In the Review, Mr. Hayward has ventured on the daring experiment of a parody, which is also an imitation, of Macaulay's style, and, as I think, with remarkable success. A like attempt, but less happy, is to be found in the Life of Dr. Hook, vol. ii. p. 471.—W. E. G., 1878.]

article in 'Fraser's Magazine' for June, bearing the initials of a distinguished historian, widens the front of the attack, and severely questions the accuracy of Macaulay's representations in a portion of our annals, where they had hitherto been little sifted.

71. It was, however, the appearance of the History, in 1848 and 1855, which roused into activity a host of adverse witnesses. Of these we will give a cursory account. Bishop Phillpotts, perhaps the most effective pamphlet-writer of his day, entered into a correspondence with Macaulay, which was afterwards published, chiefly on his grave inaccuracies in relation to Church History. The Bishop, a biting controversialist, had, we say advisedly, none of the servility which is sometimes imputed to him; but he was an eminently, perhaps a redundantly, courteous gentleman. We have sincere pleasure in citing a portion of his introductory eulogium, which we feel confident was written with entire sincerity. After some other compliments of a more obvious kind, the Bishop proceeds:

"But your highest merit is your unequalled truthfulness. Biassed as you must be by your political creed, your party, and connections, it is quite clear that you will never sacrifice the smallest particle of truth to those considerations."*

72. This correspondence ended as amicably as it began. The Bishop obtained a courteous admission "of the propriety of making some alterations."† But they were to be "slight." On the main points the historian's opinion was "unchanged." We will notice but one of them. It

* 'Correspondence between the Bishop of Exeter and the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay.' London, Murray, 1861, p. 3.

† P. 44.

has to do with the famous Commissions taken out by certain Bishops of the sixteenth century, among whom Bonner, under Henry VIII., was one. Macaulay had stated that these documents recognised the Crown as the fountain of all Episcopal authority without distinction. The Bishop pointed out that the authority conveyed by the Commissions was expressly stated to be over and above, *præter et ultra ea, quæ tibi, in Sacris Libris, divinitus commissa esse dignoscuntur*. In gallant defiance alike of the grammar and the sense, as will be seen on reference, Macaulay calmly adheres to his opinion.* It is hardly too much to say that with so prepossessed a mind, when once committed, argument is powerless and useless.

73. One able writer, Mr. Paget, in his 'New Examen,'† took up and dealt with most of the passages of the History which had been impugned; nor can we do better than refer the readers to his pages for the defence, against very sweeping and truculent accusations of Dundee, Marlborough, and William Penn. All these cases are of great interest. In all, the business of defence has been ably, and in most points conclusively, performed. But the rejoinder to the defence is truly formidable. It consists in this, that the charge, without the reply, has been sold probably to the extent of half a million copies, and has been translated (ii. 390) into twelve languages. It would not be possible, without adding too greatly to the number of these pages, to give even an outline of the argument on the respective cases. But there is

* 'Correspondence between the Bishop of Exeter and the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay.' London, Murray, 1861, p. 13.

† 'The New Examen' (reprinted in 'Paradoxes and Puzzles.' Blackwood, 1874).

an incident connected with the case of Penn, which we cannot omit to notice. The peaceful Society, to which he belonged, does not wholly abjure the practice of self-defence on grave occasions: nor could there be a graver, than when one of the most revered names in its annals had been loaded, by so commanding an authority, with a mass of obloquy:

"Lord Macaulay seeks to show that this same William Penn prostituted himself to the meanest wishes of a cruel and profligate court; gloated with delight on the horrors of the scaffold and the stake, was the willing tool of a blood-thirsty and treacherous tyrant, a trafficker in simony and suborner of perjury, a conspirator, seeking to deluge his country in blood, a sycophant, a traitor, and a liar."*

74. From original sources, Mr. Paget has answered the charges which he had thus emphatically summed up. Mr. Forster, who has since risen to such high distinction in the House of Commons, performed the same duty in a preface to the 'Life of Clarkson,' afterwards separately republished.† There remains impressed on the mind of that community a sentiment which, even if it be somewhat mellowed by the lapse of nearly thirty years, can still be recognised as one of indignation against what is felt or thought to be literary outrage. That Macaulay should have adhered to his charges with unabated confidence can, after what we have already seen, excite little surprise. But there still remains room for a new access of wonder, when we find that he not only remained himself unconverted, but even believed he had converted the Quakers.

"February 5, 1849. Lord Shelburn, Charles Austin, and Milman to breakfast. A pleasant meal. Then the Quakers, five in number.

* Paget, 'New Examen,' sect. v. ('Paradoxes and Puzzles,' p. 134).
† London, C. Gilpin, 1849.

Never was there such a rout. They had absolutely nothing to say. Every charge against Penn came out as clear as any case at the Old Bailey. They had nothing to urge but what was true enough, that he looked worse in my History than he would have done on a general survey of his whole life. But that is not my fault . . . The Quakers were extremely civil. So was I. They complimented me on my courtesy and candour."—ii. 251.

And all this when they had left him boiling, or at least simmering, in unanimity of wrath, and silent only because hopeless of redress, and borne down by a torrent that nothing could resist.

75. We shall trespass on the reader with a rather more detailed examination of a single remaining point, because it has not been touched by any of the vindicators whom we have already named. It is of considerable historic interest and importance; and it illustrates, perhaps more forcibly than any foregoing instance, that particular phenomenon which we believe to be for its magnitude unparalleled in literature, namely, the absence of remedy when a wrong had been done; the utter and measureless disparity between the crushing force of this onslaught, together with its certain and immediate celebrity throughout the whole reading world, and the fore-doomed efforts at resistance, which have had nothing adventitious to recommend them. For the style of Macaulay, though a fine and a great, is without doubt a pampering style, and it leaves upon the palate a disrelish for the homely diet of mere truth and sense.

76. We refer to the celebrated description, which Macaulay has given, of the Anglican clergy of the Restoration period. Few portions of his brilliant work have achieved a more successful notoriety. It may perhaps be said to have been stereotyped in the common English mind.

It is, in its general result, highly disparaging. And yet that generation of clergy was, as we conceive, the most powerful and famous in the annals of the English Church since the Reformation. If we do not include yet earlier times, it is from want of record, rather than from fear of comparison. Perhaps, at the very most, one reader in a thousand could for and by himself correct, qualify, or even confute, Macaulay's glittering but most exaggerative description. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine lay wholly at his mercy. We were ourselves at the outset, and we have continued to be among the sturdiest disbelievers. But it will best serve the general purpose of this article if, instead of stating the detailed grounds of our own rebellion, we follow a guide, whom we shall afterwards introduce personally to our readers.

77. Though it may seem presumptuous, we will boldly challenge the general statement of Macaulay that the reign of Charles II., when the influence of the Church was at its height, was the most immoral in our history. There has been a fashion of indulging in this kind of cant, and that mainly among those who exaggerate the strictness of the Puritan ascendancy which immediately preceded it; as if it were possible for a people, much less for a solid and stable people like the English, thus violently to alter its morality in the space of a few years. It is hard for an individual to descend instantaneously into the lower depths: *nemo repente fuit turpissimus;* but for a nation it is impossible. Macaulay has, we are convinced, mistaken the Court, the theatre, and the circles connected with them, which may be called metropolitan, for the country at large. In these, indeed, the number of the dissolute was great, and the prevailing tone was vile. We, who have seen and known what good the example of Victoria

and Albert amidst their Court did, during twenty years, for the higher society of our own generation, may well comprehend the force of the converse operation, and rate highly the destructive contagion spread by Charles II. and his associates. But even for the Court of Charles II., we appeal from Lord Macaulay to the most recent and able historian of Nonconformity, Dr. Stoughton. From his pages we may perceive that even within that precinct were to be found lives and practices of sanctity, no less remarkable than the pollutions with which they were girt about.*

78. We have introduced these preliminary sentences because even now there is, and much more at that time there was, no small degree of connection between the morality of the country, and the piety, honour, and efficiency of the clergy. Among the corrupt retainers of the Court and theatre, there can be little doubt that they were in contempt. From such a stage as then existed, it would have been too much to ask respect for Jeremy Collier and his order.

79. We shall take in succession the leading propositions of Macaulay. The Reformation, he says, fundamentally altered the place of the clergyman in society. 'Six or seven sons of peers at the close of Charles II.'s reign held episcopal or other valuable preferment; but "the clergy were regarded as on the whole a plebeian class; and, indeed, *for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants.*" ('History,' i. pp. 325 *seqq.*)

80. No doubt the prizes of the Church, as they are called,

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* Stoughton's 'Ecclesiastical History.' London, 1867–70, vol. ii. pp. 231, 478. See also the very remarkable 'Life of Mrs. Godolphin,' *passim.* London, 1847

were fewer and poorer, than they had been before the time of Henry VIII. But more than twice the number of members of noble families stated by Macaulay have been actually enumerated. This, however, is a secondary error. It is more to the purpose that Eachard, a favourite authority of Macaulay, complains that the gentry as a class made a practice of sending their indifferent and ill-provided children into the ministry. While Archdeacon Oley, who published a preface to Herbert's 'Country Parson' in 1675, writes as follows: "Though the vulgar ordinarily do not, yet the nobility and gentry do, distinguish and abstract the errors of the man from the holy calling, and not think their dear relations degraded by receiving holy orders."

81. Wood says in the 'Life of Compton,' that holy orders were the readiest way of preferment for the younger sons of noblemen.* And Jeremy Collier is yet more to the point. "As for the gentry, there are not many good families in England, but either have or have had a clergyman in them. In short, the priesthood is the profession of a gentleman." Here is a flat contradiction to Macaulay, from a man whom he himself declares to be "of high note in ecclesiastical history;" and it is taken from the work on the stage, declared by him to be "a book which threw the whole literary world into commotion, but which is now much less read than it deserves." ('Essays,' vol. iii. pp. 298–301.)†

82. Again, if the clergy were a plebeian class, and nine-tenths of them were menial servants, we must take it for granted that their education was low in proportion. Yet Eachard, on whom Macaulay loves to rely, in his work on

* 'Ath. Ox.' ii. 968 (fol. ed.).

† 'Babington,' pp. 18–21.

the Contempt of the clergy, cites as one of the causes of the mischief, that in the Grammar Schools, where they were educated, they were until sixteen or seventeen kept in pure slavery to a few Latin and Greek words;* the very complaint most rife against Eton and our other public schools during the last fifty years. To make good his view of the ignorance prevailing among the clergy, Macaulay falls foul of the Universities. But his favourite, Burnet, writes, "learning was then high at Oxford" ('Own Time,' i. p. 321), and Barrow, a still higher authority, thus addresses an academic audience at Cambridge ('Opusc.' iv. 123, 124):

"Græcos auctores omne genus, poetas, philosophos, historicos, scholiastas, quos non ita pridem tanquam barbaros majorum inscitia verita est attingere, jam matris nostræ etiam juniores filii intrepidè pervolvunt, ipsorum lectionem in levis negotii censu reputantes: nec minus promptè Lyceum, aut Academiam adeunt, quam si, remeantibus seculis, cum Platone et Aristotele in mediis Athenis versarentur."

83. Not a whit better† stand the statements of the historian concerning the marriages of the clergy. "The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service; and it was well"—such is the easy audacity of his licence—"if she was not suspected of standing too high in the patron's favour." Girls of honourable family, he tells us, were enjoined to eschew lovers in orders. Clarendon marks it as a sign of disorder that some "damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines." ('History,' i. 328, 329.) For the extraordinary libel on the purity of the contemporary brides of clergymen, there does not appear to be either the foundation, or even the pretext, of authority.

* 'Contempt,' &c. p. 4.

† 'Babington,' sect. iv. pp. 37–52.

84. An injunction of Queen Elizabeth in 1559 is cited to prove the vulgarity of clerical marriages one hundred and twenty years afterwards: not to mention, that even that Injunction appears to be seriously misunderstood; although we do not doubt that not so much clerical marriages, as clerical marriage, were then in disrepute. Clarendon's passage refers to "the several sects in religion," and nothing can be more improbable than that, with his views of Church polity, he could by these words intend to designate the Church of England. The divines whom he goes on to mention (early in Charles's reign), are "the divines of the time," and it seems more than probable that he intends by the phrase the Nonconforming Ministers, not the young men recently ordained after the Restoration, and of the ordinary age for marriage. Besides, even at the present day, a certain inequality would be recognised in the nuptials of women of rank with clergymen of average station and condition. In citing the testimony of plays of the time, Macaulay forgets the preface to one of those he quotes. "For reflecting upon the Church of England. . . . no learned or wise divine of the Church will believe me guilty of it. . . A foolish lord, or knight, is daily represented: *nor are there any so silly to believe it an abuse to their order.*" (Preface to Shadwell's 'Lancashire Witches.')

85. It may be truly said that instances of "good" or high marriages, which can easily be supplied, do not prove the case affirmatively. But Pepys declares the extreme satisfaction with which he would give his sister to his friend Cumberland, a priest.* Nelson speaks of Bull's marrying a clergyman's daughter with praise, because he preferred piety and virtue to the advantages

* 'Diary,' iii. 170.

"which for the most part influence the minds of men upon such occasions."* Herbert had warned the clergy against marrying "for beauty, riches, or honour."† Beveridge speaks of the same temptation in his own case. Collier‡ notes as a strange order the Injunction of 1559 (already mentioned), that a clergyman should gain the consent of the master or mistress where a damsel served. Every one of these testimonies loses its force and meaning, if Macaulay is otherwise than grossly wrong in his allegation that the clergy were mostly in the state of menial servants, and made corresponding marriages.

86. Our readers may be already wearied with this series of exposures; and it cannot be necessary to dwell at any length on the incomes of the clergy. It is extremely difficult to compute them in figures; and Macaulay judiciously avoids it. Yet even here he cannot escape from the old taint of exaggeration. "Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably." Ordinarily, therefore, he followed manual employments. On "white days," he fed in the kitchens of the great. "Study was impossible." "His children were brought up like the children of the neighbouring peasantry." ('History,' i. 330.) Now, on the point of manual labour, George Herbert, in the preface to the 'Country Parson,' expressly says the clergy are censured "because they do not make tents, as Saint Paul did, nor hold the plough, thrash, or drive trades, as themselves do" (*i.e.* laymen). Walker, in the 'Sufferings of the Clergy,' speaks of it as a special hardship when they are driven to such occupations. Eachard speaks of the extreme poverty of such as

* 'Life of Bull,' p. 44. † 'Country Parson,' chap. ix.
‡ 'On Pride,' p. 40.

had but 20*l.* or 30*l.* per annum, and certifies that there are hundreds of such.* Now, multiplying by four for the then greater power of money, these extreme cases correspond with 80*l.* and 120*l.* at the present day: and there have been not only hundreds, but thousands, of the clergy in our own time, whose professional incomes have not risen above the higher of the figures. A yet more telling piece of evidence may be had from Walker, who calls a living of 40*l.* or 45*l.* a year small. Such a living corresponds with 160*l.* or 180*l.* at the present time. This is still about the income of a "small living"; and the evidence under this, as well as the other heads, goes to show, in contradiction to Macaulay, that while the actual clergyman was without doubt, like the actual squire, much less refined, his social position relatively to the other members of society was in ordinary cases nearly the same as now. Of the aggregate national income, there can, we think, be no doubt that the clerical order had not a smaller, but a larger, share.

87. With respect to the children of the clergy, as a general rule, Macaulay's statement (which he does not support by any authority), that the boys followed the plough and the girls went out to service, is no more and no less than a pure fable. It is also unpardonable, because the contemporary or nearly contemporary authorities, who confute it, are not obscure men, but men whose works any writer on the history of the period must or ought to have known; such as George Herbert, in the 'Country Parson,' Fuller in his 'Worthies of England,' Beveridge in his 'Private Thoughts,' Dr. Sprat, afterwards a Bishop, preaching upon the Sons of the Clergy in 1678, and

* 'Contempt,' &c. pp. 112–4. 'Babington,' sect. v. pp. 59, 64.

White Kennet in his 'Collectanea Curiosa.' Only want of space prevents our crowding these pages with citations; and we content ourselves with two passages, each of a few words. The first is from White Kennet, who declares that "many of the *poorer clergy* indulge the inclination of their sons by breeding them to a good competence of school learning," though they are afterwards unable, just as is now the case, to support them at the University, and are in such cases driven to divert them to mean and unsuitable employs.* The second is from Fuller,† who heads one of his sections thus: "That the children of clergymen have been as successful as the sons of men of other professions." Without doubt the difficulties, which press so hardly now upon the clerical order along its lower fringe, pressed in like manner on it then. But Macaulay's description is of the order, not of the lower fringe of it. What would he have said if he had been able to say that there was under Charles II., as there has been under the Sovereigns of the nineteenth century, a "Poor Pious Clergy Society," which expressly invited, on behalf of the impoverished priesthood, gifts of cast-off clothing?

88. We then pass on to the libraries of the clergy. "He might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves" (i. 330). If the volumes were dog-eared, it was by being much read. If there were but ten or twelve, there was much to be got out of ten or twelve of the close and solid tomes which then were more customary than now. But then it was only the lucky man who had ten or twelve. Now, let the reader mark

* 'Coll. Cur.' ii. 304. † 'Worthies,' i. 78.

how this stands. His favourite Eachard * describes the case of men having six or seven works, which he enumerates, together with a bundle of sermons, for their library. For this account he was taken to task by his opponent in the 'Vindication.' Whereupon, Eachard himself thus replies: "The case is this: whether there may not be here and there a clergyman so ignorant, as that it might be wished that he were wiser. For my own part, I went, and guessed at random, and *thought there might be one or so.*"†

89. And this *minimum* is transformed by Macaulay's magic wand into a *maximum;* this uncertain exception into the positive and prevailing rule, nay the rule for the "unusually lucky." And here, again, while the solitary prop crumbles into dust, the counter-evidence is abundant. Walker recites the "rabbling" and plundering of clerical libraries of the value of 500*l.* and 600*l.* Saint David's was one of the poorest dioceses of the country; but Nelson ‡ tells us that Bishop Bull considered the reading of the Fathers, "at least of those of the first three centuries," "not only as useful but absolutely necessary to support the character of a priest." Burnet's demands on the clergy in the 'Pastoral Care,'§ seem to be quite as large as a Bishop could now venture to put forward; and many other writers may be cited to a similar effect.‖ The general rule, that no clergyman should be ordained without an university degree,¶ was in force then as now; and probably then more than now. The Grand Duke

* 'Contempt,' &c. pp. 106, 7.
† 'Letter to the Author of the Vindication,' p. 234.
‡ 'Life of Bull,' p. 428. § Chap. vii.
‖ 'Babington,' sect. vii. pp. 87–9.
¶ Cardwell's 'Documentary Annals,' ii. 304, 5.

Cosmo III. states in his 'Travels,' when he visited the two Universities, that Cambridge had more than two thousand five hundred students, and Oxford over three thousand; and it is safely to be assumed that a larger proportion of these large numbers, than now, were persons intending to take holy orders. This testimony, even if it stood alone, would be fatal to the sweeping statements of Macaulay.

90. That we may in winding up the case come to yet closer quarters, let it be observed that Macaulay admits and alleges* that there was assuredly no lack of clergymen "distinguished by abilities and learning." But "These eminent men were to be found, with scarcely a single exception, at the universities, at the great cathedrals, or in the capital."

A passage perfectly consistent with all that has preceded; as, indeed, Lord Macaulay is perhaps more notable than any writer of equal bulk for being consistent with himself. For the places thus enumerated could hardly have included more than a tenth of the clergy. Of the mass the historian has yet one disparaging remark to make: that "almost the only important theological works which came forth from a rural parsonage" were works of Bull; and those only because, inheriting an estate, he was able to purchase a library, "such as probably no other country clergyman in England possessed."† This assertion, not less unhappy than those which have preceded, is reduced to atoms by the production of a list of men, who sent forth from country parsonages works of divinity that were then, and in most cases that are now, after two hundred years, esteemed. Many

* I. 330. † II. 331.

of them, indeed, have been recently republished. The list includes the names, with others, of Towerson, Puller, Sherlock, Norris, Fulwood, Fuller (who died in 1661) Kettlewell, and Beveridge.

91. From this compressed examination, which would gain by a greater expansion, it may sufficiently appear that Lord Macaulay's charges of a menial condition and its accompaniments against the clergy of the Restoration-period must generally and miserably break down. In no instance are they tolerably supported by positive evidence; in many they are absolutely confuted and annihilated. Not, indeed, that he was absolutely and wholly wrong on any point; but that he was wrong on every point by omission, and by exaggeration. Because books were then, especially in the country, more difficult to obtain than now; because manners were more rude and homely in all classes of the community; because cases of low birth and conduct, still individually to be found, were perhaps somewhat more frequent; because a smaller number of the well-born might have taken orders during the period of the Protectorate, so that the Episcopal Bench was for a short time filled with men of humble origin, though of great learning and ability; these incidents must be magnified into the portentous statement, that "for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants." Isolated facts, and partial aspects of his case, he eyes with keenness; to these he gives a portentous development; and a magnified and distorted part he presents to us as the whole. The equilibrium of truth is gone; and without its equilibrium it is truth no longer.

92. That which may be alleged of the clergy of that period is, that they were unmitigated Tories. This is in

reality the link which binds together the counts of the indictment; as a common hostility to William of Orange, or sympathy with James the Second, brings into one and the same category of invective and condemnation persons appearing at first sight to have so little in common as Marlborough, Claverhouse, and Penn. The picture of the Restoration clergy is a romance in the form and colour of a history. But while history in the form of romance is commonly used to glorify a little our poor humanity, the illusions of this romance in the form of history go only to discolour and degrade. That William, that Burnet, that Milton should have personal embellishment much beyond their due, is no intolerable evil. But the case becomes far more grievous when a great historian, impelled by his headstrong and headlong imagination, traduces alike individuals and orders, and hurls them into a hot and flaming Inferno of his own.

93. We have selected this case for an exposition comparatively full, not on the ground that it is the most important, but because, better than any other, it illustrates and exemplifies the uncommon, the astounding, inequality of the attack and the defence. The researches, of which we have mostly availed ourselves in the last few pages, are those of Mr. Churchill Babington, a Fellow of Saint John's, the neighbour college to Macaulay's justly-loved and honoured Trinity. We do not assume them to be infallible. But every candid man must admit, that the matter of them is formidable and weighty; that, in order to sustain the credit of Macaulay as an historian, it demands examination, and reply. It is in vain that in his 'Journal'* he disclaims the censorship of men "who

* Trevelyan's 'Life,' ii. 224.

have not soaked their mind with the transitory literature of the day." For in the first place this transitory literature, the ballad, the satire, the jest-book, the farce or vulgar comedy, requires immense sifting and purgation, like other coarse raw material, in order to reduce the gross to the nett, to seclude, and to express, the metal from the ore. In the second place, Mr. Babington seems thus far to have made it very doubtful whether Macaulay has made out his case even as tested by that transitory literature. Give, however, transitory literature what you will, it can form no apology for the gross neglect of grave, and weighty, and unimpeachable, authorities.

94. But, if Macaulay's invocation of the transitory literature of the day is insufficient, what shall we say of Mr. Trevelyan's appeal to Buckle? Buckle, forsooth, bears witness that Macaulay "has rather understated the case than overstated it." Macaulay, even when least ἀρτίπους, can stand better on the feet that Nature gave him, than on a crutch like this. Quote if you choose publicans on liquor laws, or slave-drivers on the capacities of blacks; cite Martial as a witness to purity, or Bacchus to sobriety; put Danton to conduct a bloodless revolution, or swear in the Gracchi as special constables; but do not set up Mr. Buckle as an arbiter of judicial measure or precision, nor let the fame of anything that is called a religion or a clergy depend upon his nod.

95. Mr. Babington's work can only receive due appreciation upon being consulted *in extenso*. It attracted little notice on its appearance, except from periodicals connected with the clerical profession. He had from Sir Francis Palgrave, a witness of the first authority, the consolatory assurance that he had supplied a confutation as complete as the nature of the attainable evidence in such a case

would allow. But his work was noticed * by the 'Edinburgh Review' in language which we can only describe as that of contemptuous ignorance. It is a book by "a Mr. Churchill Babington" (he was a Fellow of Saint John's and Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge), which was "apparently intended to confute, but in reality very much confirms, our author's views." Such was the summary jurisdiction exercised upon the material, of which we have presented a sample.† The measure of notice accorded to it by Macaulay was simply the insertion of an additional reference ('History,' 5th edition, i. 331) to the life of Dr. Bray, "to show the extreme difficulty which the country clergy found in procuring books." The text remains unaltered. The work of Mr. Babington, of which only a very few hundred copies were sold or distributed, was for its main purpose still-born; is now hardly known in the world of letters; is not found in some of our largest and most useful libraries;‡ and, if it now and then appears in an old book-shop, confesses by the modesty of its price, that it is among the merest waifs and strays of literature.

96. Such is the fate of the criticism; but the perversion, the grave and gross caricature with which this

* Not by Macaulay's fault. "I have told Napier that I ask it, as a personal favour, that my name and writings may never be mentioned in the 'Edinburgh Review,' Sept. 29, 1842, vol. ii. p. 119." The 'Review' had a deep debt to Macaulay; but this was not the right way to pay it.

† Mr. Paget's valuable work, to which we have previously referred (p. 35), was treated by the 'Edinburgh Review' in the same fashion. He was charged with ignorance, self-sufficiency, carelessness, and bad faith, though the Reviewer failed to convict him of any mistake or inaccuracy. Mr. Paget very properly declined to enter the arena against a champion who wielded such weapons.

‡ In the only one where we chance to have discovered the work, it is a presentation copy.

writer grappled, still sparkles in its diamond setting, circulates by thousands and ten thousands among flocks of readers ever new and ever charmed, and has become part of the household stock of every family. Since the time when Père Daniel, the Jesuit, with guns unlike Mr. Babington's in being at once so ponderous and so weak, replied inaudibly to the raking and devouring fire of Pascal, there never has been a case of such resistless absolutism in a writer, or such unquestioning and general submission in the reading world.

97. Of this kind has been the justice administered by the tribunals of the day. We sorrowfully admit our total inability to redress the balance. Is there, then, any hope for the perturbed and wandering ghosts whom Macaulay has set agog; for Dundee, for Marlborough, for Quaker Penn, for Madame Piozzi, for the long and melancholy train of rural clergy of the Restoration period, still wearing their disembodied cassocks; any hope for them, at least in the action of the last, the serenest, the surest, the most awful judge, in the compensating award of posterity? Our hope is, that final justice will be done: but first let us ask whether the injustice which has been done already will, not as injustice, but by virtue of the other and higher elements with which it is fused, stand the trying test of time. Has Macaulay reared a fabric—

> "Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
> Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas?" *

98. Among the topics of literary speculation, there is none more legitimate or more interesting than to consider who, among the writers of a given age, are elected to live;

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* Ov. Met.' xv. *in fin.*

to be enrolled among the Band of the Immortals; to make a permanent addition to the mental patrimony of the human race. There is also none more difficult. Not that there is any difficulty at all in what is technically called purging the roll: in supplying any number of names which are to sink (if they have not yet sunk) like lead in the mighty waters, or which, by a slower descent, perhaps like the zigzag from an alpine summit, are to find their way into the repose of an undisturbed oblivion. Sad as it may seem, the heroes of the pen are in the main but as "fools," lighted by the passing day on the road to dusty death. But it is when the list has been reduced, say to a hundredth part of the writers, and to a tenth of the few prominent and well-known writers of the day, that the pinch, so to call it, of the task begins. We now stumble onwards with undefined and partial aids. Bulk will surely kill its thousands: that, which stood the ancient warrior in such good stead, will be fatal to many a modern author, who, but for it, might have lived. And money will as surely have killed its tens of thousands beforehand, by touching them as with palsy. It was one of the glories of Macaulay that he never wrote for money; it was the chief calamity of a yet greater, and much greater, man, to wit of Scott, that iron necessities in later life, happily not until his place had long been secure, set that yoke upon his lofty crest. And few are they who, either in trade or letters, take it for their aim to supply the market, not with the worst they can sell, but with the best they can produce. In the train of this desire, or need, for money, comes haste with its long train of evils, summed up in the general scamping of work; crude conception, slip-shod execution, the mean stint of labour, suppression of the inconvenient, blazoning of the

insignificant, neglect of causes, loss of proportion in the presentation of results. We write of the moment; may it not be of the age.

99. Survival, we venture to suggest, will probably depend not so much on a single quality, as upon a general or composite result. The chance of it will vary directly as quality, and inversely as quantity. Some ores yield too low a percentage of metal to be worth the smelting, whereas had the mass been purer, it had been extracted and preserved. Posterity will have to smelt largely the product of the mines of modern literature; and will too often find the reward in less than due proportion to the task. So much for quantity. But quality itself is not homogeneous; it is made up of positives and negatives. Merits and demerits are subtly and variously combined; and it is hard to say what will be the effect in certain cases of the absence of faults as compared with the presence of excellences, towards averting or commuting that sentence of capital punishment which, estimate as we may the humanity of the time, must and will be carried into wholesale execution. Again, men look for different excellences in works of different classes. We do not hold an 'Æneid' or a 'Paradise Lost' bound to the veracity of an annalist. We do not look to Burke or Sheridan for an accurate and balanced representation of the acts of Warren Hastings. The subtle gifts of rhetoric, the magic work of poetry, are loved for their own sake; and they are not severely cross-examined upon the possession of historic attributes to which they do not pretend.

100. But rhetoric is not confined to speeches, nor poetry to metre. It can hardly be denied, either by eulogist or detractor, by friend or foe, that both these elements are found in the prose of Macaulay; and if they are most

attractive, they are also perilous allies in the business of the historian and the critic.

In truth, if we mistake not, the poetical element in his mind and temperament was peculiar, but was strong and pervading. Those who may incline to doubt our opinion that he was a poet as well as a rhetorician, and perhaps a poet even more than a rhetorician, would do well to consult the admirable criticism of Professor Wilson on his 'Lays.' ('Life,' ii. 121.) We will not dwell upon the fact (such we take it to be) that his works in verse possess the chief merits of his other works, and are free from their faults. But his whole method of touch and handling are poetical. It is, indeed, infinitely remote from the reflective and introspective character, which has taken possession of contemporary poetry among our writers in such a degree, as not only to make its interpretation a work of serious labour, but also to impair its objective force. Macaulay was, perhaps, not strong in his reflective faculties; certainly he gave them little chance of development by exercise. He was eminently objective, eminently realistic; resembling in this the father of all poets, whom none of his children have surpassed, and who never converts into an object of conscious contemplation the noble powers which he keeps in such versatile and vigorous use.

101. In Macaulay all history is scenic; and philosophy he scarcely seems to touch, except on the outer side, where it opens into action. Not only does he habitually present facts in forms of beauty, but the fashioning of the form predominates over, and is injurious to, the absolute and balanced presentation of the subject. Macaulay was a master in execution, rather than in what painting or music terms expression. He did not fetch from the

depths, nor soar to the heights; but his power upon the surface was rare and marvellous, and it is upon the surface that an ordinary life is passed, and that its imagery is found. He mingled, then, like Homer, the functions of the poet and the chronicler; but what Homer did was due to his time, what Macaulay did, to his temperament. We have not attempted to ascertain his place among historians. That is an office which probably none, but an historian, can perform. It is more easy to discover for him contrasts than resemblances. Commonly sound in his classical appreciations, he was an enthusiastic admirer of Thucydides; but there can hardly be a sharper contrast than between the history of Thucydides, and the history of Macaulay. Ease, brilliancy, pellucid clearness, commanding fascination, the effective marshalling of all facts belonging to the external world as if on parade; all these gifts Macaulay has, and Thucydides has not. But weight, breadth, proportion, deep discernment, habitual contemplation of the springs of character and conduct, and the power to hold the scales of human action with firm and even hand, these must be sought in Thucydides, and are rarely observable in Macaulay.

102. But how few are the writers whom it would be anything less than ridiculous to place in comparison with Thucydides! The History of Macaulay, whatever else it may be, is the work not of a journeyman but of a great artist, and a great artist who lavishly bestowed upon it all his powers. Such a work, once committed to the press, can hardly die. It is not because it has been translated into a crowd of languages, nor because it has been sold in hundreds of thousands, that we believe it will live, but because, however open it may be to criticism,

it has in it the character of a true and very high work of art.

We are led, then, to the conclusion, or the conjecture, that, however the body of our writers may be reduced in a near future by many and many a decimation, Macaulay will, and must, survive. Personal existence is beset with dangers in infancy, and again in age. But authorship, if it survive the first, has little to fear from the after-peril. If it subsist for a few generations (and generations are for books what years are for their writers), it is not likely to sink in many. For works of the mind really great, there is no old age, no decrepitude. It is inconceivable that a time should come when Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, shall not ring in the ears of civilised man. On a lower throne, in a less imperial hall of the same mansion, we believe that Macaulay will probably be found, not only in A.D. 2000, which he modestly specifies, but in 3000, or 2850, which he more boldly formulates, or for so much of this long, or any longer, lease as the commentators on the Apocalypse will allow the race to anticipate.

103. Whether he will subsist as a standard and supreme authority, is another question. Wherever and whenever read, he will be read with fascination, with delight, with wonder. And with copious instruction too; but also with copious reserve, with questioning scrutiny, with liberty to reject, and with much exercise of that liberty. The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm; but posterity, never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence; that of the future is incorrupt. The coming generations will not give Macaulay up; but they will, probably, attach much less value than we have done to his *ipse dixit*. They will

hardly accept from him his nett solutions of literary, and still less of historic, problems. Yet they will obtain from his marked and telling points of view great aid in solving them. We sometimes fancy that ere long there will be editions of his works in which his readers may be saved from pitfalls by brief, respectful, and judicious commentary, and that his great achievements may be at once commemorated and corrected by men of slower pace, of drier light, and of more tranquil, broadset, and comprehensive judgment. For his works are in many respects among the prodigies of literature; in some, they have never been surpassed. As lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters, they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame. But the tree is greater and better than its fruit; and greater and better yet than the works themselves are the lofty aims and conceptions, the large heart, the independent, manful mind, the pure and noble career, which in this Biography have disclosed to us the true figure of the man who wrote them.

VII.

MEMOIR OF DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

1. THIS is a really good book, and, even in its present shape, a popular book. It does honour to its subject, and to its author, in their several degrees. It is, however, so good, that we wish it were made better; and this might be accomplished by a process of excision. Biography, and among other descriptions of it ecclesiastical biography, is in danger of losing its joint titles to durability and permanent interest through the vice of over-length. To record the life of a man in less than two portly volumes is already an invidious exception, and may soon be held an insult. But posterity will remain, as we are, under limitations of time and strength; and many works may perish in two volumes, which might have lived in one; or, again, in three or four, which might have lived in a smaller number.

2. In the present instance, it is not difficult to point to the heads, under which retrenchments might be rather largely effected. The wit and humour of Dr. Norman Macleod, on which his brother dwells with a natural fondness, appear to us to belong to the category of what is with more strict propriety called fun; and of this it is the characteristic property that it serves to refresh a

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* Reprinted from the *Church of England Quarterly Review* for July 1876. *Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D.* By his Brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, M.A. Two Volumes. (London, 1876.)

wearied spirit, and enliven the passing hour, but that it will not well bear repetition, and stands hardly among the candidates for literary immortality. One or two specimens might fairly be given, as illustrative of the man. In any other view, this class of material is like the froth of an effervescent liquor; it dies in the moment of its birth. It brightens an occasion; it deadens a book. The same is to be said of the multitude of caricature sketches, with which the Doctor playfully adorned his letters to friends. Some of them may have merit as comic drawings, but nine-tenths of them at least ought certainly to be dismissed from a biography. The tracts again which appear as reprints in the Appendices, belong to his Works, not to his Life. We can, indeed, well believe that there must or may be others of his productions, which deserve to be reprinted; for his oratorical power appears to have been peculiar in its freshness, and in its sympathetic energy. Besides all this, we should desire a great contraction, for a reason presently to be stated, of those parts of the work which belong to the region of religious experience. All the suggestions now made are offered in the hope that a Biography of Macleod, rendered more compact by a free application of the pruning-knife, might hold a permanent place in the ecclesiastical literature of Scotland.

3. For this is, according to our mind, a really valuable biography, even in its present form. The Anglican position is marked off by various lines of doctrine, discipline, and spirit, from that of the Scottish Established Church. But there is much in these volumes with which we ought to cherish an entire and cordial sympathy; and even when differences of opinion and position intervene, there is still material from which we ought to draw some valuable lessons.

4. The outline of Dr. Macleod's personal career is simple. The son of a Highlander and Scottish minister, whose venerable and noble appearance did (as we can testify) in no way belie his high character, he grew up, with a directness of purpose as complete as if it had been covered by a vow or a special dedication, for, and into, the ministry of the Scottish Church. She laid on him, in the kindly phrase of Wordsworth, "the strong hand of her purity." He did not receive much of that education which is to be had from books, and from the discipline of schools and universities; and the lack or loss of it he frequently and ingenuously laments. He was, however, always gathering the education of society and the world; and in this sense, visiting Germany in early life, he obtained, shall we say he picked up, a varied and rather extensive training. It is plain that, besides other and higher gifts, he was an extremely clever, ready, perceptive and receptive man. None of his experience passed by him idly, like the wind; all had fruit for him; all left a mark upon his mind and character.

5. He was first placed in the south-western parish of Loudoun. Here he found himself among a population made up of archaic covenanting puritans, and modern weavers possessed with a questioning spirit, under the shadow of the residence of the noble family of Hastings. Among these (for a time) he lived in loving and active pastoral relations with both high and low. Indeed, the low for him were high; for in the very spirit of Saint Augustine, who saw Christ in the poor, Macleod desired (i. 329) "to see kings and queens shining through their poor raiment." It was on this arena that, when he commenced his energetic visitations, dispensing freely words of comfort and instruction, he entered the cottage of a

veritable Mause Headrigg, who happened to be stone-deaf. The old lady, however, was fully prepared for his onslaught, and proceeded, not to receive, but to administer catechetical discipline. She motioned to him to sit down by her, planted her trumpet in her ear, and concisely gave him her Charge in the words: "Gang ower the fundamentals." Here and elsewhere he stood the test; and he so endeared himself to the parish that it bore, at least at the moment, the shock of the great disruption of 1843, almost without seeming to feel it. But the sudden avoidance, at that crisis, of almost all the prominent posts in the Kirk, created an irresistible necessity for the advancement of the most promising among the residuary ministers. Mr. Macleod was accordingly transferred to Dalkeith; and again, after no long period, to the great parish of the Barony in Glasgow. He immediately developed, upon this broader stage, the same powers of activity, and the same devoted benevolence and zeal, which had marked his career from the first; and there seems to have been no department of ministerial duty, private or public, ecclesiastical or social, which escaped his vigilance, or exhausted his powers.

6. In the later portion of his life, the whole of which did but number sixty years, from 1812 to 1872, calls of a kind wholly extraneous to his parochial work were made upon him, to an extent perhaps without parallel in the history of his Church. He became a leader in the business of the Church. He undertook a missionary tour to America, and afterwards to India. The whole of this subject had a great attraction for his mind, and occupied much of his time. His constant habit of travelling for needful relaxation perhaps promoted his tendency to take a wider *conspectus* of religious interests, than is usual in Scotland.

Resorting to London, he warmly promoted the scheme of the Evangelical Alliance; until, after some time, he was repelled by what he thought narrowness. He freely lent his aid in the pulpits of the Nonconformists. On account probably of his genial and popular qualities, he was sought out by Mr. Strahan, the Publisher, and became the editor of *Good Words*, as well as a frequent contributor to its pages.

7. Amidst all these calls, freely and largely answered, he became, some years before the death of the Prince Consort, a Court preacher and a Court favourite. It would appear that to no person in the profession of a clergyman or pastor has her Majesty accorded so large a share, not only of friendship, but of intimate personal confidence, as to Doctor Macleod. Nor does it appear that this favour was purchased by any manner of undue subserviency. His varied employments, avocations in the strictest sense of the word, called him much, and for long periods, away from his vast parish, which must have been left somewhat largely to the care of substitutes. Yet a large part of his heart always remained there; and he probably exercised much active care, even from a distance. He was a man who would not have neglected his flock, even if he had dared to do so; but in Scotland he would be a bold as well as bad man who, especially in the case of such a flock, should hazard the experiment. It seems plain that Dr. Macleod returned the confidence and affection of the people, in its fulness and down to the last. His unwearied labours led, in course of time, to great derangement of health, with much acute pain. Against all this he struggled with an heroic spirit. But on June 16, 1872, he succumbed to a peaceful and happy death; and he lies buried, under a marble cross, in the

churchyard of Campsie, where his father had once been minister, and around which clustered many of his own happiest memories.

8. So much for the form of his biography, and for the shell or outer facts of his life. Let us now endeavour to obtain a nearer view both of his personality, and of his relation, in thought and action, to the great movements of the time. For such men are not born every day: and though Scotland has been remarkable for its abundance of zealous and able ministers, Dr. Macleod, who was this, was also much more. He stands out, we think, as having supplied, after Dr. Chalmers, one of the most distinguished names in the history of Presbyterianism.

9. In some respects, much after Dr. Chalmers; in others probably before him. He had not, so far as we see, the philosophic faculty of Chalmers, nor his intensity, nor his gorgeous gift of eloquence, nor his commanding passion, nor his absolute simplicity, nor his profound, and, to others, sometimes embarrassing humility. Chalmers, whose memory, at a period more than forty years back, is still fresh in the mind of the writer of these pages, was, indeed, a man greatly lifted out of the region of mere flesh and blood. He may be compared with those figures who, in Church history or legend, are represented as risen into the air under the influence of religious emotion. Macleod, on the other hand, had more shrewdness, more knowledge of the world, and far greater elasticity and variety of mind. Chalmers was rather a man of one idea, at least one idea at a time; Macleod receptive on all hands and in all ways. Chalmers had a certain clumsiness, as of physical, so of mental gait; Macleod was brisk, ready, mobile. Both were men devoted to God; eminently able, earnest, energetic; with

great gifts of oratory, and large organising power. A Church that had them not may well envy them to a Church that had them. Nor do they stand alone. The Presbyterianism of Scotland, which has done but little for literature or for theology, has, notwithstanding, been adorned, during the last fifty years, by the names of many remarkable persons, men of high and pure character: men with great gifts of government and construction, like Candlish; of winning and moving oratory, such as Guthrie; and only a notable fertility in the production of such men could have enabled the National Establishment of that small country to endure the fearful drain, which has been brought upon it, since its establishment at the Revolution, by repeated catastrophes, which were almost cataclysms, within its borders.

10. And it is with reference to these particular departments of excellence that we would venture earnestly to commend the life of Macleod to the consideration of the English clergy; who, trained and fed under a more catholic system, should never be content to allow any gift either to escape them, or to remain with them only in an imperfect development. As respects government, the Presbyterian communions have derived very great benefit, in some important respects, from their regular and elaborate internal organisation. It has given them the advantages which in the civil order belong to local self-government and representative institutions: orderly habits of mind, respect for adversaries, and some of the elements of a judicial temper; the development of a genuine individuality, together with the discouragement of mere arbitrary will, and of all eccentric tendency; the sense of a "common life"; the disposition energetically to defend it; the love of law combined with the love of

freedom; and, last not least, the habit of using the faculty of speech with a direct and immediate view to persuasion. We do not doubt but that similar advantages of mental and practical habit will be derived by our own clergy from that revival of ecclesiastical organisation in which this generation of bishops, clergy, and churchmen has made laudable and considerable progress. But we have yet much ground to cover: these things are not done in a day.

11. Yet more, perhaps, have we to learn from that thoroughly practical habit of preaching, which prevails in the higher Scottish pulpits. We do not mean practical in the sense, in which it is distinguished from the devotional; but in this broader sense, that the sermon is delivered with the living, habitual intention and determination to act upon the mind of the hearer, and to carry him along with the movement of the preacher's mind. Many an English clergyman will think that, if he has embodied in his sermon a piece of good divinity, the deed is done, the end of preaching is attained. But the business of a sermon is to move as well as teach; and if he teaches only without moving, may it not almost be said that he sows by the wayside? It is often said, censoriously, to be a great advantage possessed by the clergy, that no one can answer them. To a bad clergyman this may be an advantage, in respect that it allows him to remain bad, and to grow worse with impunity. But to the true preacher, or speaker, it surely is far otherwise. It relaxes that healthy tension, that bracing sense of responsibility, under which we must habituate ourselves to act, if we are ever to do anything that is worth the doing. It is, then, no advantage, but rather a temptation and a snare.

12. The hint conveyed in these remarks does not principally touch the question that may be raised as to the relative merits of written and unwritten sermons. The sermons of Dr. Macleod were, it appears, to a great extent, written but not read. The sermons of Dr. Chalmers were certainly in some cases, if not in all, both written and read. But the Scotch ministers of any note who read their sermons take, or used to take, good care to read as if reading not. To a great extent, Scottish sermons were delivered without book, having been committed to memory. When notes were used, they were sometimes, as much as might be, concealed on a small shelf within the pulpit, for the people had a prejudice, almost a superstition, against "the papers," and could not reconcile them with the action of the Holy Ghost in the preaching of the Gospel. Reading, pure and simple, was very rare. Apart from the question of the merit of this or that form in the abstract, there was a traditional and almost universal idea of preaching as a kind of spiritual wrestling with a congregation; and the better professors of the art entered into it as athletes, and strove habitually and throughout to get a good "grip" of the hearer, as truly and as much as a Cumbrian wrestler struggles, with persistent and varied movement, to get a good grip of his antagonist.

13. To give effect to this idea, in preaching or in other speaking, the hearers must be regarded in some sense as one. All fear of the individual must be discarded. Respect for the body may be maintained, and may be exhibited by pleading, by expostulating, by beseeching; but always with a reserve and under-thought of authority, of a title to exhort, rebuke, convince. It is really the constitution of a direct and intimate personal relation, for the moment, between preacher and hearers,

which lies at the root of the matter; such a relation as establishes itself spontaneously between two persons, who are engaged in an earnest practical conversation to decide whether some given thing shall or shall not be done; and for this reason it is that we suggest that the mass of living humanity gathered in a congregation should be dealt with both as human, and as one; that, unless in exceptional junctures, the preacher might find a pathway of power, as the singer, the instrumentalist, or the actor does, in treating a crowd as an unity.

14. What has now been said is said tentatively, and so to speak provocatively, not to offer the solution of a great problem, but at any rate to set others upon solving it. For a great problem it is: and a solution is required. The problem is how, in the face of the press, the tribune, the exchange, the club, the multiplied solicitations of modern life, to awaken in full the dormant powers of the pulpit, which, though it has lost its exclusive privileges, has not in the least degree abated the grandeur of its function, and is as able as it ever was manfully to compete for, and largely to share in, the command of the human spirit, and of the life it rules. The Church cannot, indeed, do what she will, make her twenty thousand ministers produce good sermons at the rate (in the aggregate) of two millions a year. She knows very well that, to be good preachers without book, they must be good theologians; and that, with all the holy and watchful care they are bound to exercise in all the parts of divine service, it is far more difficult for them, than for those who have no liturgy, to collect and concentrate themselves with full power upon the act of preaching. If the priests have the highest office to discharge, they must be content and glad to face the greatest difficulties: and some aid in the task, we are

confident, they may obtain, both from a careful study of the methods pursued in the Italian and in other foreign pulpits; and more generally, and for all who have not the Continent within reach, by noticing and digesting the practice in our own country of non-Anglican, and certainly not least of Scottish Presbyterian, pulpits. On the faculty and habit of government, as they are cherished in the same quarter, we have already said as much as our limited space permits; and the volumes before us, though they do not elaborately treat the points we have been considering, are full of passages which illustrate them: the spontaneous, inartificial thoughts of the earnest actor when he was off the stage.

15. We pass to what is yet more closely personal to Dr. Macleod. Scottish Presbyterianism, as a whole, has been, in history, singularly isolated from the thought and movement of the rest of the Christian world. It was, at any rate until lately, a system such as might eminently be called stark; and the framework of theological thought, even down to forty years ago, had undergone little or no perceptible change since the days of Andrew Melvill. "Calvinism" in Scotland did not mean the profession of a school or party; it meant Christianity, meant it without doubt or question; and this too at a time when, to say nothing of Germany, the Calvinists of Switzerland, of Holland, and of France had for the most part passed into rationalism or something more. In the youth of Dr. Macleod himself (vol. ii. 71), we find one of the latest indications of this state of things, where he reckons on the need and advantage of "a sound Calvinistic theology." But he lived on; and he did not shut his ears to the strokes of the battering-ram on the walls of the house; they quivered all around him; and in his riper life, this man,

in no small degree a typical man for intelligent Scotland, honestly admits that he is out of harmony with the Confession of Faith concocted by the Westminster Assembly. So early, indeed, as in 1842, he writes to a dear friend (i. 166): "There are many points in theology, upon which I somehow think you are destined like myself to undergo a change." Indeed he was sorely put about; and perhaps it was only the elasticity and buoyancy of his cheerful spirit, which kept the conflicting elements in his mind from coming to some sharp crisis.

16. The Disruption of 1843, which set the Free Church in separate action, occurred when he was not yet thirty-one. He refused to join the high-hearted band who, in May of that year, marching out of the Hall of the General Assembly, marched by that act out of kirk and school, glebe and teind, house and home; and without doubt, in remaining where he was, he acted solely as they did, on a sense of duty. But the iron necessity of the position compelled him to strain to its topmost bent the argument in favour of fixed Confessions of faith. For he was an "Establishmentarian" from top to toe. He did not indeed stoop to Erastianism. The Church and the State, independent societies, had, in his view, made a treaty upon terms, and these terms were expressed in Confessions. According to him, the capital offence of the Free Kirk lay in its declining to observe that, as its Confession had become law, it must be interpreted like other laws, and by the same authority. So in his view the Veto Act of 1834, and the claim of spiritual independence, were capital offences, for they were breaches of faith, repudiations of a solemn treaty with the State. Of this theory he was a leading champion; and he defended it, as his manner was, with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. Yet

on the very question of Subscription, it soon appears that he came into undeniable conflict with himself. In ii. 291, he desires to get free from it; but in ii. 300, he does not see how the Church, or any section of it, "can exist without a creed, expressed or administered in some form or other."

17. There could not be a more cruel irony of fate than that the man, who had quite conscientiously assailed the Free Kirk for dissolving the alliance, should himself enthusiastically maintain it to the end along with the whole doctrine of State interpretation, and yet should take to interpreting the Confession of Faith for himself, and this is not in points few and doubtful, but with a latitude and boldness which amounts to a "root-and-branch" reformation of his "sound Calvinistic theology." The Confession taught most unequivocally, and perhaps crudely, the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the lost: he seems to have sapped its very foundation (ii. 345, 382). The Confession taught the redemption of a few; he extended it to all, and he held (ii. 117–8) that Christ's sufferings were not penal. The Confession disposed of men by irrespective decrees; he judged them by their works. The Confession set up the strictest Sabbatarianism; he demolished it. A tenth part of the deviations and divergences of Dr. Macleod, not from Christianity, but from Calvinism, would have sufficed to convict an unfortunate "Ritualist" or "Puseyite" of treason and dishonesty; but he died minister of the Barony, honoured by the Court, popular in society, respected by every class (for we have the testimony of a working man, "a' body likes the Doctor," vol. ii. 58), and what is more, in possession, by unequivocal and official marks, of the full confidence of his Church.

18. He had indeed, at particular times, been in bad

odour; and perhaps had narrow escapes from his alarmed co-religionists. At one period, during the Sabbath controversy, he writes (ii. 190): "I felt at first so utterly cut off from every Christian brother, that had a chimney-sweep given me his sooty hand, and smiled upon me with his black face, I would have welcomed his salute, and blessed him." But partly they loved him, partly they could not afford to part with him. Partly too, perhaps, he atoned for his many and bold offences by an outspoken hatred of "Puseyism." He had a kindly feeling towards the English Church; but Puseyism, it seems, he could not abide. Such a hatred as this covers, and that in many quarters, a multitude of sins. His sympathetic nature led him (ii. 267) to communicate in the Free Church, but he showed much displeasure, and even some irritation, against it as "Presbyterian Puseyism" (i. 260); and again (ii. 53), "Laud and the Covenanters were just the same men on different sides, except that what one called Church the other called Kirk." We doubt whether he quite understood either of them.

19. A good deal, not of the man, but of what is of lower quality in the man, comes out in 1839 (i. 136): "I have a horror for Puseyism. I fear it is of more danger to religion than voluntaryism."* He had but an imperfect appreciation, says Principal Shairp (i. 144), of Newman's sermons. Again, it seems that the venom of the system penetrated even within the precinct of the Evangelical Alliance. Attending its conference in Paris (ii. 46), he had to make this entry: "Heard a Puseyite sermon; horrid trash."

20. But, all this notwithstanding, we find passages uttered

* [My intention in the text was to convey my regret that a man of Macleod's calibre should regard "voluntaryism" as an evil comparable to what he deemed corruption of doctrine.—W. E. G., 1878.]

or written by him which appear to convict him of nothing less than flat Puseyism. Many a man has been (morally) hanged, drawn, and quartered for less of it. He quotes in favour of an education beyond the grave the interpretation placed by "the early Church" on the preaching "to the spirits that are in prison" (ii. 343). He thought it right, and not wrong, to utter to God a devout aspiration for the peace and rest of a departed spirit (ii. 113). Nay, he even wrote (i. 286), "The living Church is more than the dead Bible, for it is the Bible and something more." And he complained (ii. 128), "we ignore sixteen centuries almost." Can "Puseyism" beat this?

21. Apart from cavil, and even from careful scrutiny of expressions, the truth seems to be that the mind of Dr. Macleod was in a high and true sense catholic. But he had not the foundation of a solid training, on which to rear his theology; and consequently he had not full possession of the grounds of dogma; while the particular scheme of it, which had been taught him in his youth, wholly failed to give satisfaction to his riper mind. Accordingly he lay open, within certain limits, to the attacks and wiles of the rationalising spirit, and to a certain extent tampered with its commonplaces. But he could reject them upon occasion; he never was in his heart a rationalist, either as to the practical development of religion, or even as to the dogmatic principle. In proof of this proposition, let us take the following emphatic passage from his journal in 1870 (ii. 371):—

"I have been astounded by a most influential member of the Church saying to me: 'What is it to me whether Christ worked miracles, or rose from the dead? We have got the right idea of God through Him. It is enough; *that* can never perish!' And this truth is like a flower, which has grown from a dunghill of lies

and myths! Good Lord, deliver me from such conclusions! If the battle has come, let it; but before God I will fight it with those only, be they few or many, who believe in a risen, living Saviour. This revelation of the influence of surface criticism has thrown me back immensely upon all who hold fast by an objective revelation."

22. Independently of the general direction of his mind, there was in him a certain fluctuation, not of piety, but of opinion, which was immediately due to his lively emotional nature, and his large and energetic sympathies. With every form of thought capable of wearing (for him) a favourable aspect he closed according to that aspect. Hence an intellectual, not a moral, inconstancy: and estimates almost contradictory, within brief periods, of the state and prospects of his Church, and of its rivals. Even voluntaryism, which once stood next to Puseyism in the scale of deadly sins, must have worn off some of its hateful features in his view; for in 1871 he says (ii. 350), "I do not fear Disestablishment."

23. The consequence of all this is that we are to seek in the life and words of Macleod rather for moral, religious, and practical, than for intellectual and scientific lessons. Though his bark was driven out to sea over the abysses of speculation, he wanted either the powers, or the apparatus, to sound them. His intellect availed to raise questions, not to answer them; but his large heart and fine character neutralised the dangers which to a man of lower turn, and less of true heavenward bent, might have been very formidable.

24. He carried on from first to last, in his journals, the work of religious introspection. Repeated so often, it almost offers to readers the appearance of routine; and, on this account, perhaps many of the passages might have been spared, for they are in general elementary as to

their character and range. They do not resemble the systematic work of those who go on digging, deeper and deeper, by a continuous process, into the profound mysteries of the human heart. The imperious and violent demands of external duty prevented him from achieving what, in a more tranquil sphere, he might probably have accomplished with a more exercised and collected spirit. He was well aware, too, of his own difficulties of temperament in this respect, and has recorded them (ii. 76): "The outer world of persons and things I always relished so intensely, that I required an extra effort to keep to quiet reading and prayer." But they did not preclude him from recording, with great force and freshness, abundant manifestations of an ingenuous understanding, and a devoted self-renouncing spirit. For example (ii. 317), in 1870:—

"God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my feelings and my weaknesses, what I can do and not do. So I desire to be led, and not to lead; to follow Him; and I am quite sure that He has thus enabled me to do a great deal more in ways, which seem to me almost a waste in life, in advancing His kingdom, than I could have done in any other way: I am sure of that. Intellectually I am weak. In scholarship nothing. In a thousand things a baby. He knows this: and so He has led me, and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my Church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate, art Thou, O God!

"Oh, my Father, keep me humble. Help me to have respect towards my fellow-men, to recognise their several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents: and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if Thou art glorified. Root out all weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God, hear my prayer. Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing Thee as all in all."

25. Again, he was too good and true a man to test religion by abundance of words. One of the fond and almost idolising attachments of his life (and it was distinguished for affectionate friendships) was to Campbell of Row, who was deposed, under the stern prescriptions of the Westminster Confession, for teaching what is termed universal redemption. Macleod preached his funeral sermon; and thus finely comments on his deathbed: "He spoke not much of religion when dying. His silent death was, like his life, an Amen to God's will."

26. In most points, Macleod's deviations from the Westminster Confession were approximations to the belief of the Church of England. Most men will regard with an undiscriminating satisfaction the relinquishment of grim and dreary tenets, which, when taken in their rigour, seem to impair the grand moral base of the Divine character. The rather judaical Sabbatarianism of Scotland, like the Calvinistic formulæ, was simply a form of Protestant tradition, founded neither in the word of God nor in the general consent of Christendom. Still, we must plead guilty to regarding with very mixed emotions the crumbling away of these conventional theologies. It was plain that such an end must come; but the question is, are they ready for it, and then, what is to come next? When a great void was made in the religious system of Scotland by utterly sweeping away the Divine office of the historic Church, the gap was filled up by broader as well as more rigid conceptions of the corporeal perfection (so to speak) and absolute authority of the Scriptures of the Old as well as the New Testament. The judaizing tendency, but too evident in the Covenanters and Puritans, had at least this advantage, that they fell back upon a code; and that they were enabled to give to their

religious system a completeness and detail, which had in other days been sought in the historical developments of the Christian society. We have some fear lest it should be found that, when the wood, hay, straw, and stubble are swept away, they may be found to have departed without leaving any firmer or other substitute behind them. For any system, civil or religious, to come to a breach with its traditions is a great, even though not always the greatest calamity; and remembering what in other countries has become of Calvanism after once it has put to sea, we feel some anxiety to know what will be its fate in Scotland, and who will be its eventual heirs.

27. Be this as it may, Dr. Macleod had always the courage of his opinions; and he was prepared to face the contingencies of the future by frankly casting the Church Establishment of Scotland upon the tide of popular sentiment. But without making the smallest deduction from the respect and admiration due to his memory, we doubt whether the course upon which he helped to embark that body was a safe one. On this subject he was without doubt eminently consistent. In 1843 he foretold that patronage must be given up to save the Church; and in 1871 he gave his weighty countenance to the movement, which terminated in the Act of 1874 for its abolition. But perhaps he was more consistent, than wise. The Established Church of Scotland is in a decided minority of the population. It claims 42 per cent., a little over two-fifths of the whole; it is allowed to have 36 per cent., somewhat beyond one-third. Let us take it nearly at its own estimate, and suppose it has a full two-fifths. Is it, then, so easy to justify in argument the position of an establishment of religion for a minority of the population.

as to make it prudent for such a body to assume, against a clear nonconforming majority, what has to them the aspect of an aggressive attitude? In the view of that majority, the Patronage Act of 1874, which gave the appointment of Established ministers to the people of their communion, was an attempt to bid and buy back piecemeal within the walls those who had been ejected wholesale. It was resented accordingly; and, by means of that Act, the controversy of Disestablishment, which had been almost wholly asleep beyond the Tweed, has been roused to an activity, and forced into a prominence, which may make it the leading Scottish question at the next general election, and which is not without possible moment or meaning, to a limited extent, even for England. Of Scottish Episcopalianism we shall here say nothing, except that it is, in nearly every diocese, harmonious and moderately progressive; and that Dr. Macleod regarded it (ii. 84) as a somewhat formidable antagonist. He even thought (i. 153) that "an episcopal era is near for Scotland's ecclesiastical history;" and reckoned the adoption of several among its principles and usages as a main part (ii. 322) of the apparatus necessary in order to enable the Kirk to grapple successfully with its future. In ecclesiastical policy we cannot resist the impression that he was, without knowing it, somewhat of a Rupert.

28. But in estimating a life and character, the question rarely turns on the correctness of this or that opinion held. Least of all could it so turn in the case of Macleod. For there are few men in whom emotion more conspicuously towered above mere opinion, and conduct above both. Brave and tender, manful and simple, profoundly susceptible of enjoyment, but never preferring it to duty; overflowing

with love, yet always chivalrous for truth; full of power, full of labour, full of honour, he has died, and has bequeathed to us for a study, which we hope will reach far beyond the bounds of his communion and denomination, the portrait of a great orator and pastor, and a true and noble-hearted man.

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